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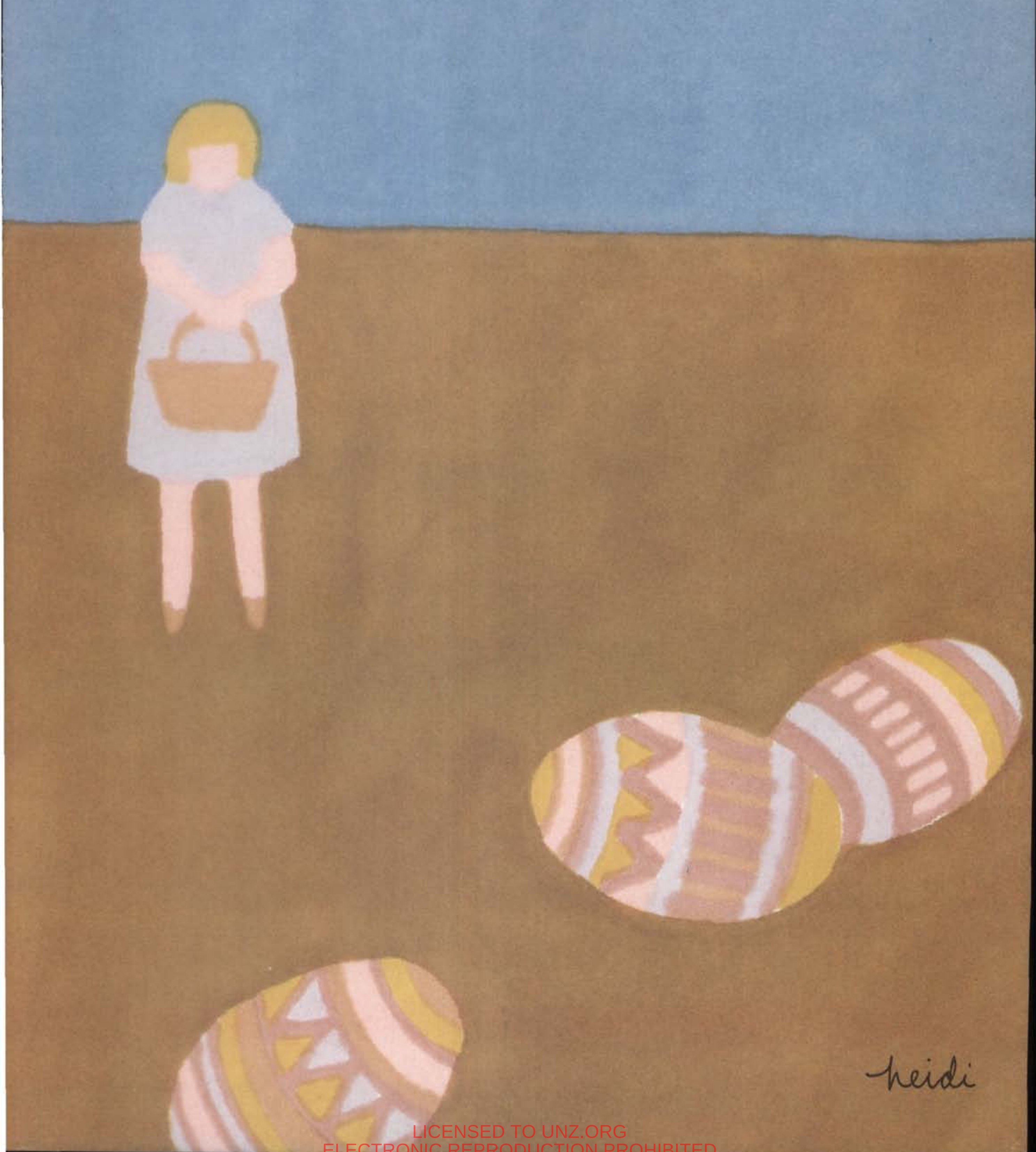

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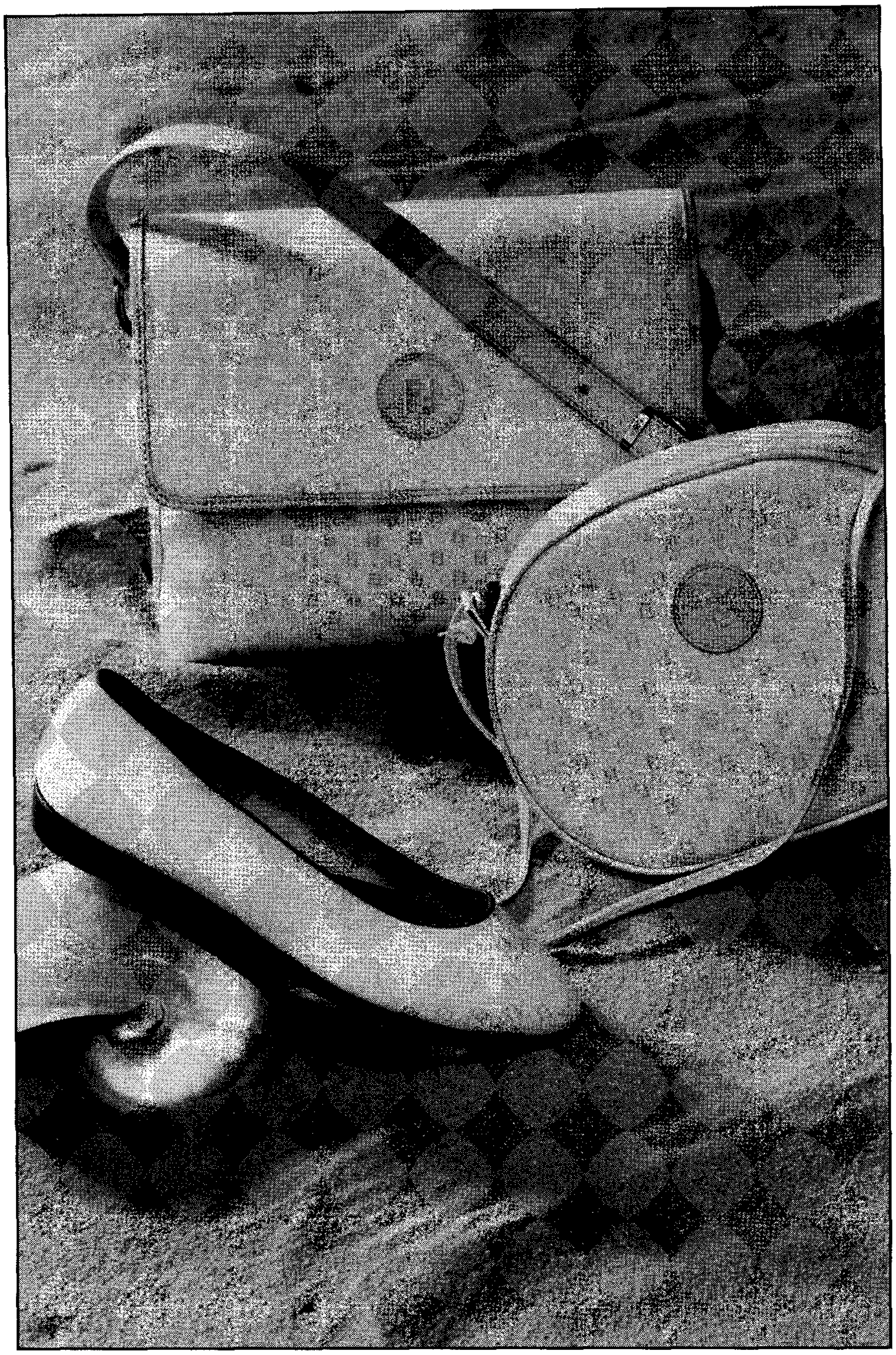

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ameri/Cain Gothic—A play by Paul Carter Harrison, with Moses Gunn and Sylvia Miles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, April 5; Wednesday, April 10; and Friday, April 12, all at 2.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life-story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. Matthew Broderick and the rest of the cast are first-rate. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dead Man's Agony—A play by Esteban Navajas Cortes. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Digby—Joseph Dougherty's breezy comedy about love and romance in this city could have been cut to the measure of its leading man, the funny, gifted Anthony Heald, and its leading lady, the charming, gifted Roxanne Hart. (4/1/85) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

The Fantod—A play by Amlin Gray, with music by Norman L. Berman. (3/25/85) (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grind—A musical with a score by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh, a book by Fay Kanin, and a cast headed by Ben Vereen. Previews through Wednesday, April 10. Opens officially on Thursday, April 11. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jack & Jill—A musical, still somewhat wet behind the ears but charming all the same. It tells the story of a romance between two computer operators and jazz fans, one of them white, the other black. The attractive jazz score is by Hal Schaefer; the appropriate words are by Bob Larimer. With Lara Teeter, Ernestine Jackson, Sheila Smith, and Edye Byrde, all of them fine. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Riverwest, 155 Bank St. 243-0259. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless, bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Teeney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is as charming as ever, and so is the show that he has been starring in since the Civil War. Attendance is obligatory. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. No performances Wednesday through Sunday, April 3-7.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A musical about the life of Ellie Greenwich, with nineteen-sixties pop songs and new material by Miss Greenwich and others, and a book by Anne Beatts. Di-

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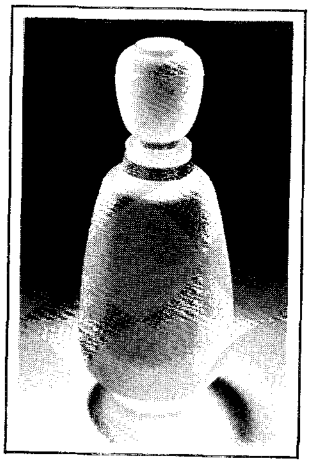

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rected and choreographed by Michael Peters. Previews through Sunday, April 7. Opens officially on Monday, April 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; *opening-night curtain at 7.* Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performance on Tuesday, April 9.)

Life Is a Dream—The seventeenth-century play by Pedro Calderón de la Barca, presented in English. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturday, April 6, at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, April 13, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 7: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 10: Victor Herbert's **MLLE. MODISTE**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Loves of Anatol—Grisly surgery has been performed on Schnitzler's masterly playlets about a young Viennese womanizer, and the patient has died. (3/18/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago—sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!**: A pokey presentation of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page, as Elizabeth. (3/25/85) . . . **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) . . . **CLARENCE**: A *disastrous production* of Booth Tarkington's play. (2/25/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Pack of Lies—A modest domestic melodrama about a pair of professional spies and the effect of their capture on the lives of their closest friends, who have suspected nothing. The cast includes Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. The author is Hugh Whitemore. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Salonika—A play by Louise Page, with Jessica Tandy and Elizabeth Wilson. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Strange Interlude—O'Neill's failed attempt at a tragic play has been turned into a near farce by its English director, Keith Hack. The cast of this misadventure is headed by Glenda Jackson and Edward Petherbridge. (3/4/85) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, April 10, at 6:45. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, April 10, at 2.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Vienna Notes—An asinine one-joke skit, extended to ninety unbroken minutes, but the actors are good. They are Mia Dillon, Gwyllum Evans, James Noble, and Lois Smith. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Virginia—Edna O'Brien has arranged selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters into an autobiographical monologue interspersed with scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Kate Nelligan, an unlikely choice for the title role, nevertheless gives an arresting performance, and Kenneth Welsh is very good as Leonard. (3/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**: Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS**: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS**: Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,376 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE**: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HURLYBURLY**: David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC**: A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NOISES OFF**: The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING**: A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Nicol Williamson and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE**: Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID**: A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and with Harvey Fierstein, who appears Tuesday through Friday evenings. Philip Astor replaces Mr. Fierstein Monday and Saturday evenings and at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays,

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MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey’s latest edition, with attractions ranging from “The Smallest Man in the World” to a herd of twenty elephants, opens Wednesday, April 3, and will run through Sunday, June 2. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 3, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 4, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, April 7, at 1 and 5:30; Monday through Friday, April 8-12, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 13, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan’s “The Sorcerer.” (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Wednesday, April 8-10, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 13, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 410-1164, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 3 and 5 and 7.)

NOHO Theatre Group of Kyoto—Presenting traditional satirical plays and a stylized adaptation of Samuel Beckett’s “Act Without Words I and II.” With Ronnie Nyogetsu Seldin, Japanese shakuhachi flute. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson’s Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday evening, April 3: “Circe,” “Episodes,” “Errand Into the Maze,” and “Diversion of Angels.” . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 4: “Appalachian Spring,” “Cortege of Eagles,” and “The Owl and the Pussycat.” . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 5: “Judith,” “Song,” and “The Rite of Spring.” . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 6: “Diversion of Angels,” “Frontier,” “Circe,” and “The Owl and the Pussycat.” . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 6: “Circe,” “Errand Into the Maze,” “Song,” and “Episodes.” . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 7: “Appalachian Spring,” “Diversion of Angels,” “Errand Into the Maze,” and “The Owl and the Pussycat.” . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 7: “Diversion of Angels,” “Errand Into the Maze,” “Song,” and “The Rite of Spring.” . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 9: “Diversion of Angels,” “Frontier,” “Night Journey,” and “Cortege of Eagles.” . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 10: “Appalachian Spring,” “Hérodiade,” and “The Rite of Spring.” . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 11: “The Owl and the Pussycat,” “Episodes,” and “Frescoes.” . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: “Appalachian Spring,” “Song,” and “The Rite of Spring.” . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: “Diversion of Angels,” “Errand Into the Maze,” “The Owl and the Pussycat,” and “Appalachian Spring.” . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: “Circe,” “Frontier,” “Andromache’s Lament,” and “The Rite of Spring.” (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, April 21.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 5—Tuesday, April 9, at 7: “Aureole,” “3 Epitaphs,” “Lost, Found, and Lost,” and “Esplanade.” (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 966-6959, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, and Friday, April 12, at 8: “Esplanade,” “Runes,” and “Roses” (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: “Diggity,” “Private Domain,” and “Airs.” . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: “Aureole,” “3 Epitaphs,” “. . . Byzantium,” and “Sunset.” (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 12—Wednesday, April 3, at 7:30: “A Footstep of Air,” “Against the Sky” (première), and “The Jig Is Up.” . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: “Play Bach,” “Adieu,” and “The Jig Is Up.” . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: “A Footstep of Air,” “Against the Sky,” and “Intermezzo No. 1.” . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: Two premières—“The Envelope” and “Caught”—“Adieu,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 2: “The Envelope,” “Caught,” “Intermezzo No. 1,” and “A Footstep of Air.” . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 7:30: “Play Bach,” “Against the Sky,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 9, at 8: “The Envelope,” “Caught,” “Over the Pavement,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8: “A Footstep of Air,” “Grand Canon” (première), and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: “Grand Canon,” “Adieu,” and “The Jig Is Up.” . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: “Grand Canon,” “Impromptu,” “Against the Sky,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: “Grand Canon,” “Intermezzo No. 2” (première), and “Straw Hearts.” (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

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Pilar Rioja—Programs of flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except April 13, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—Presenting “Klein Kunst,” a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, April 4-6, at 8, and Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, April 11, and Saturday, April 13, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 2.)

Dance Interviews—Erik Bruhn being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

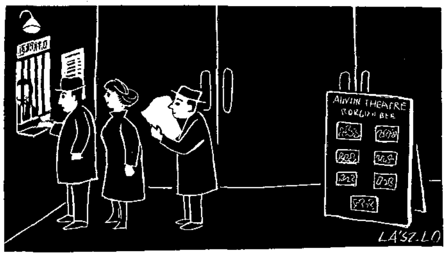
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** has returned to sing and play the piano in the Oak Room. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A chatty, nautical music bar. On Wednesday, April 3, the Michael Weiss quartet will feature tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**; on Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, pianist Mark Morganelli will head up a quartet; and Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, will belong to the Dorothy Parks–Neils Landoky trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** drops by this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.



Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **NANCY WILSON** sings through Sunday, April 7, and on Tuesday, April 9, the train’ll roll up and **JOE WILLIAMS** will come walking out, and that’ll be cause for many people to jump and shout. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, Pieces of a Dream; Wednesday and Thursday, April 10-11, Aztec Camera; and Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** and Uncle Bonsai. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley’s, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and, right now, some very good piano-bass teams. Pianist **HANK JONES** will work with bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, April 6; **RED MITCHELL** will also be present on Sunday, April 7; and on Monday, April 8, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will take charge with bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT**, who manages wonderfully to be sophisticated and enthusiastic at the same time, is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eddie Condon’s, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditional, authentic Chicago-style jazz most nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday’s, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz stars’ room where you can hear the Kingston Trio through Sunday, April 7. Then, on Tuesday, April 9, two real intense tenor players, **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **ARNETT COBB**, will move in with a quintet. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Thursday, April 4, Cathy Winter; Friday, April 5, Paul Geremia; Wednesday, April 10, Ben Vaughn’s combo, the Dogmatics, and Wild Thing; and Thursday, April 11, Billy Novick & Guy Van Duser. Mondays are hootennany nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory’s, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Phil Bowler Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. **BROOKS KERR** also works Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty’s, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it’s actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. The City Light Orchestra occupies the dining-music room through Saturday, April 6, and on Tuesday, April 9, stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will come in. Pianist Jane Jarvis,

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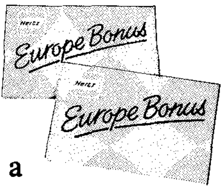

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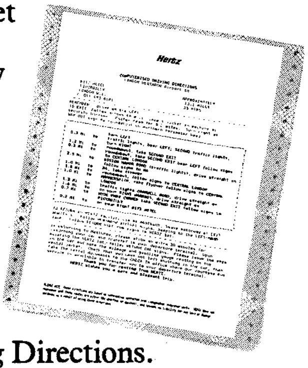

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who has played "Let's Go, Mets" about as many times as Ahmad Jamal has played "Poinciana" (she used to be the Shea Stadium organist), works on Sundays, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of the keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A nice room that has resumed its piano-bass policies: **FRED HERSCH** works with **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, April 6, and beginning Tuesday, April 9, **BILL MAYS** will perform with **RED MITCHELL.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The partial lineup: the Strawbs and Lindisfarne Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4; Sunday, April 7, three-fifths of what once was The Band—**RICK DANKO, RICHARD MANUEL,** and **GARTH HUDSON;** Monday, April 8, the Drifters; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, the Radiators. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** is in charge of a combo through Saturday, April 6; on Sunday, April 7, the Duke Ellington Society will present a salute to the Duke; and on Tuesday, April 9, two great saxophonists and two great Franks—**FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS**—who both attended the Count Basie Travelling Blues Institute from 1953 to 1964, will arrive. Monday's feature is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** Big Band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical revue, "Offbeats," runs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and is performed by its composer, **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** its writer, **TONY LANG,** and Janelle Hutchison. On many Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his vibrant sextet; Fridays and Saturdays, April 5-6 and April 12-13, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, April 8, **JUMP STREET,** a ten-piece R. & B. band; and Wednesday, April 10, Grover Kimball. Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, April 3, the Drongos and the Mood Elevators; Thursday, April 4, U.T.F.O., Roxanne Shante, and Sparky D.; Friday, April 5, the Bongos; Saturday, April 6, Pretty Poison and the Egyptians; Thursday, April 11, **DAVID JOHANSEN** and Aku Aku; and Saturday, April 13, Nik Kershaw and the Eastern Bloc. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers can be heard Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, April 3, Myno Jackson; Thursday, April 4, UZEB; Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, Didier Lockwood; Sunday, April 7, pianist **HORACE TAPSCOTT,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **FRED HOPKINS;** Tuesday, April 9, guitarist **RORY STUART;** Wednesday, April 10, the Anne Pollack quartet with singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Thursday, April 11, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB;** and Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and their quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, April 3, Azymuth; Thursday, April 4, Johnny Ventura; Fridays and Saturdays; April 5-6 and April 12-13, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** and Tuesday through Thursday, April 9-11, Toure Kunda. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

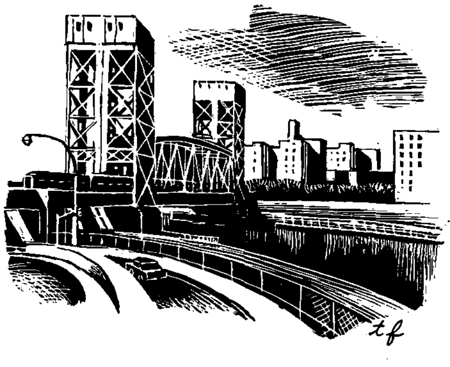
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** the revived sextet from the late fifties and early sixties (usually with original member, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER,** on hand), performs through Sunday, April 7. New and old compositions are in the repertoire, written by flugelhorn ace **ART FARMER** and tenor saxophonist–romanticist **BENNY GOLSON,** who has rejoined the New York players' scene since the Jazztet re-formed three years ago and whose compositions "I Remember Clifford," "Out of the Past," and several others are among the lushest pieces in jazz. Starting Tuesday, April 9, singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** and tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will begin a week-long collaboration. And Mondays are claimed by pianist, composer, and sage of the wa-wa pedal **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on April 8, **EDDIE PALMIERI, MANNY OQUENDO & LIBRE,** and trombonist **STEVE TURRE,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **STANLEY COWELL** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** perform piano-bass duets every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." The great non-flashy guitarist **JIM HALL** leads a trio through Sunday, April 7, and on Tuesday, April 9, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will arrive with bassist **RON CARTER,** drummer **BILLY HART,** trumpeter **TOM BROWNE,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. The **PAZANT BROTHERS,** along with singer Flamin' King, hold forth through Saturday, April 6; on Tuesday, April 9, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** will bring in a quartet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, April 6; starting Tuesday, April 9, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist Brian Torff; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist Jim Roberts and Brian Torff on Mondays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERT, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

EMMYLOU HARRIS—With the Hot Band. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

AL DIMEOLA—With Airto Moreira and Phil Markowitz. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 6, at 8.)

DOUGLAS EWART & THE INVENTIONS CLARINET CHOIR—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, April 6, at 8.

GILBERT BÉCAUD—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.

JEFF LORBER FUSION—With Stanley Jordan. (Town Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, April 5: Love Tractor and the Feelies. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6: Jason & the Scorchers and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14: Steve Forbert. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELMER BISCHOFF—Twelve new abstract paintings by a California artist. Through Saturday, April 13. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by an early American modernist who concentrated on landscapes, often with buildings. Through May 4. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SUSAN CRILE / HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY (1867-1945)—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 13. / Turn-of-the-century landscapes of places here and abroad, portraits, and other paintings and works on paper. Through May 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Color abstractions, seventeen of them painted on canvas panels that are nine feet tall but less than two feet wide. Through Thursday, April 11. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ARTHUR ERICKSON—Models and drawings by a Canadian architect. Through June 6. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract paintings done toward the end of his career. Through Saturday, April 13. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings and drawings. Through April 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—New color abstractions combining two of the styles—poured-pigment veils and hard-edge—he has used individually in the past. Through April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOIS LANE—Abstractions in oil. Through Saturday, April 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

WILLIAM MCELCHERAN—This artist has a lot of fun while working within the boundaries of classical sculpture and architecture-as-sculpture—columns, for instance, whose capitals are decorated with contemporary figures. Through Wednesday, April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstract paintings from the sixties. Through May 4. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Collages, primarily. Through June 1. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Eighteen new acrylic paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through

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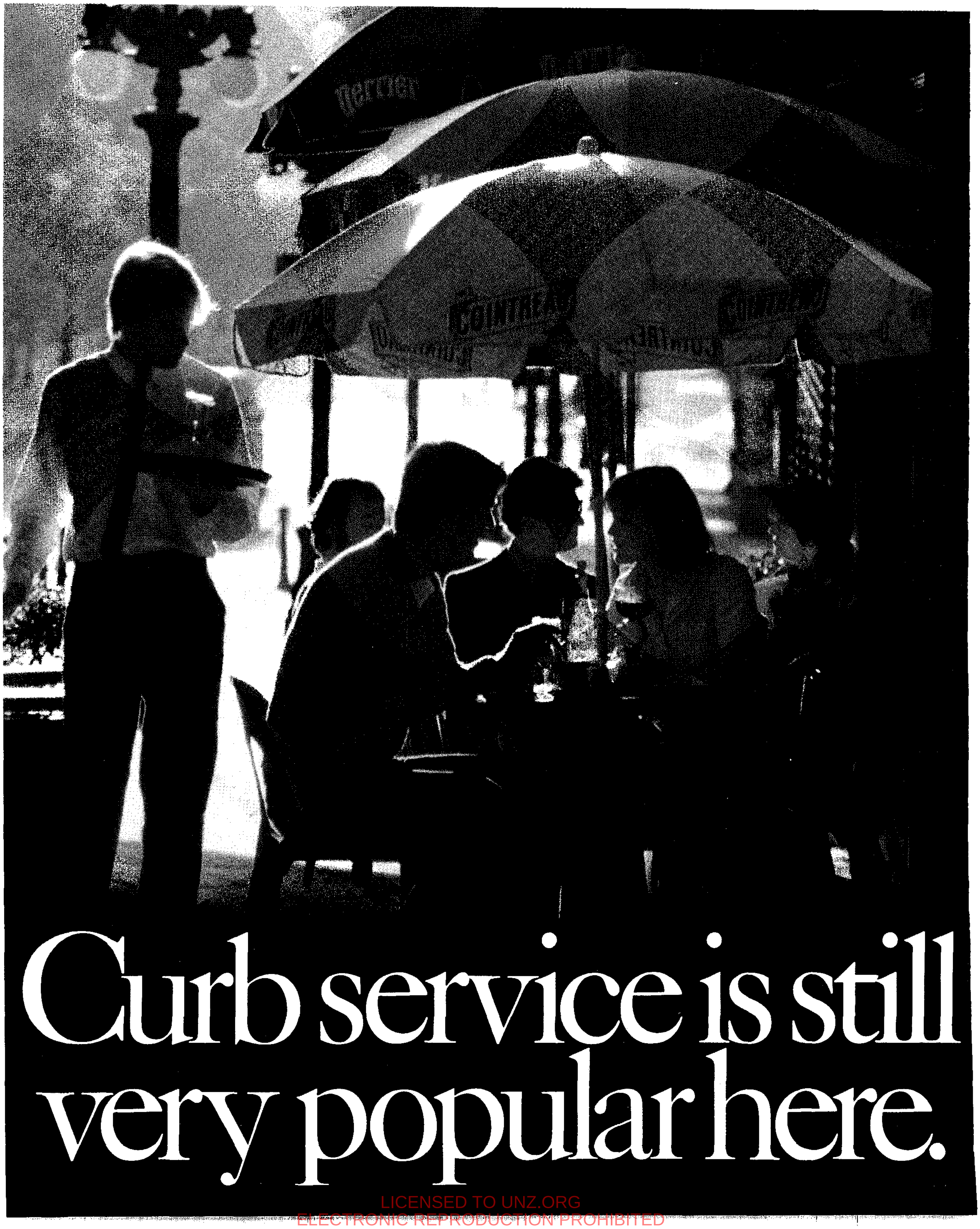
Perrier
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
Curb service is still very popular here.

April 20. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Walter Stöhrer—Vigorously painted abstractions; first one-man show in New York. Through April 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gregory Amenoff—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 27. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta / William Beckman—"Self-Portrait as Mechanized Doggie" steals this show of paintings and drawings. / Plein-air landscape sketches in oil. Through May 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950) / **Martin Chirino**—Paintings and drawings by a German Expressionist. / Freestanding forged-iron sculptures of head shapes greatly simplified. Through April 24. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Neill Blaine—Landscape paintings, chiefly. Through April 24. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Representational landscapes. Through Thursday, April 11. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Lynne Clibanoff—Architectural sculptures with illuminated interiors. Through April 27. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mell Daniel (1899-1975)—Abstract color drawings distilled from overlapping tree branches. Through April 24. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Broadly executed sky-blue paintings of high rises under construction. Through April 27. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tazuko Fujii and Oi Sawa—Paintings in mixed mediums by Mme. Fujii and geometric grisaille paintings on tin by her daughter. Through Saturday, April 6. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Manhattan Laboratory Museum, 314 W. 54th St., has additional works by these artists. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

David Hare—New paintings in a series the artist has named "Lionscapes." Through Saturday, April 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Terence LaNoue—Abstract paintings characterized by heavily worked surfaces. Through Saturday, April 6. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Ligare—Allegorical paintings set in Northern California, where the artist lives. Also, related drawings. Through April 24. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Small freestanding sculptures composed of thin woven wires, and steel spheres covered with spiral and straight rods and other metal parts. Through April 20. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collage paintings dated 1982. Through Saturday, April 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) **and Charles Burchfield** (1893-1967)—Watercolors derived from nature by each of these early modernists. Through April 20. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Mason / Bill Jacklin—Sculptures spanning thirty years, including a large painted wall piece depicting grape pickers at a vineyard in France. / Figurative oils and watercolors on paper. Through April 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Metz—Representational paintings of the Maine coast. Through April 27. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946) / **Jason Hunsinger**—Drawings made in the summer of 1921, exhibited now for the first time, along with some folk-art pieces that were once in the sculptor's collection. Through May 4. / Hand-colored cast-hydrostone life-size sculptures of cats, dogs, and children in active poses. Through Saturday, April 13. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Black canvases and works on paper, the output of his last years. Through April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—Models for new outdoor sculptures by the author of the controversial public sculpture "Tilted Arc," in Federal Plaza. Through Saturday, April 13. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Ned Smyth / Billy Sullivan—Mosaic reliefs paying homage to the belly dancer. / Diverse subjects—from barnyard animals to disco dancers—rendered in loosely handled oils and pastels. Through April 20. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Recent figurative paintings. Through April 17. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—New paintings. Through April 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas / Ruth Vollmer (1903-82)—Abstractions on wood and canvas, incorporating geometric shapes. / Spheres in various materials. Through April 27. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—One-way mirrors and plastic spheres, the latter cracked to reveal a form within, are central to the five constructions here. Through April 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Wolfe—Large sculptures of brightly painted lengths of steel, twisted and bent into simplified figures. Through April 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Graffiti Artists—Three painters who sign their works A-One, Noc, and Toxic. Through Saturday, April 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Early-twentieth-century Expressionist prints by Munch, Kandinsky, Marc, Dix, Kollwitz, and others. Through May 24. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Agostini / Ed Baynard—Expressionistic terra-cotta sculptures of female figures. / Floral still-lifes in watercolor. Through April 27. (Steinbaum, in a new location at 132 Greene St.)

Hans Bellmer (1902-75)—Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by a European artist known best for his kinky photographs of dolls. Through Saturday, April 6. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Tom Bills / Carole Seborovski—Small-scale shaped steel or concrete structures, each with an archlike opening. / Charcoal, oil stick, and pastel drawings dominated by heavily worked geometric forms. Through April 20. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Mel Bochner—Geometric symbols painted on canvases built to match them. Through April 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Steven Campbell—Paintings recording the hapless adventures of a modern outdoorsman. Through April 20. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Francesco Clemente—A three-gallery show. Works on paper. Through April 20. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Paintings. Through April 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ More paintings. Through April 20. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Brett De Palma—Bright-colored paintings, among them four canvases depicting rudimentary tree forms. Through April 20. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Porfirio Di Donna / Eugene Leroy—Recent abstractions on paper. / Impastoed oils by a French artist. Through Saturday, April 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Neil Jenney—Paintings and sculptures from the years 1967 to 1970. Through May 25. (Carpenter-Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Carla Rae Johnson / Vera Lightstone—A sculptor-cabinetmaker whose works include a three-piece bedroom set, typical of which is a birch bureau whose drawers are lined with—what else?—drawings. / Fired-clay abstractions mounted on steel bases. Through April 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon; open Sundays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New wall reliefs. Through Saturday, April 13. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Ira Richer—Graffiti, scratches, and photographic materials applied to wood and Formica panels. Through April 18. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Edith Schloss—Paintings directly on music scores by Alvin Curran are of interest in this group of recent oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through April 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through April 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Harry Soviak (1935-84)—A memorial retrospective of paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures. Through April 27. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—Paintings and works on paper from the seventies, when his textured compositions were founded on geometric forms. Through April 24. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gina Werfel—Semi-abstract paintings of Italian landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 10. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alec Drummond—Paintings and drawings, including figurative oils done on Mylar. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bent, a new gallery at 204 Waverly Pl., just east of Seventh Ave. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Himmelfarb—Paintings, brush-and-ink drawings, and ceramics from the past ten years. Through April 14. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 Sundays.)

David Rabinowitch—Low-lying rolled-steel floor sculptures. Through Saturday, April 13. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Group Show—Figure drawings by Rosemarie Castoro, Luis Frangella, Grace Graupe-Pillard, Jody Pinto, and Rick Prol. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Grey Art Gallery—A show of elegantly crafted paintings, three-dimensional objects, and photographs of such subjects as babies, altars, airplanes, decomposing bodies, and in such materials as gold leaf, tinfoil, rhinestones, dollar bills, chocolate. Three of the artists are Tom Dillon, Starr Ockenga, and Larry Miller. Through May 4. (New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

P.S. 1—Contemporary paintings, sculptures, graphics, and video by Gilbert & George, Barbara Kruger, James Rosenquist, and other artists whose works imply a narrative content, shown with traditional indigenous Mexican art. This show has travelled from the Museo Rufino Tamayo, in Mexico City. Through May 26. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Larry Burrows (1926-71)—Photographs of the

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Vietnam War done on assignment for *Life*. Through Saturday, April 13. (Lawrence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Christenberry / Joel-Peter Witkin—Approximately twenty color prints of the scenery and architecture—churches, barns, grave markers—around Hale County, Alabama, plus three wood sculptures of some of the buildings that appear in the photographs. / Seven new portraits by an artist whose work is also on view at the Whitney Biennial. Through April 27. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lewis Hine (1874-1940)—About forty silver prints on child-labor conditions, his best-known work. Through April 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—Dye-transfer photographs of Miss Lehndorff's body, which was painted to blend in with the background area of, for instance, a wall in the old Fish Auction Hall in Hamburg. Miss Lehndorff is the actress whose stage name is Verushka. Through April 20. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Scott MacLeay—Two-color Fresson prints of figures at close range. Through April 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Richard Misrach / JoAnn Verburg—Desert landscapes and the series "Three Days at Edwards Air Force Base: The Shuttle Landing." / Group portraits, each divided among several frames, and swimmers in unconventional poses. Through Saturday, April 13. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Eva Rubinstein—Black-and-white photographs of people and landscapes in Paris, Poland, and Mexico. Through May 4. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Studio Ringl & Pit—Photographs from the commercial studio of Grete Stern and Ellen Auerbach, Bauhaus-era German artists. Through April 27. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Sam Wagstaff Collection—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Works by André Giroux, Vallou de Villeneuve, Robert Mapplethorpe, Arnold Genthe, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through May 12. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Show—Photographs of American landscapes by thirteen contemporary artists, including Robert Adams, Marilyn Bridges, Emmet Gowin, and Stephen Shore. Through April 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A retrospective of sixty-three landscape paintings by George Inness. The Metropolitan is the first stop for this travelling exhibition, which was organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . **Photography:** Last sections of the Atget survey. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," an exhibit reviewing the influences on this painter in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Arp, Klee, Miró, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, and a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ Performance at the museum: Robert Longo will present one new performance work and two others from the seventies in the third-floor courtyard on Saturday, April 13, at 7:30 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, Ext. 232.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of skeletal studies done by osteologist S. Harmsted Chubb (a staff member at the museum between 1901 and 1949) which capture their subjects in motion—e.g., a man reaching for the bridle of a rearing horse. Through June 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribes of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass headdress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and silver earrings. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid artifacts on hand. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—The skills of male weavers from New York State are displayed in this exhibit of fancy coverlets completed between 1820 and 1860. . . . ¶ A show of seventeen Amish quilts. Both shows through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays,

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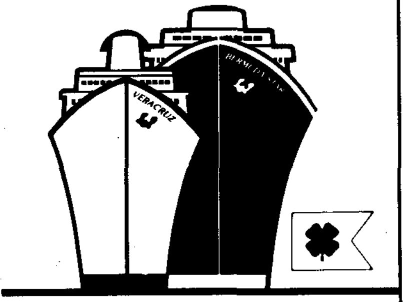

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10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-nine samples of figure drawing representing almost the whole of the twentieth century. A nice coup: a study, in conté crayon, that Edward Hopper did for "Nighthawks" and Red Grooms' colored-pencil drawing "Night Hawks Revisited." Also, Charles Demuth, Philip Pearlstein, Keith Haring, and others. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Five programs of music: Guy Klucevsek and David Lopato, Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30; Elliot Sharpe and Notorische Reflexe, Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; Outrage and Sirius, Friday, April 5, at 8:30; White Eagles, Saturday, April 6, at 8:30; David Holland, Lois Vierk, and Mikel Rouse Broken Consort, Sunday, April 7, at 3.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Tom Cayler (performance), Thursday through Sunday, April 4-7, at 8; David Cale (performance), Thursday through Sunday, April 4-7, at 10; Terry Fox (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 12-14, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; William Vendice. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Vladimir Popov, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, April 8, at 7: "Parsifal," with Leonie Rysanek, Jon Vickers, Simon Estes, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 9, at 8: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Olivia Stapp, Plácido Domingo, and Peter Glossop; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 7: "Parsifal," with Leonie Rysanek, Jon Vickers, Richard J. Clark, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Aldo Protti; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Tosca," with Olivia Stapp, Plácido Domingo, and Peter Glossop; Giuseppe Sinopoli.

Opera Shop of the Vineyard Theatre—The first three of nine performances of Scarlatti's "La Griselda," conducted by James Kurtz and staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday through Sunday, April 12-14, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a C. P. E. Bach–Mahler program on Thursday, April 4, at 8; Friday, April 5, at 2; Saturday, April 6, at 8; and Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30 (all with Jeanne Baxtresser, flute). . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Blacher-Prokofieff-Schumann program on Thursday, April 11, at 8; Friday, April 12, at 2; Saturday, April 13, at 8; and Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30 (all with Alexander Toradze, piano).

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Wednesday, April 10, at 8: A Verdi-Bruch-Shostakovich program, with Joshua Bell, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: A Bernstein-Liszt-Dvořák program, with Misha Dichter, piano.

Prism—Robert Black conducting a program of music by Miriam Gideon, Schubert, and Stephen Dembski, with William Sharp, baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

University of Wisconsin La Crosse Symphony—Joseph Cordeiro conducting, with David Reedy, piano, and Michael Barrett, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Mozart program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing, with Malcolm Frager, piano; Judith Bettina, soprano; Kenneth Piotrowski, glass-harmonica; and the Columbia University Glee Club. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting *the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one* a program entitled "A Vienna Bouquet," with Louise Russell, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; and Suzanne McCormick, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss directing, with Paula Robison, flute; the Sine Nomine Singers; and the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 2.)

Beethoven Society Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting the orchestra's inaugural concert, featuring an all-Beethoven program, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April, 13, at 3.)

Orpheus—With Oscar Shumsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

Choral Celebration of Bach—John Nelson directing three concerts of choral works by the composer, all with Paul Esswood, countertenor; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; the Male Choir and Orchestra of St. Luke's; and the American Boychoir—Wednesday, April 3: A performance of "The St. John Passion," also with Elly Ameling, soprano; Chris Merritt, tenor; and Jorma Hynninen, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6: A performance of "The St. Matthew Passion," also with Sylvia McNair, soprano, and the Messrs. Merritt and Hynninen. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7: A performance of the B-Minor Mass, also with *Miss Ameling and Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano.* (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 7:30.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Paul Halley directing the Cathedral Singers and two other choruses, with Thomas Bogdan, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and instrumentalists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 5, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ JoAnn Rice directing the Florilegium Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; Fay Kittelson, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas and Frank Hoffmeister, tenors; and Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone. Performed in English. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8.)

Handel's "Judas Maccabeus"—Johannes Somary directing a performance of the oratorio, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Doreen Walker, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; Thomas Hewes, bass; the Horace Mann Glee Club; the Colfe's School Chamber Choir, from London; and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Friday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Mu-

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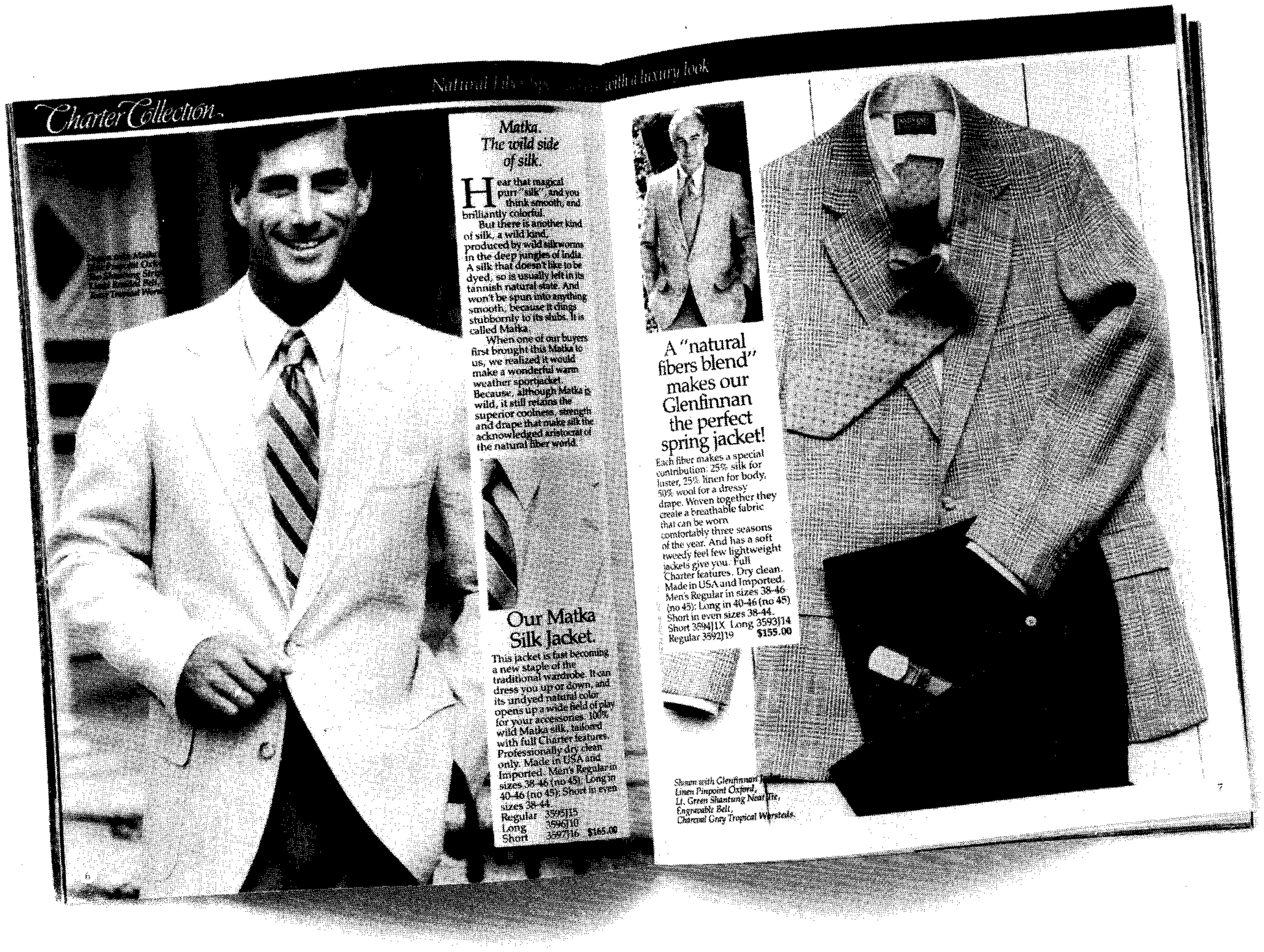

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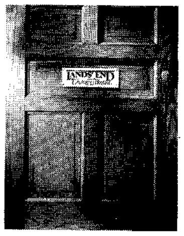

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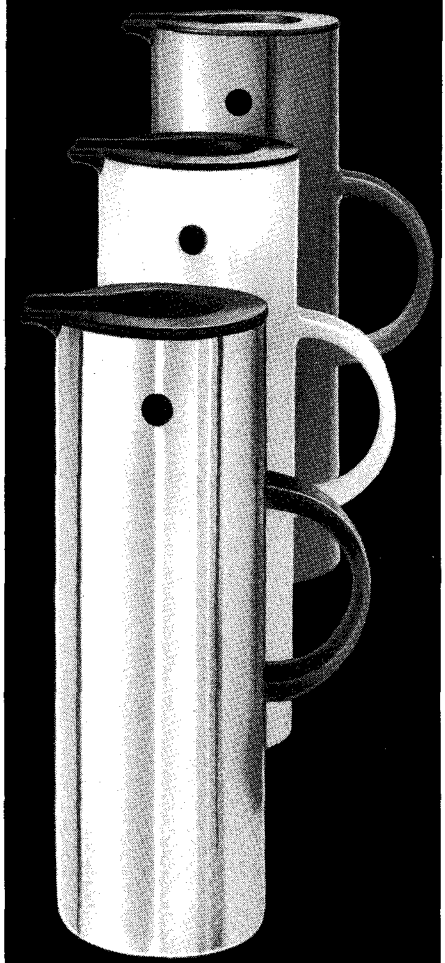

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seum, Friday, April 12, at 8, with Ida Kavafian, viola. The last in a series of concerts.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord, in the last two in a series of all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursdays, April 4 and 11, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, with the Bach Family Strings and Linda Comparone, flute, in a program that includes the première of a work by Robert Baksa. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ"—Performed by the Composers String Quartet, with the Very Reverend James Parks Morton, narrator. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, April 6, at 5. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Performed by Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, April 7, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 13, at 8, an all-Bach program, with Christiane Jaccottet, harpsichord.)

Quadro Barocco—A benefit program for the Friends of Central Park. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 2.)

Gilbert Kalish, Joel Krosnick, and Gordon Gottlieb—Presenting a four-hour program of contemporary music for piano, cello, and percussion. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 8, from 7 to 11.)

Ludwig Streicher—Double bass. (Horace Mann Auditorium, Columbia University, Broadway at 120th St. Monday, April 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

Douglas William Walter—Marimba and vibraphone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 9, at 8.)

Yehuda Hanani and Ann Schein—Cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 9, at 8.)

Endellion String Quartet—A Mozart-Bartók-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 9, at 8.)

Jonathan Haas—Percussion, with Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; guest instrumentalists; and Robert Black, conductor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

Fitzwilliam String Quartet—A Shostakovich-Beethoven-Borodin program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

Aurora—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. and 10th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4922.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—A program of arias and cantatas, with Henry Schuman, oboe, and Stephen Burns, trumpet. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Judith Otten and James Hamlin—Soprano and trumpet. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Osian Ellis, harp, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 5.)

Ensemble for American Music—A program of twentieth-century music. (Great Hall, Cooper

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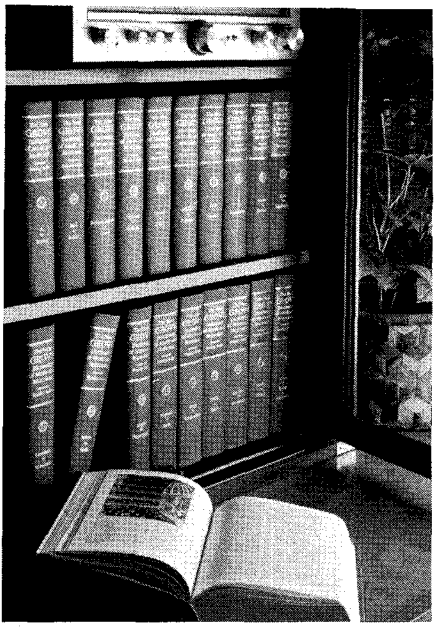

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Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music by Dufay, with Peter Becker, countertenor, and Susan Bess Reit, harp. (St. Paul and St. Andrew Methodist Church, West End Ave. at 86th St. Saturday, April 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

André Emelianoff—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—First National League games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, April 9, and Thursday, April 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, April 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 13, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (564-4400): Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, April 4. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, April 9. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Friday, April 12. (Games begin at 9.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, April 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, April 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Saturday, April 13. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 13.)

Hockey—Islanders vs. Devils. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Saturday, April 6, at 7:05.) . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Sunday, April 7, at 7:35.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Sunday, April 7, at 1; through Monday, May 6. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 5; the Gotham, Saturday, April 6; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Cherry Hill Mile, Saturday, April 6.

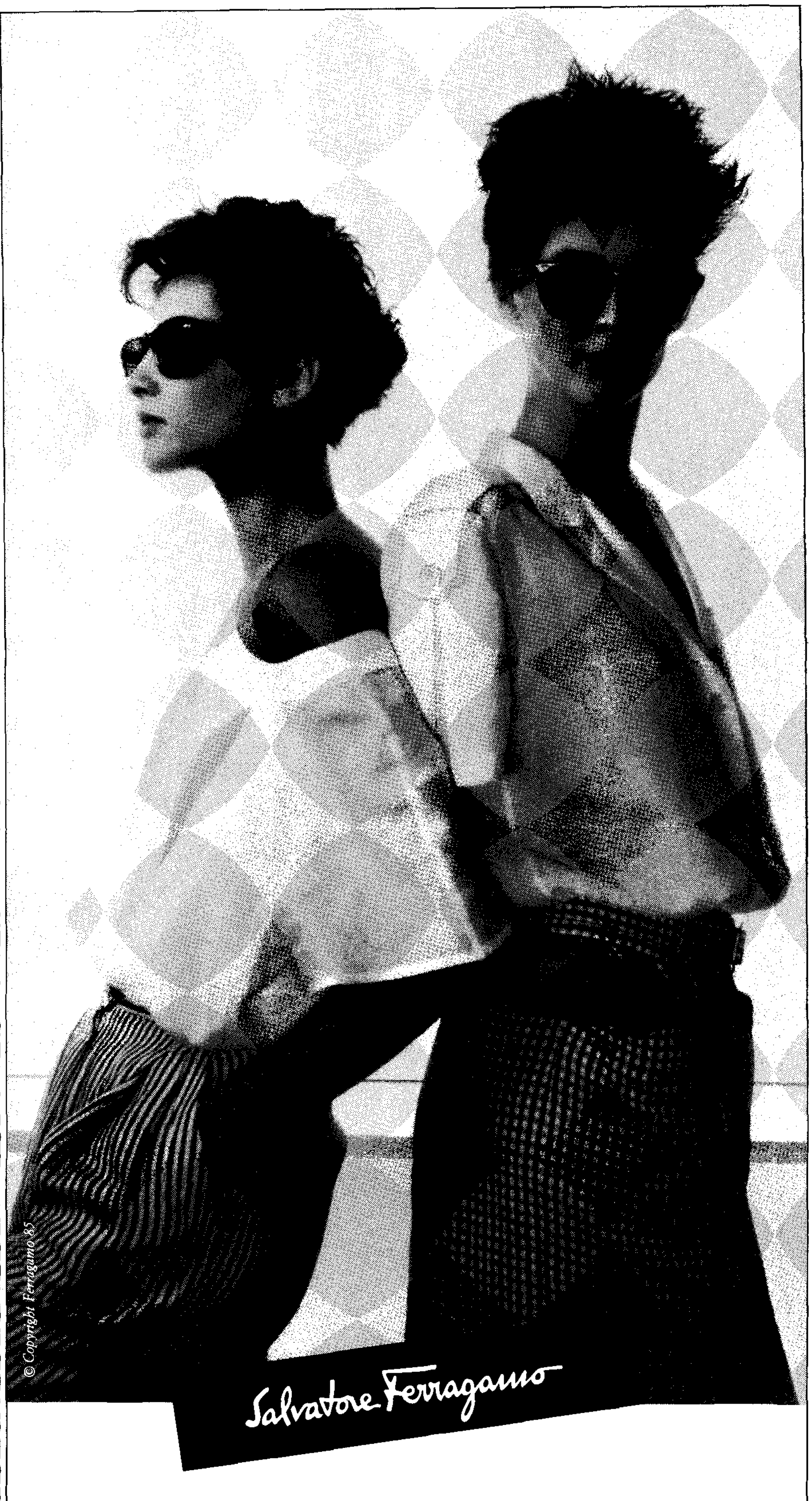
Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, June 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Mary Gordon reading from her own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Raymond Carver and Edna O'Brien reading from their own short stories. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Tess Gallagher, John Haines, William Pitt Root, and William Stafford reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 9, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A benefit program for *Columbia: A Magazine of Poetry and Prose*, with E. L. Doctorow, Amiri Baraka, and Richard Ford reading from their own prose and poetry. (McBurney Y, 215 W. 23rd St. 741-9229. Tuesday, April 9, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Christine Baranski, Stephen Lang, and Paul Hecht reading from the short stories of Anne Tyler, Raymond Carver, and John Rolfe Gardiner. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 10, at 6:30.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4; through Sunday, April 14.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 5, from 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, April 4, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 2: Japanese works of art, belonging to Alan Hartman. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 3, at 10 and 2: Clocks, watches, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 10 and 2: American decorative arts. Exhibition starts Friday, April 5.



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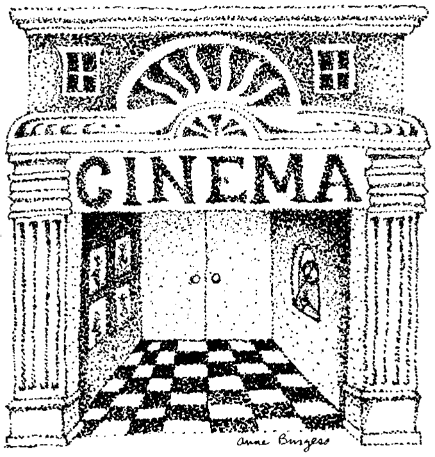

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.) Through April 11: "French Cancan" (†). From April 12: A week-long program of thirty-seven video, film, and television documentaries.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014) "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292) Through April 4: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†); and "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. April 5-11: To be announced. From April 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) "The Breakfast Club" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160) "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544) Theatre 1: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna. Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) "Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411) Through April 11: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish). From April 12: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262) "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320) "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420) Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) Theatre 1: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay. Theatre 2: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630) "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774) Theatre 1: Through April 11: "The Return of the Soldier" (†). From April 12: "A Test of Love" (Gil Brealey; an Australian film). Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670) Theatre 1: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna. Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622) "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339) Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott. Theatre 2: "Alamo Bay" (Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302) "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313) "Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607) Theatre 1: Through April 4: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young. From April 5: "The Breakfast Club" (†). Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) "The Killing Fields" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900) Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.) Theatre 1: Through April 9: "All My Good Countrymen" (1968; directed by Vojtech Jasny; in Czech). From April 10: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank). Theatre 2: "Ballad of the Little Soldier" (Werner Herzog) and "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" (Werner Herzog), both documentaries.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.) "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037) Theatre 1: Through April 11: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From April 12: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish). Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†). Theatre 2: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800) Theatre 1: Through April 4: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt. From April 5: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles. Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Makioka Sisters" (†). From April 12 (tentative): "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish). Theatre 3: Through April 11: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French). From April 12: "Wildrose" (John Hanson), with Lisa Eichhorn. Theatre 4: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060) Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†). Theatre 2: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film. Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406) To be announced.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715) "A Passage to India" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360) To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) "A Private Function" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) Through April 11: "The Wild Duck" (Henri Safran), with Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann. From April 12: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280) Theatre 1: Through April 11: "Stop Making Sense" (†). From April 12: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish). Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†). Theatre 3: "The 400 Blows" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†). Theatre 2: April 3: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†). From April 4: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745) Theatre 1: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret. Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190) Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. Theatre 3: Through April 4: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann). From April 5: "The Breakfast Club" (†). Theatre 4: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600) Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†). Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott. Theatre 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna. Theatre 4: Through April 4: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan. From April 5: "Return of the Jedi" (†). Theatre 5: "Witness" (†). Theatre 6: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young. Starting April 5 (evenings only): "Desperately Seeking Susan."

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900) Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†). Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay. From April 12: "Wildrose" (John Hanson), with Lisa Eichhorn.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128) Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). Theatre 2: Through April 4: "Baby . . . Secret

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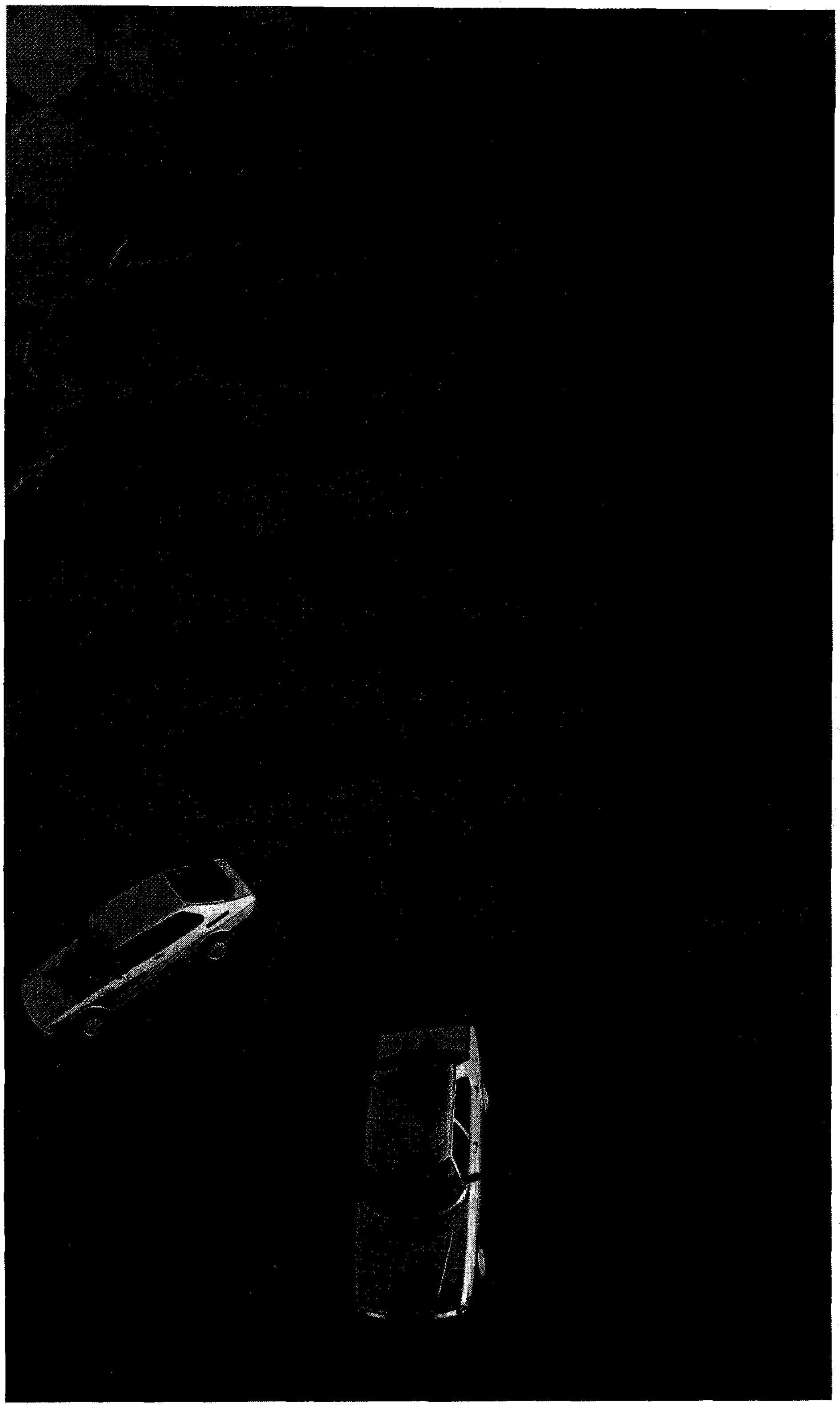

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Theatre 3: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Theatre 4: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Theatre 3: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 4: "The Breakfast Club" (†).

Theatre 5: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Theatre 6: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen.

Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Witness" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 4: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young. From April 5: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Hotel New York" (1985; directed by Jackie Raynal).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 4: "Mrs. Soffel" (1984; Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson, and Matthew Modine; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

April 5-11: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

From April 12: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through April 10: A two-week program of French comedies.

From April 11: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

April 5-6: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

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April 7-9: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "The Sound of Music" (†).

April 10-11: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

April 12-13: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 3: "Gorky Park" (1983; Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "Tightrope" (1984; Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

April 4-6: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine; "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

April 7-8: "Death in Venice" (†); and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

April 9-10: "M*A*S*H" (†); and "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin.

April 11-13: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 4: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

April 5-6: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.

April 7: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

April 8-9: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles.

April 10-11: "Yentl" (†); and "A Star Is Born" (1976; Frank Pierson), with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson.

April 12-13: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

April 3: "Enjo" (1958) and "An Actor's Revenge" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

April 4: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Port of Shadows" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin.

April 5-11: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.

April 12: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "Vortex" (1983; Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch.

April 13: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

Regency, B-way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 6: "The Birds" (1963; Alfred Hitchcock), with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren; and "Psycho" (1960; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh.

April 7-10: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

April 11-13: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 3: "Get Crazy" (1983; Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Siedelman), with Susan Berman.

April 4: "Lightning Over Water" (1981; Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders); "F for Fake" (1977; Orson Welles), with Welles; and "The Epic That Never Was" (1965; Bill Duncalf), a documentary.

April 5: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

April 6: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, and Melvyn Douglas; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

April 7: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (†); and "The NeverEnding Story" (1984; Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

April 8: "Bye Bye Birdie" (†); and "Kitten with a Whip" (1964; Douglas Heyes), with Ann-Margret and John Forsythe.

April 9: "She Married Her Boss" (†); and "Take a Letter, Darling" (1942; Mitchell Leisen), with Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Constance Moore, and Robert Benchley.

April 10: "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Run for

Cover" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Cagney, Viveca Lindfors, and John Derek.

April 11: "Soldier Girls" (1982; Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary; and "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981; Connie Field), a documentary.

April 12: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

April 13: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 3: "Smart Money" (1931; Alfred E. Green), with Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, and Boris Karloff; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

April 4: "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo, Eddie Albert, and Paul Ford; and "The World of Suzie Wong" (1960; Richard Quine), with William Holden, Nancy Kwan, Sylvia Syms, and Michael Wilding.

April 5-6: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

April 7: "Phaedra" (†) and "Topkapi" (†).

April 8: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

April 9: "Jezebel" (†); and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

April 10: "Mandalay" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot; and "First Lady" (1937; Stanley Logan), with Kay Francis, Preston Foster, and Anita Louise.

April 11: "Ladies in Retirement" (†); and "The Sign of the Ram" (1948; John Sturges), with Susan Peters and Alexander Knox.

April 12-13: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Theatre 2: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—A seventeen-day festival of new films by new directors. April 3 at 6: "Streetwise" (United States; Martin Bell) . . . ¶ April 3 at 8:30: "Overlord" (1975; Great Britain; Stuart Cooper). . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "The Wheel" (Korea; Lee Doo-yong). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30: "Witness to War" (United States; Deborah Shaffer/David Goodman) and "The Ties That Bind" (United States; Su Friedrich). . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Twenty Years Later" (Brazil; Eduardo Coutinho). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30: "Wildrose" (United States; John Hanson). . . . ¶ April 6 at 10 A.M. and April 7 at 11 A.M. (in Theatre 2 only): "Heimat" (West Germany; Edgar Reitz). The entire sixteen hours of the film will be shown in two eight-hour sessions, with a break for lunch. . . . ¶ April 6 at noon (in Theatre 1 only): "Heimat." The first four and a half hours of the film will be shown. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Witness to War" and "The Ties That Bind." . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "The Wheel." . . . ¶ April 7 at 1:30 (in Theatre 1 only): "Heimat." The second three hours of the film will be shown. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Wildrose." . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "Twenty Years Later." . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Holi" (India; Ketan Mehta). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8:30 and April 9 at 6: "Homecoming" (Hong Kong/People's Republic of China; Yim Ho). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30 and April 10 at 6: "Small Happiness: Women of a Chinese Village" (United States; Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon) and "Tokyo Melody" (France/Japan; Ryuchi Sakamato). . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Holi." . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Sylvia" (New Zealand; Michael Firth). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30 and April 12 at 6: "In Love at His Own Choice" (U.S.S.R.; Sergei Mikaelyan). . . . ¶ April 13 at 10 A.M. (in Theatre 2 only): "Heimat." The first eight hours of the film will be shown, with a break for lunch. . . . ¶ April 13 at noon (in Theatre 1 only): "Heimat." The third five hours of the film will be shown. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9503.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Plaza, and U. A. Twin.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (34th St. East, D. W. Griffith, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly.)

The Breakfast Club—With Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald; directed by John Hughes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 5.)

Bye Bye Birdie (1963)—The satirical musical about a rock-and-roll idol who gets drafted sounds like a good movie idea, but the central character (played by Jesse Pearson) has been softened, the sitcom plotting is tedious, and the film aims for cornball zest rather than wit. Ann-Margret, playing a brassy sixteen-year-old with a hyperactive rear end, takes over the picture. The cast, which performs erratically, includes Dick Van Dyke, Janet Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Paul Lynde, and Bobby Rydell. Directed by George Sidney. (Thalia; April 8.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carryings-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 7-8.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through April 4.)

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. (1953)—Mostly the nightmare-fantasy of a little boy who doesn't understand why his mother insists on his practicing the piano, and who hates his music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker. You can see why: Hans Conried is Dr. T., and he's the slimiest villain since W. C. Fields slipped the gin into Baby Le Roy's bottle. With Tommy Rettig, Peter Lind Hayes, and Mary Healy. Directed by Roy Rowland. Alan Scott worked on the script with Dr. Seuss (Theodor Geisel). (Thalia; April 7.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

French Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 11.)

Jezebel (1938)—A dazzling romantic melodrama. Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous, moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Eddie Anderson, and Fay Bainter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 9.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atroci-

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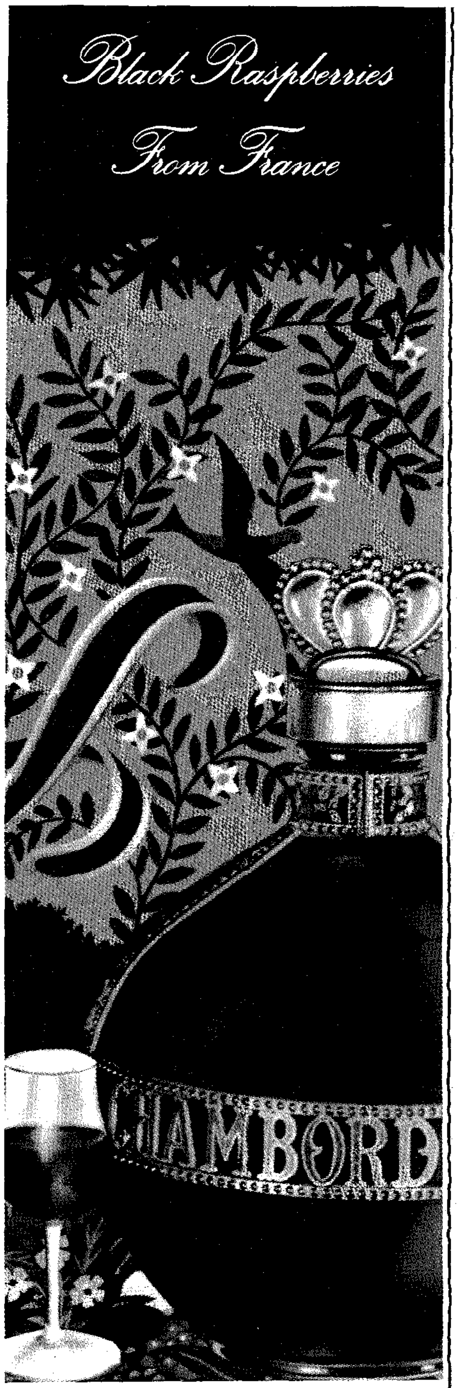

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ties in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.) . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 5.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—With Charles Vidor directing, this lonely-rural-cottage gothic seems to take itself too seriously, as if it were really a psychological study. Ida Lupino works hard as a severe, plain-faced murderess, Isobel Elsom is the woman who innocently befriends her, and Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett are Lupino's loony sisters. With Louis Hayward. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

Lost in America—With Albert Brooks and Julie Hagerty, directed by Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Makioka Sisters (1983)—Kon Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the four Makioka sisters—the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family, who move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry—and at the same time he makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. Set in 1938, the film is like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. The venerable Ichikawa is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. And he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together. In Japanese. (3/11/85) (Quad Cinema; through April 11.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's marvellously unstable comedy—an episodic film, full of the pleasures of the unexpected, with some of the best overlapping comic dialogue ever recorded. The heroes, played by Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould, are combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean War. They're hip Galahads, saving lives while ragging the military bureaucracy. What holds the film's disparate elements together in the precarious balance that is the movie's chief charm is a free-for-all, throwaway attitude. It's hip but it isn't hopeless. A surgical hospital where the doctors' hands are lost in chests and guts is certainly an unlikely subject for a comedy, but "M*A*S*H" is probably the best American war comedy since sound came in, and the sanest American movie of its era. With Tom Skerritt, Sally Kellerman, and Robert Duvall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 9-10.)

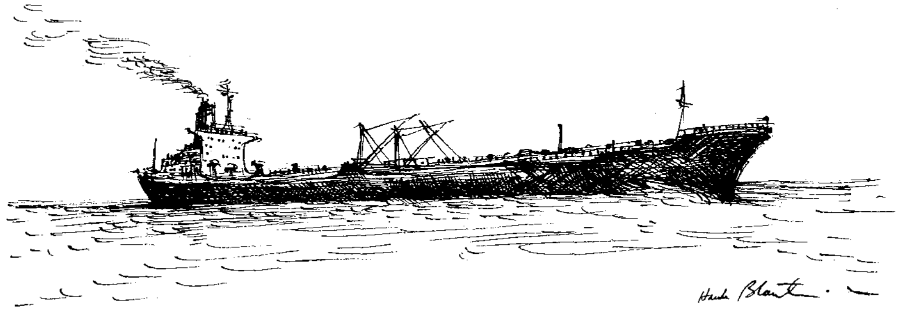
A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version, set in modern Greece, of the classic story that was dramatized by Euripides, Seneca, Racine, and many others. Here, it's undermined by a lunatic piece of miscasting: when Melina Mercouri leaves her rich, powerful bull of a husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with his skinny young son, Anthony Perkins, the audience can't imagine why. With its snazzy cars and fabulous jewels that can be casually thrown into the sea, this is like a Joan Crawford picture, only more so. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7.)

A Private Function—This joint début film by the celebrated British television playwright Alan Bennett and the young director Malcolm Mowbray keeps adding greedy eccentrics and scatological jokes until everything is interconnected and the action seems on the verge of exploding into lewd farce. It never quite makes the final leap, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. Maggie Smith can bring you up short with a devastating inflection, and as her aged mother, Liz Smith (no relation) is like a bleary, befuddled mirror image of the daughter's pretensions. Also with Bill Paterson as the inspector for the Ministry of Food and Rachel Davies as his seductive landlady. (3/25/85) (Paris.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. This comedy has a small, rapt quality; he wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen at the Jewel Theater. This is the first Woody Allen movie in which a whole batch of actors really interact and spark each other. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, Deborah Rush, Annie Joe Edwards, Karen Akers, Irving Metzman, Milo O'Shea, Alexander H. Cohen, and, in a spectacular cameo, Dianne Wiest. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; the original music is by Dick Hyman. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema Studio, and Movieland.)

Return of the Jedi (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the



TV Premiere from The Met
Giuseppe Verdi's
"Simon Boccanegra"
Wednesday, April 17
8:30 (EST) on PBS

James Levine conducts.
With Anna Tomowa-Sintow,
Sherrill Milnes, Vasile Moldoveanu,
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Simulcast on Stereo FM in many cities.
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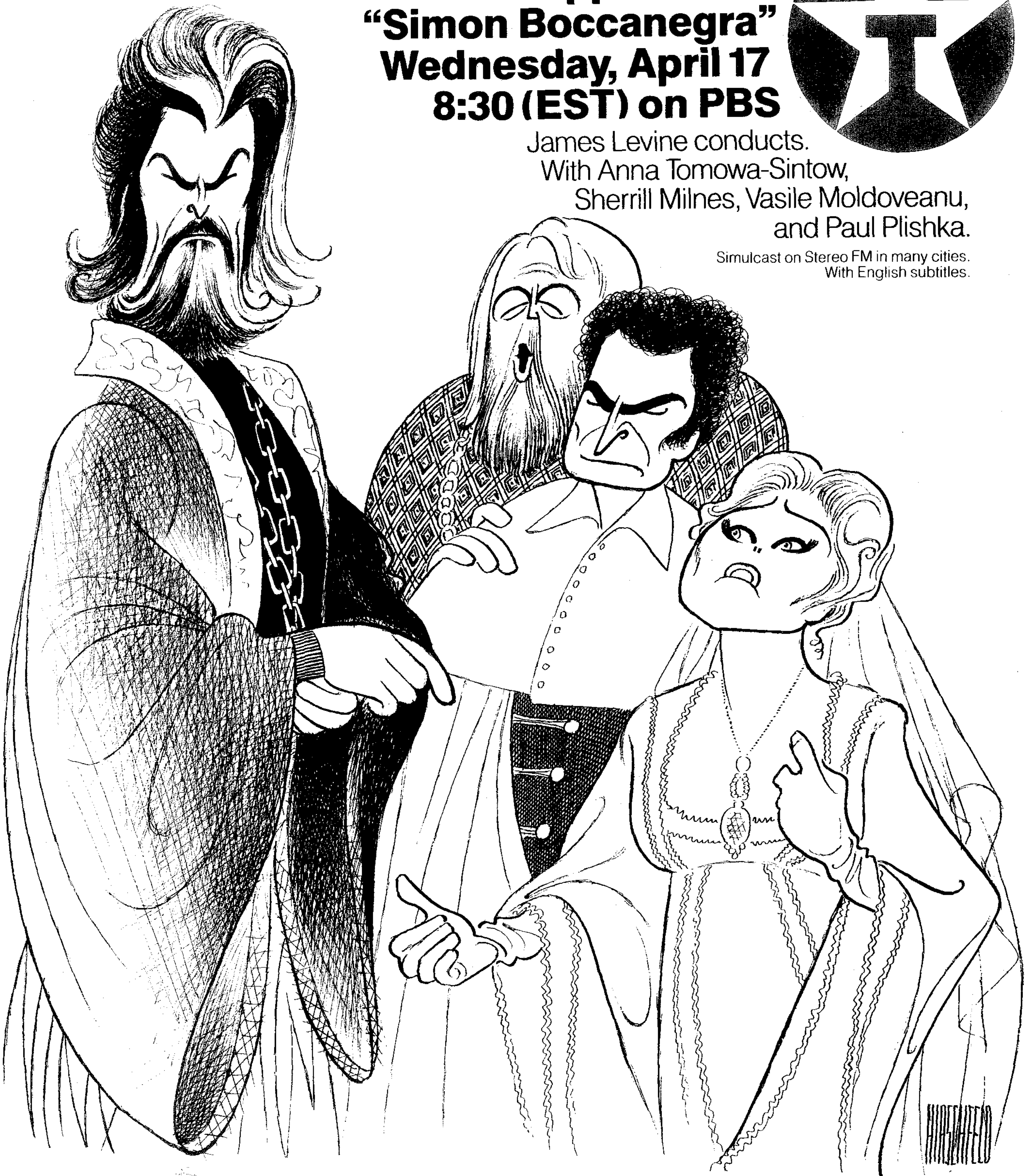

"Simon Boccanegra" is a love story in which romantic love mixes with—and sometimes clashes with—love of country, love for the sea, and love for a long-lost daughter. The remarkable hero, Simon, is one of Verdi's greatest creations, brought to life at The Metropolitan Opera with some of the most powerful music Verdi ever wrote.

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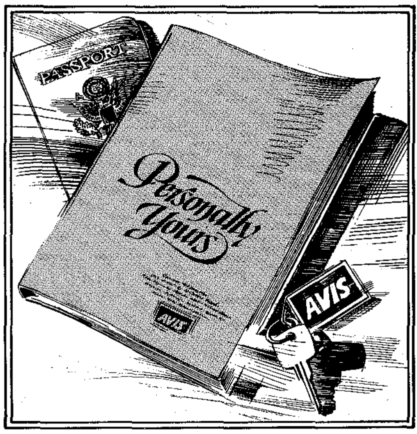
"I asked Avis to show me where Shakespeare spent his free time. And I wound up in the clink."



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England's literary personalities had always whetted my appetite. And so had the bangers and mash. So I reserved a GM Vauxhall Nova for an Avis SuperValue rate of just $16 a day.* That entitled me to a free 'Personally Yours' itinerary. I chose "Literary British Heritage" and "Royal Heritage." (There were over 40 other European special-interests and they all came with Avis' helpful mile by mile route instructions.) My itinerary offered me many interesting stops. Among them, I picked London's Anchor Tavern, a pub once frequented by Shakespeare. Across the street stands the original prison of Dr. Samuel Johnson's time. "We call it the clink," the barman told me, "because you could always hear the clinking of the prisoners' chains." I went and stood in the doorway. I could imagine it all.

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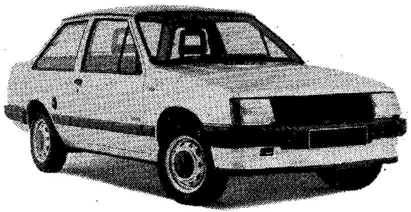


Avis features GM cars. Vauxhall Nova.

imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax—a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome—the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Billy Dee Williams, Anthony Daniels as C-3PO, and Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca. (Plaza, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; starting April 5.)

The Return of the Soldier—Directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? As Chris's wife, Julie Christie is so outrageously vain that she's funny; Glenda Jackson takes the literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding; and Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but she acquits herself with likable dignity. In a part that could seem ludicrous, Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema I; through April 11.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyper-efficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable, department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). When he finally marries Claudette, she discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Thalia; April 9.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 12-13.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Whom could this operetta, set in Austria in 1938, offend? Only those of us who loathe being manipulated and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. The dauntless, scrubbed-face heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, and Marni Nixon. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Cinema Village; April 7-9.)

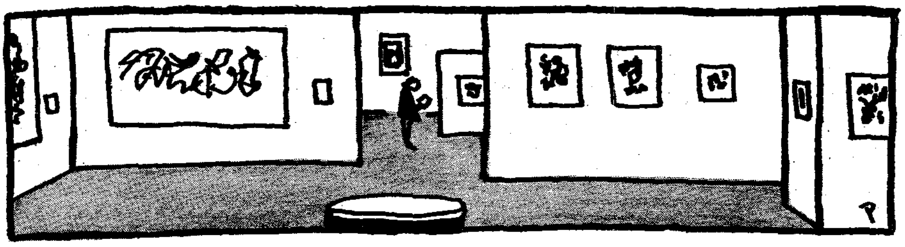
Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through April 11.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Topkapi (1964)—Comic grand larceny in Eric Ambler terrain—Istanbul. The gang in this Jules Dassin thriller includes Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff, and they all work too hard at being merry, lovable scoundrels. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Yentl (1983)—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it has a distinctive and surprising spirit. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer resentful of male privileges, and for the first time she feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The director keeps her balance; her vision is sustained until the end (which is a misstep), and as the yeshiva boy she's a wonderful, giddy little shrimp. With Nehemiah Persoff and Steven Hill. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 10-11.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE received the following note from our ever-enthusiastic music-loving friend Louise:

Q: What does it take to broadcast a live radio program from East Germany over American airwaves?

A: Bach's three-hundredth birthday, of course.

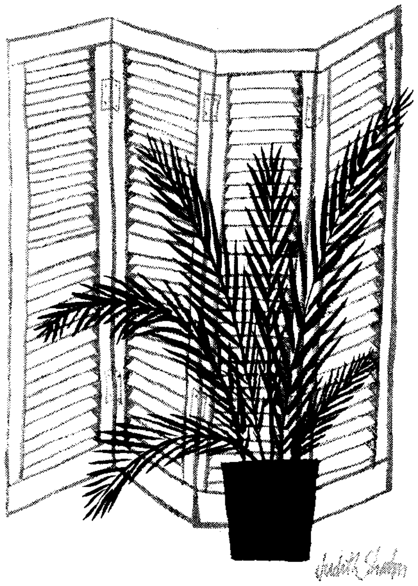
Last Thursday afternoon, I listened on my local public-radio station to Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" in a satellite-relay live digital broadcast from the Neue Gewandhaus concert hall in Leipzig, the city where Bach is buried and where he was music director of the Church of St. Thomas from 1723 until his death, in 1750. It was pretty moving. At the conclusion, good old J.S.B. received a ten-minute ovation. It went on and on and on and on. For some reason, I didn't turn off the radio or change stations. I kept listening to the fuzzy, sustained clapping, which sounded a lot like static, and which mesmerized me the way the minimalist music of today is supposed to. It was quite gratifying to listen to this applause. It prematurely summed up a landmark year in which Heinrich Schütz turns four hundred, Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti all turn three hundred, and that kid Jerome Kern turns one hundred. I think Bach would have been (or maybe even *was*) pleased by the outpouring of love and appreciation that was heard around the world and across all borders that day.

* *

Challengers

THE other evening, we wandered over to visit our Forty-fourth Street neighbors at the New York Yacht Club. The occasion was advertised as a gathering of commodores from some twenty-five American yacht clubs that are affiliated, under the burgee of the N.Y.Y.C. and the banner of the America II syndicate, in pursuit of the America's Cup. As millions of Americans are aware, the Cup, which until its loss in 1983 was for over a century and a quarter the yacht club's principal ornament, is now ensconced in Perth, Western Australia. There it will stay at least until 1987, when the next Cup series will be run, in the waters off Fremantle, Perth's nearby port, under the aegis of the Australian defenders. The N.Y.Y.C. thus finds itself in the unfamiliar position of an outsider looking in—one challenging club in a field of approximately twenty (of which about a third are American).

An outsider but not precisely an underdog, to judge by the preparations already in hand that were unveiled by the America II folk. The evening began with an extended cocktail hour in the club's model room, a two-story temple of yacht design whose walls are lined—from floor to mezzanine and on to ultimate ceiling—with models of members' yachts and of some historic warships (the Navy's, presumably). Among the well-dressed, muted (for sailors in the presence of alcohol) crowd we picked out a couple of handsome ladies we recognized—journalistic survivors of the 1983 Cup campaign, whom we had last seen in salt-spattered foul-weather gear on the foredeck of the official press boat, five miles off Newport, Rhode Island. As we sidled up, it was instantly apparent that they, like the other guests, were talking shop—their own variety. "Would you believe," *Sports Illustrated's* Sarah Ballard was saying, with a kind of gloomy relish, "that there is exactly *one* telex in the whole of Fremantle?" The mood of the *Times'* Barbara Lloyd, co-author of a book on the 1983 affair entitled "Upset," was more positive. Thanks to the International Date Line, she said, a reporter sending a story from Perth to New York could have it received the day before it was sent—an advantage that only a journalist under deadline could truly appreciate.



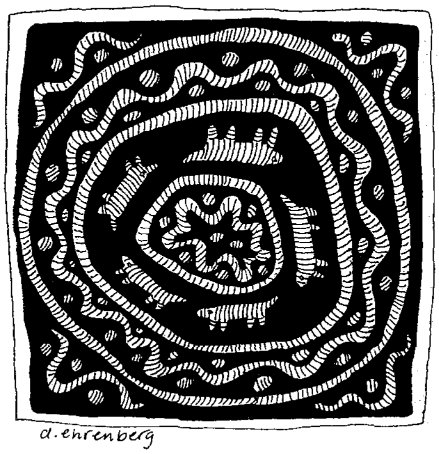
At the appointed hour, bells rang to hasten the crowd to dinner, but someone had clearly forgotten that yachtsmen (and women) who are talking boats while holding drinks in their hands are about as easy to move as day-old lava, and by the time all the guests—a hundred and nine of them—were seated in the club's long, low-ceilinged dining room the program was running nearly an hour late. Never mind; after an ambitious meal, culminating in a clearly dangerous pink dessert about the size of a small life raft, the group was herded back into the model room, which had been filled with folding chairs. The formal program now opened, with remarks from the evening's official host, Commodore Emil Mosbacher, Jr., of the N.Y.Y.C. The commodore, slightly grayer and perhaps a touch heavier than he was in the nineteen-sixties, when he sailed first Weatherly and then Intrepid to victory over the Australians, displayed a thousand-watt smile and an easy diplomatic manner as he expressed his confident hope that the group assembled would effect the successful return of what he referred to as "the missing piece of furniture from the trophy room." Those Cup connoisseurs who remembered, from previous years, more embattled spokesmen behind that lectern could remind themselves that this commodore, after his Twelve-Metre triumphs, served from 1969 to 1972 as the Department of State's Chief of Protocol. Not on view—at least, for the moment—was the Mosbacher who is reported to have said to his crew, "I do like to hear any well-thought-out, reasonable suggestion. Once."

The commodore was followed, in due course, by the syndicate's appointed skipper, John Kolius, who won a silver medal in the Soling class in the 1976 Olympics. A tanned, stocky young man with blond hair and a striking dark mustache, Kolius has spent the last few months in Perth, sailing the syndicate's first new Twelve, officially designated US-42 (her sail number) but affectionately known to her crew as Lego, from the ease with which she can be partly reconstructed. Lego has just arrived, by freighter, in the United States and will be succeeded as the syndicate's lead boat by US-44, now under construction. The new boat is expected to be a quantum leap ahead of 42, by virtue of including all the information gleaned from her older sister's sailing trials, and a million dollars' worth of research as well. Despite this anticipated progress, however, 44 will constitute only a test bed for what is presumed to be the syndicate's ultimate boat, US-46, yet to be designed. And the boats themselves, costly as they are, constitute only a part of the syndicate's over-all effort, which also involves a recently purchased apartment house in Fremantle and a dockside installation capable of rigging, repairing, and accommodating as many vessels as the campaign requires. While no mention of total cost was made officially, the sum of twelve million dollars was floated more than once by knowledgeable sailors in the room. The money is expected to come in large part from donations by members of the affiliated yacht clubs; and those clubs whose members "achieve certain financial goals" (in Commodore Mosbacher's delicate phrase) will be allowed to have brief custody of the Cup—once it is returned. Again, the sum required to obtain such a visitation was not specified, but we heard a commodore next to us murmur "a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." It makes, we can report, a very satisfying murmur.

The evening was topped off with a slide show, presented by Thomas F. Ehman, Jr., the syndicate's executive director and whipper-in. Besides sailing shots, it included a number of color transparencies of Western Australia in general and Perth and its port town of Fremantle in particular, and there was also a photograph of the inflammatory Western Australian state license plate—black numbers on yellow, along with the slogan "HOME OF THE AMERICA'S CUP." "This," Mr. Ehman said firmly, "is going to become a real collector's item." He was clearly in a mood to raise his audience's blood pressure, with an echo of the stem-winding partisan address that one used to hear from the keynote speaker at a political convention. A surfeit of pink dessert, the lateness of the hour, and Mr. Ehman's own photographs of Australia's superb beaches—ninety degrees in February—had, however, dulled the keen edge of the crusading spirit for the evening, and instead the gathering broke up in a haze of well-bred bonhomie.

Lessons

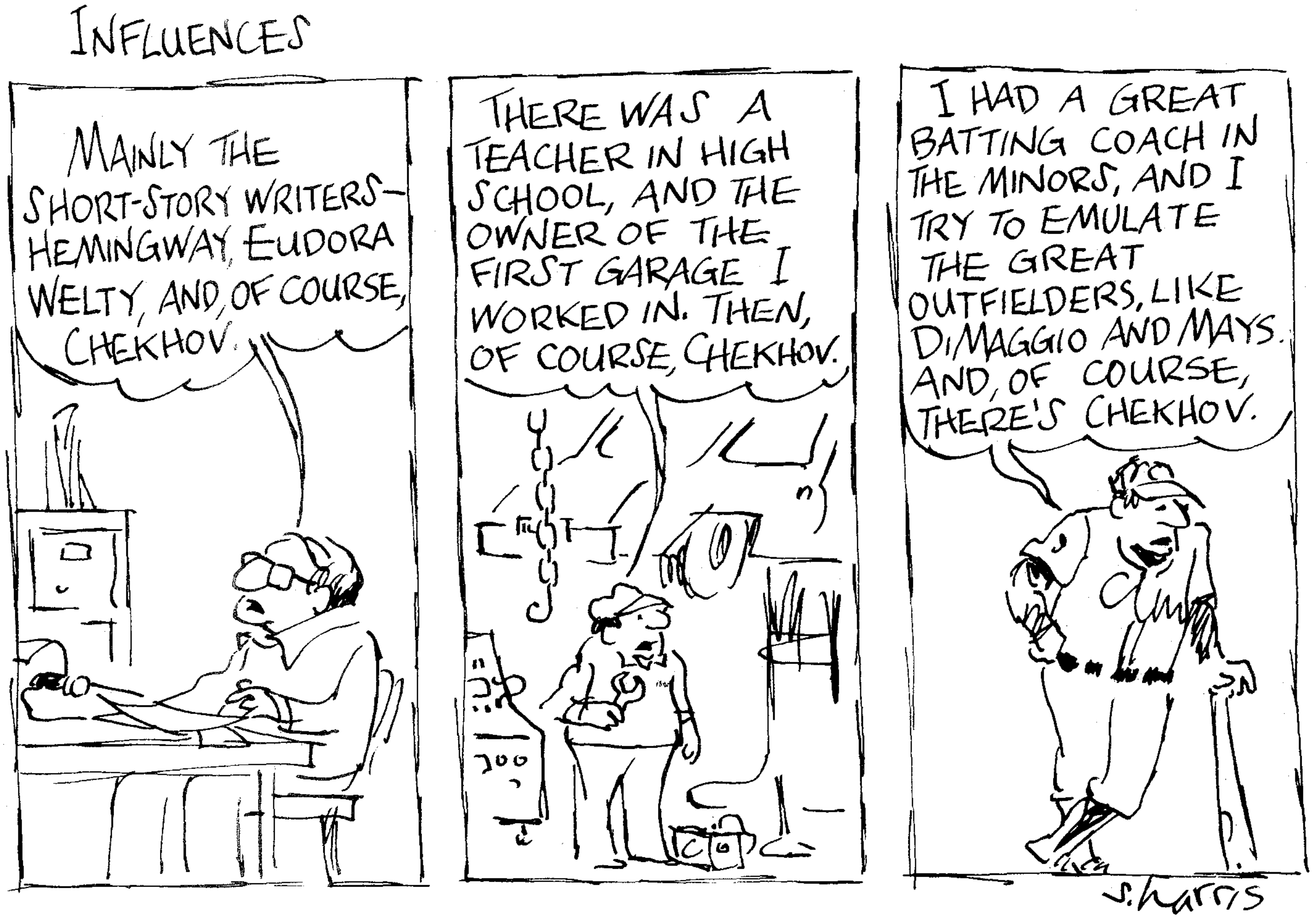
"IF you blow from your cheeks, there's not enough force," said Naftaly Kleinman, who was about to put a 260E professional-quality red latex balloon to his mouth. "I quickly realized—it has to come from within."



All the best metaphors have been used. The ocean, the tree, the stars—they have been plumbed and climbed and swung upon since time began. The mountains—the metaphorical mountains have been moved so often that the metaphorical Muhammad has taken up hiking out of sheer boredom. Metaphors aren't Kleenexes, consigned to the trash after a single use, but even the finest handkerchiefs eventually fray. Kleenexes, actually, make lousy metaphors. By contrast, balloon-sculpturing, often overlooked, has homely lessons for every area of life. "Overinflating is a big problem," said Jim Holden, the co-owner, with his wife, Brenna, of Airborne Inspirations, who was teaching Mr. Kleinman and twenty-four other paying pupils to make a parrot last month at an upper-East Side class sponsored by the Learning Annex. "Sometimes people, when they're working with helium, inflate to the max, so the balloons look great, and then they put them up by the ceiling. It's hotter up there, the helium expands, there's no place for it to go. *Pop!*"

Mr. Holden and his wife went to a session of a "personal-growth weekend" at a hotel ballroom three years ago. "We were supposed to write down a list of ten pleasures and then circle one we thought we could make money at. And Brenna and I—we were sitting at opposite ends of the room—just looked at each other and mouthed 'balloons.' " Pretty soon, the Holdens were delivering bouquets of helium balloons, and then Mr. Holden started sculpturing—twisting balloons till they looked like stuff. "At first, I did some really crude animals—poodles, dachshunds. Then I got creative. I've just perfected a terrific monkey, because I'm catering a bar mitzvah next week where we're going to have airship balloons floating over the tables, and I want monkeys to hang from them. The monkey has elbow joints." Next month, the Holdens plan on building a dragon out of about a thousand balloons in Central Park.

Mr. Holden demonstrated the dachshund, which is the hamburger-and-Coke of his profession, to the class, and also the flower, which is damnably hard. Flowers burst around the room. Let a thousand flowers burst! "Amer-


INFLUENCES
MAINLY THE SHORT-STORY WRITERS— HEMINGWAY, EUDORA WELTY, AND, OF COURSE, CHEKHOV.
THERE WAS A TEACHER IN HIGH SCHOOL, AND THE OWNER OF THE FIRST GARAGE I WORKED IN. THEN, OF COURSE, CHEKHOV.
I HAD A GREAT BATTING COACH IN THE MINORS, AND I TRY TO EMULATE THE GREAT OUTFIELDERS, LIKE DIMAGGIO AND MAYS. AND, OF COURSE, THERE'S CHEKHOV.
S. HARRIS

• •

ica's balloon-consciousness is rising fast," Mr. Holden said. "Everyone loves them."

Only one actual little kid attended the session, and he with his mother. Several people tried to show him the *very easy* apple sculpture. "I like to be puffing them up and busting them," he explained.

"I pop one out of four flowers to this day," Mr. Holden said. "People start out and they're so terrified of the balloon popping that they go real slow, and *that's* when it pops. You've just got to go for the move, and if it pops it pops. I mean, they *pop*. That's part of the business—that's part of life."

Gerunds

"WHEN we first went in," said Peter Montagnon, speaking English rather than American, "they thought that what we wanted was geographical features—like the Japanese, who had just made a film about China. Mountains, rivers—things like that. So they were trying to flog off these things to the West for the usual television series. That's what they thought we wanted, so they tried to give us either the top or the bottom half of the Yangtze River, and then they tried the Great Hall."

We were at the Asia Society for a screening of parts of "The Heart of the Dragon," described as "a rare, intimate 12-part look at China today, beginning May 6th on PBS" by the P.R., which also informed us that "participating will be executive producer Peter Montagnon and Robert MacNeil, who with Jim Lehrer cohosts the General Electric-funded series." Peter Montagnon was co-producer of Kenneth Clark's "Civilization," and produced "The Long Search" and "The Last Place on Earth."

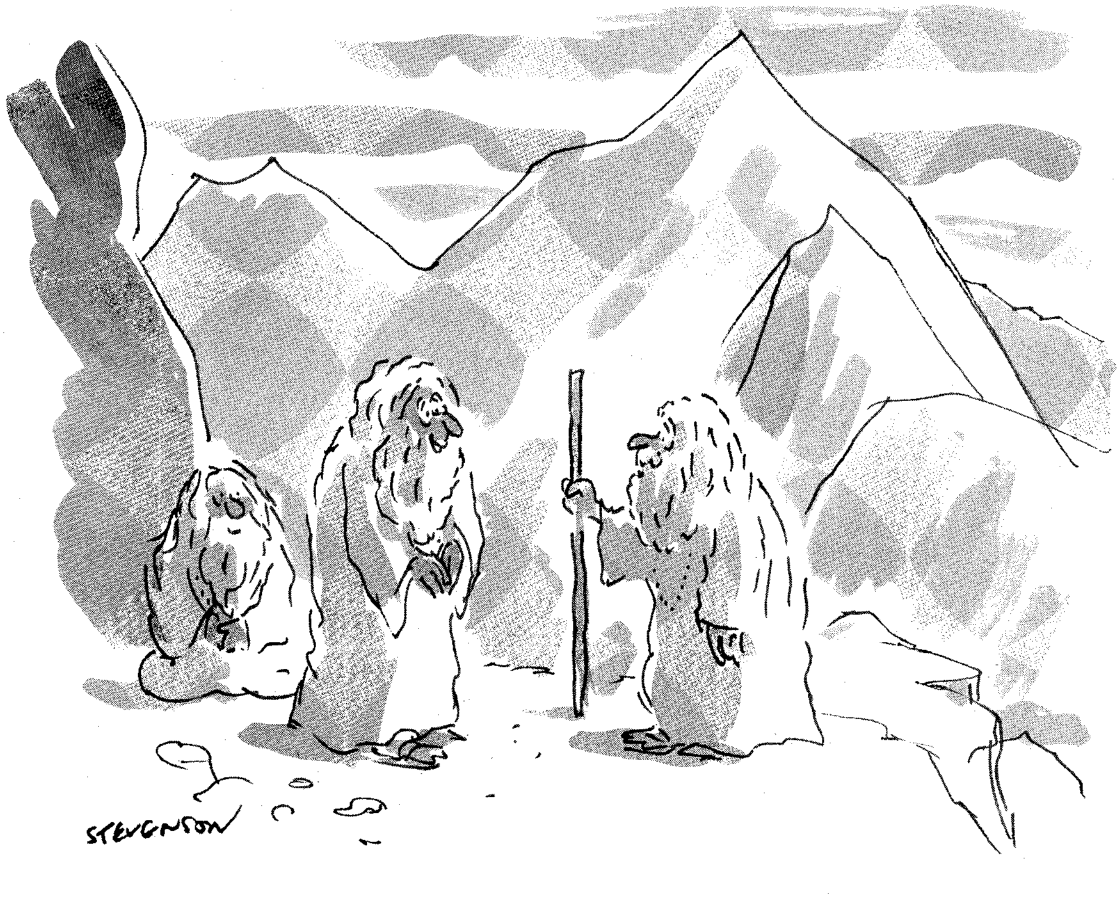
"It was all in a spirit of good will," Mr. Montagnon continued. "They just didn't understand what we wanted. I said no—that what I wanted was the Chinese, the Chineseness of people. It made them think. I went about my task as I did—my first segment would be 'Remembering'—because a historian named Theodore Zeldin had written a superb history of the French using a series of gerunds, like 'Meeting,' 'Living,' 'Dying,' 'Creating,' and it's a magnificent way into history. He's at Oxford now. He's written the definitive work. The French love him—they think he's got an insight into them that few other historians have got. His approach means that you can bring in as much history, and as much looking into the future, as you need in order to understand the gerund. You can discuss anything—'Believing' or 'Dying,' for instance, though with the Chinese if you want to use 'Believing' you've got to find out what they believe, because 'believing' is very much a Judaic-Christian word. We come with overtones; they come with different overtones. So that was our approach. They became very interested. We said we wanted total editorial independence, because otherwise we couldn't do it, for the very simple reason that if we didn't have that we couldn't put our hearts in it, and if we didn't put our hearts in it we couldn't sell it. Strange reasoning to present to the Chinese, but they took it. And also we said, 'You should be strong enough to let someone look at you from the outside. If you're strong, you can.' They took some days to talk it over. We had a hotel room for the conference, full of smoke and tea and everything, and we came out at last with a contract. This was in August, '81. We went back and raised the money in the City of London, went back to China, refined the details, and went ahead and made it."

We were then shown "Remembering"—a gerund that, of course, gave the cameraman a chance to look at China's history. The Chinese talked readily in Chinese, and an interpreter and, when necessary, a voice-over talked English. Tactfully, just before lunchtime we moved on to "Eating." Here we could understand what was going on not only thanks to the voice-over but with the aid of a printed sheet. We saw Gao De Liang, "Canton's Colonel Sanders," who supplies chickens for the market. Lots of chickens, and all, evidently, passing through his rather small apartment. "Capital is now available to help small businesses," said Mr. Gao. "We pay only four per cent interest. I use the cash to buy more chickens and increase sales." An herb pharmacist said, as he showed his growing stock, "We normally use the whole plant. These herbs all aid digestion. They're good for the circulation." A party host said, "This is a very artistic dish: Dragon and Phoenix." Our favorite part of "Eating," however, was the Tea House Storyteller, who stood on a platform in the corner of a room and told his tale dramatically while all around him people drank tea and wiped their hands and chatted with each other. "And off he galloped, alone, majestically. How brave Yue Sheng was! He looked so fierce! The barbarians were unable to stop him."

Kim Williams

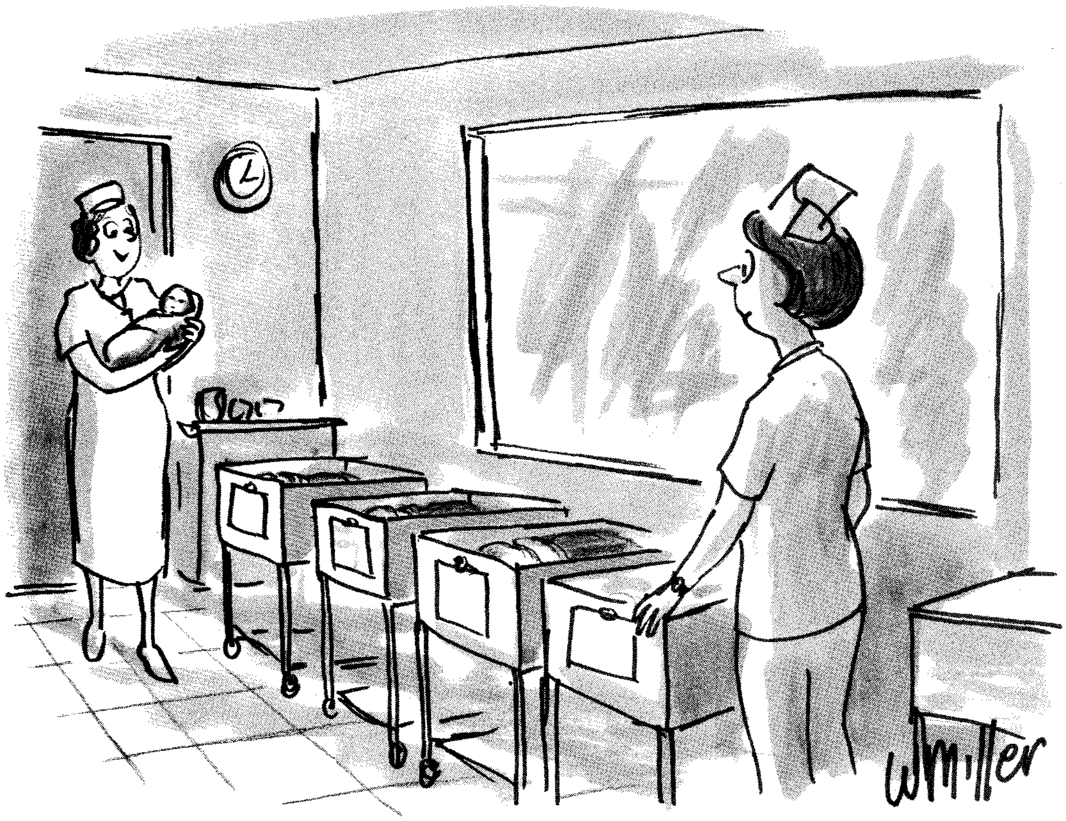
SOMETIMES it happens that we are in Montana. Not long ago, we came off Interstate 90 at the Orange Street exit in Missoula, Montana, stopped the car, found a phone booth, and looked in the phone book for the name Kim Williams. "This is Kim Williams, in Missoula, Montana" is the sentence that concludes one of our favorite features on National Public Radio's news-and-commentary program "All Things Considered." Perhaps as many as two and a half million people listen to Kim Williams over NPR as she talks from time to time on topics ranging from the dangers of mistaking water hemlock for water parsnip, through ten rules for marriage, to ways of celebrating the winter solstice. She is in the phone book. Missoula sits at the junction of five river valleys, with blue mountains and brown hills all around. At the west end of the city, large objects—storage tanks, spools of cable, railroad cars—stand in rows, and to the east are the buildings and a spire or two of the University of Montana. Right downtown, rainbow trout rise in the Clark Fork close enough to hear tellers at the drive-through windows of the First National Montana Bank saying into their speakerphones, "Hi, how're you? . . . How do you want that? Twenties?" Kim Williams' husband, Melvin Williams, is seventy-five years old, and likes to hike back into the Rattlesnake Wilderness and spend five days by himself ice-fishing and camping. Kim Williams does not drive. She is sixty-one years old, and she jogs or walks all over town.

Kim Williams' listeners know that she has a high-pitched voice and a New York accent, kind of like Cyndi Lauper's. She answered our call on the first ring and told us to come right over. Her listeners may not know that she is five feet two, weighs a hundred and twenty-seven pounds, wears white-and-blue Adidas, blue slacks, a blue pullover, and a light-blue cardigan, and has a long face, hazel eyes, amber-rimmed glasses, and gray-blond hair sitting on top of her head like a roof. "Look at this letter I got," she said at her door. "You've got to help me with this. It's from my publisher. I'm writing a book called 'The Do-Before-You're-Done-To Plan for Living.' It's about how we have to take our health into our own



"Thanks very much. I think you have lots of savvy, too."

hands. Now they tell me that the contract says that I have to submit the final copy typed with a printer or standard typewriter using Courier 10 typeface! They even want me to send a sample first. I haven't bought anything new in a store for ten years. See that ski equipment? I just started cross-country skiing—I should have taken it up forty years ago—and I bartered some elk meat for those skis. The poles I found in an alley. I'm a forager, a rummage-sale type of person. How can I possibly buy a brand-new typewriter? I'll faint."



"Well, here he is. Our first 'Amadeus.'"

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We sat in Kim Williams' daffodil-yellow kitchen, and she told us the address of almost every house she had ever lived in: Lone Hill Farm, Ancram, New York, where her parents lived after they came from Hungary, and where she was born; No. 4 The Circle, Ithaca, New York, where she went to Cornell and got a degree in human ecology (then called home economics); Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles, where she worked as a copygirl for the *Examiner;* the Ambassador, a residential hotel in Des Moines, where she worked for the magazine *Successful Farmer;* 12 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, where she lived with two of her sisters and split $33.50 a month in rent and took the train in to Manhattan to work for the magazine *Flower Grower* and also to act in Off Broadway productions such as "You Can't Take It with You," in which she played the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina in a leopard-skin cape and delivered the line "*Ahh, how we haff leeved;*" 38 West Seventy-first Street, where she moved in 1951 after marrying Mel; 2578 Carmen Sylva Street, Santiago, Chile, where she lived for eighteen years while Mel worked as a South American representative of the Joy Manufacturing Company; 2105 Ronald Street, Missoula, where they moved in 1970, and where she began to write a column on wildflowers and plants for the *Missoulian,* which led to her own program on the local radio station KUFM, which led eventually to "All Things Considered;" and 207 East Sussex Avenue, her present address. She said that in her life she had been fired twenty-two times. She said that people who like her talks on NPR feel that they know her personally, and often call or stop by when they're passing through Missoula, and have brought or sent her a gallon of Michigan maple syrup, a pound of wild rice from Minnesota, Alaskan huckleberries, muscadine grapes from Georgia, letters, photographs, tapes, religious tracts, and a poem titled "An Ode to Kim Williams," which called her "an elf in a dell."

At the end of Sussex Avenue, the sun was setting. Light came right down the middle of the street like a delivery. A small boy with straight black hair and brown eyes walked by carrying a violin case. The phone rang. Kim Williams answered it, and spent five minutes telling the caller how to prune a lilac bush.

"You know how people say you shouldn't go around saying 'should'?" she said to us after she hung up. "Well, I tell people what to do all the time. I didn't start telling people how to cope with life until I was about fifty. Now it seems I always start out talking about plants and end up in politics or someplace. There are certain things that you just should do. In the spring, you should eat a dandelion salad. If you live around here, you should climb Mt. Sentinel in May and see the yellow-flowered arrowleaf balsam root in bloom. In June, you have to go to Lolo Pass and see the blue camas lilies; they look like a blue lake on the mountain. You have to do these things or the year isn't going to progress. You have to go to the Bitterroot Valley and walk in the pink bitterroot. And, starting in July, you have to try and have huckleberry days. I dearly love huckleberries, and all the plants that grow with them—the prince's pine, the fireweed, the baneberry, with its bright-red berries and its lacy leaves, the purple asters, the pearly everlasting. With huckleberries, you always have a mountainside and the wind making a soughing sound and an evening that lasts forever. Late-afternoon huckleberrying is a grand thing to do."

THE KNITTING

Beth does not see, in time, the damp leaves on the sidewalk in front of her. She twists the bike to avoid them and loses her balance. It skids and falls, but slowly. She sinks sideways into a hedge. The twigs burn her hand and her bare ankles, but she is almost supported by the hedge as she goes down. She turns her face away, but scrapes the back of her leg on one pedal as she falls.

Her nephews come running from behind. Their feet sound louder in the twilight. They make a great show of helping her up and asking her if she has broken anything. She has not, nor is the hedge dented. A few twigs are broken. But she is scratched. It is getting dark.

"You can't stop now," says Philip, the older boy. "Like riding a horse . . ."

"I'm not frightened. I'm tired, though. And cold. In fact, I need to be with your mother."

"You can ride the bike home," Martin, the younger boy, says. They are five blocks away.

"I'd rather walk, really, if you don't mind bringing it," Beth says.

Martin mounts the bike and leads them toward the house. He rides slowly, not to get ahead of them, back and forth on the sidewalk. The bike leans when he curves to each side, but he does not fall off.

"Will you buy yourself a bike now?" Philip asks.

"Maybe," says Beth. "But I'd have to keep it in the apartment."

"How come you never learned to ride before?"

"I was waiting for you to grow up and teach me."

Her nephew laughs but then is silent. It isn't possible to know what he is feeling, or perhaps it is simply clearer with him than it was with Stephanie, the girl in the family—the oldest, now confined to a psychiatric hospital after an attempt at suicide—that personality is opaque. Beth did not learn to ride a bicycle as a child because when her sister Franny outgrew the littlest two-wheeler their father put training wheels on it. Her friends had already learned to ride without training wheels; Beth was embarrassed. But why did she never learn as a teen-ager or an adult? Today, at lunch, she had mentioned idly that she couldn't ride a bicycle. Franny lent her a pair of jeans to be taught in. Her nephews brought Stephanie's ten-speed out of the basement, but when Beth protested they took it back and brought out Franny's old bike that she'd had since college. When her children were babies, Franny used to ride with one of them in the back, in a yellow plastic seat that is still gathering dust in the basement.

After an hour in the parking lot of the nearby high school, with Martin running patiently behind her, his hands out as if to catch a toddling baby, Beth could ride. Franny didn't think to lend her socks, and Beth had taken off her tights along with her skirt, afraid of tearing them.

When they reach the house, her brother-in-law Jack is standing outside. "They didn't take you out on Mitchell Drive, did they?" he says.

"No, we stayed on the sidewalk or on very quiet streets." The scratches on her ankles burn a little. She is about to help her nephews put the bike back in the basement when Franny comes to the door.

"Beth, there's a phone call for you."

"I'll be right back," she says to Philip and Martin. Franny is leaning against the porch railing; Jack has stopped at the bottom of the steps. They both keep looking out at the street as she walks past them.

The phone call is from Alec, the man she lives with, in New York. He thinks she'd like to know about a letter that has come today. "It's from Agnes," he says. "Shouldn't I open it?" Agnes holds the lease to their apartment; originally she was Beth's roommate there. Alec is always afraid she will come back, or will decide to tell the landlord that she has handed the apartment on.

RESTAURANT
FRENCH RESTAURANT
123
Marisabina

Beth doesn't want Alec to read her the letter. She wonders if he has already opened it. She has written to Agnes in detail about him. She tries to persuade him to put the letter aside, but when they hang up she is not sure he will.

Franny walks slowly into the kitchen, knitting. She is making an afghan. It will be made of eight strips, sewn together, of increasingly darker blues. She is working on a medium-blue strip. It hangs between her hands to her knees, swinging. She knits and walks, the cylindrical skein of yarn wedged under her right elbow. This stitch is a little complicated, so she must give each motion some attention. She walks slowly, not looking where she is going. She is wearing a corduroy back-wrap skirt and an old hand-knitted red pullover sweater. She is not much older than Beth but she looks older because she grew up early, and was used to makeup, hair waved at the hairdresser, and nylon stockings by the time Beth started college in the late sixties. Beth owns several formal suits, but she doesn't wear makeup on weekends.

This is the first time Beth has come to see her sister's family, here in New Haven, since Stephanie went into the hospital. On Sunday, the next day, she is to visit her niece, along with Franny. Only two visitors are permitted.

"I feel bad about taking the pass," says Beth. "Doesn't Jack want to go?"

"He went last week," Franny says. "Of course he'd like to, but he thinks it would be good for Steffie to see you. She's crazy about you, as everyone knows. And *she* wants it."

"Or the boys—"

"They're very awkward there. Martin's not really old enough. I lied once and said he was twelve, but he was angry. And I think it just upsets Philip to go. They're glad you're here. That's a help for them. Martin loved teaching you to ride the bike."

"I know."

Beth sits at the kitchen table. It's an old round oak table. The edge is battered. She runs her finger along the grain. She'd like to talk about her muted half quarrels with Alec of the last weeks, but her sister does not ask about the phone call. Then Beth thinks they should talk about Stephanie. She would tell her sister not to blame herself, but she thinks Franny may not in fact be blaming herself—or, alternatively, perhaps she should be.

"Why *Steffie*?" she asks.

"I know. Yet I didn't feel surprised when I found her throwing up pills that morning."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not. There's something in her that bypasses me. I've never been able to predict her."

"I found myself thinking that about Philip," says Beth.

"Oh, Philip. Philip's easy. I just look for myself in Philip. When he's silent, I can almost hear him counting, waiting until the point has been made, so he can talk again. Philip's always in dialogue."

"Gee, honey, would you feel any better if I came to your arraignment?"

What did she say, Beth wonders, that made Philip so quiet on the walk home.

"Franny, do you feel guilty?"

The phone rings. Franny picks up the receiver. "Hello? Hi, honey, how are you?" Then, "We're O.K. Beth's here. . . . Well, yes—but that's not what you said, hon. . . . " Beth gets up. She goes upstairs to put on her skirt and tights. She is staying in Stephanie's room, instead of sleeping on the living-room couch, as she usually does. The room is neat, filled with photographs of modern dancers, art supplies, books. It could be the room of a happy person. When did she last see Stephanie? During her most recent visit, Stephanie was out babysitting much of the time. It has been a while since their traditional Christmas outings to "The Nutcracker."

Beth leaves Franny's roomy jeans folded on the bed. Her feet are red and chilled. She works her tights up her legs, puts on her skirt, and combs her hair. When she comes down, Franny is off the phone, knitting at a chair pushed back from the kitchen table.

"*My* daughter."

"What?"

"Nothing serious, but this is embarrassing. She invited her friend Melissa to go see her tomorrow. She called to ask me to arrange to drive her. She says she just wants to see me for a few minutes, and then only Melissa."

Beth is pained. Has she been seeing herself as the person who would finally, easily, secure Stephanie's confidence? But she says, "That's O.K. I mean, isn't it good that she wants to see her friends?"

"But we discussed the whole thing—in detail—last Sunday. Incredible detail. And she said she didn't want to see Melissa. She said Melissa's hostile."

There is some relief. It occurs to Beth, only now, that she has never visited a mental hospital. "I'll be up again—or maybe she'll be out soon."

Jack comes in. "Honey, she called," Franny says. "She doesn't want Beth to go see her. She wants me to take Melissa."

"What did you tell her?"

"What could I tell her? I said O.K. She said she discussed it with her doctor. They agreed she needs to resolve some of the tensions between herself and her friends."

"All of a sudden, like this?"

"I'm not defending her. I think she just forgot Beth entirely."

Franny puts the afghan strip down on the table. Jack looks at Martin, who is coming into the kitchen, as if he wants to ask him something, but Martin speaks instead. "Mom, could we get a pizza?"

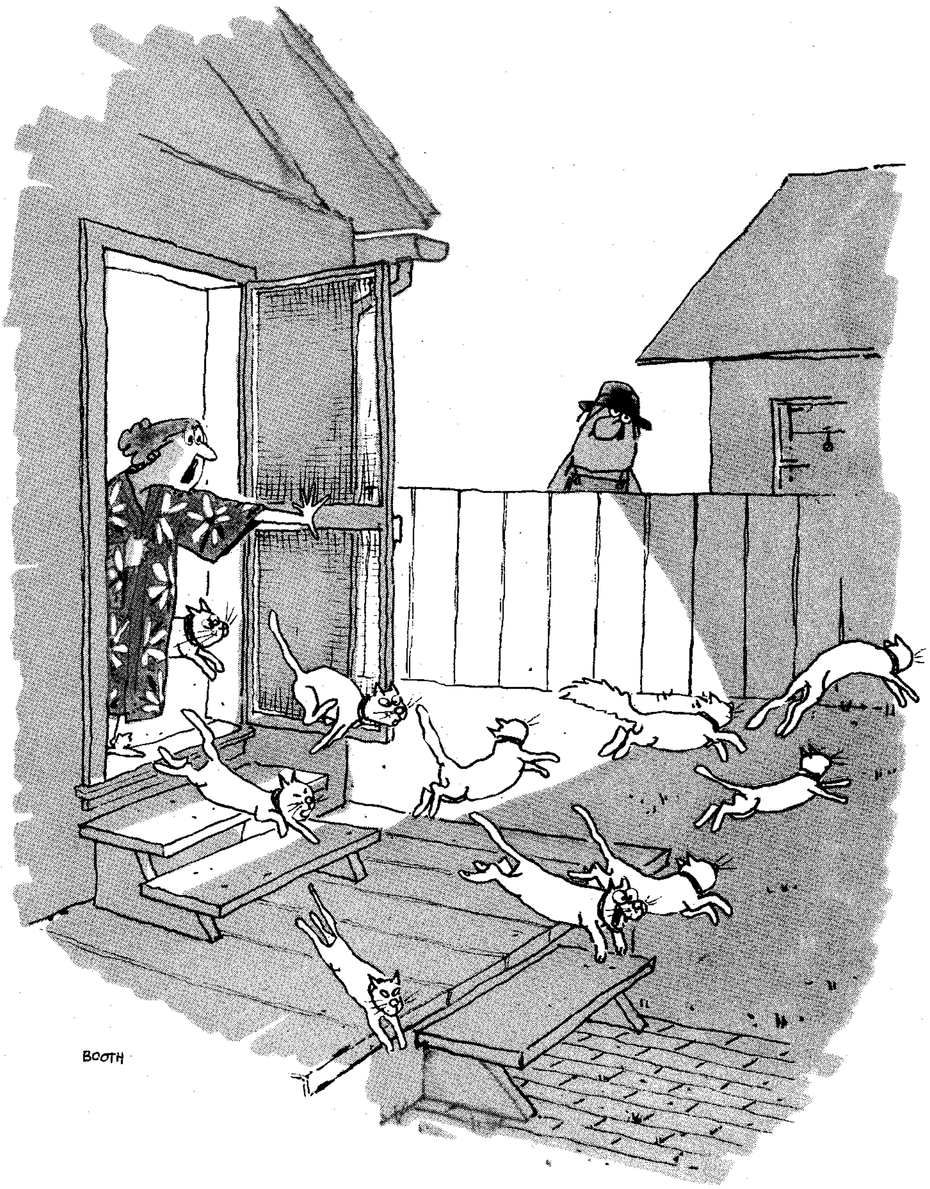
"I don't know. I was going to start cooking."

"I'd love a pizza," says Beth. "Don't bother to cook." Should she offer to cook? She picks up the afghan strip and smooths it on the table. It is wider than it looks. Reaching out, awkward, from her chair, she hugs Martin from behind with one arm. He doesn't seem to mind.

Franny sounds tired. "Will a large be enough? What kind shall we get? I think two might be too much."

"Onion," says Martin. He goes to consult his brother. They agree on a large meatball-and-onion pizza, and a small mushroom.

"You look tired," says Beth to Jack. Jack looks like someone lost in the lobby of a public building, uncertain whether to find the elevator or explain



"Everyone be home by two o'clock!"

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himself to the receptionist. Or is he in the wrong place entirely?

"I'll go," says Franny. She and Beth agree to go together. Franny brings both their coats from the hall closet. She puts her coat down over one of the kitchen chairs and holds Beth's for her. Then she shrugs into her own while Beth is buttoning hers. Beth's coat is dark brown, new. Alec told her, when she bought it, that he didn't like it. "I know I should. It's a major purchase." He apologizes every time she wears it.

Franny takes a wadded challis scarf out of her pocket and ties it over her head. It is bright red, with a blue paisley design. Beth admires it.

"My ears get cold starting the day after Labor Day," Franny says. This has always been true. Beth and Stephanie can go hatless in any weather. "The baby has your ears," Franny once said on the phone. "She cries if I put a hat on her—and I keep knitting them."

They go out onto the porch. Franny's bike, forgotten, is leaning on its kickstand in front of the house.

"Look at that—it could have been stolen," Franny says.

"Oh, I'm sorry, it's my fault. I forgot all about it when Alec called."

"Philip should have taken care of it."

Franny has pulled the door locked behind them. She rummages in her purse, finds her keys, and opens the door again. It is a tiny house; the door opens into a little foyer and the other rooms are just beyond. She sticks her head in. "Hey, you guys! Would you mind putting my bike away, so we can get going?"

Beth can hear an answering voice. Franny pulls the door closed again. They go down the porch steps and past the bike. As she starts to walk, Beth feels stiff and bruised. Did someone hit her? She remembers her fall.

Franny's car is parked just down the street. It is unlocked. Beth gets into the passenger seat and fastens her seat belt. Franny gets into the driver's seat. She starts the engine and guns it a little, warming up the car. "Jack says I don't need to do this, but I always do. It's like telling the car I'm going to drive it. It makes me feel that it will behave. You know, I'm sorry you came all this way and now you can't see Steffie."

"If this is what she needs, it's O.K.," Beth says. She sounds insincere to herself.

They pull slowly out of the parking space and up the street, heading back past the house. "I should feel that way, but I can't," Franny says.

It is a narrow street, but parking is permitted on both sides. It is crowded. The small houses here, with their deep porches, are close to one another, with alleys between; no driveways or garages. As they repass Franny and Jack's house, Beth looks out the window on her side.

Martin and Philip have come out in their shirtsleeves. They have put on a light over the basement door, on the side of the house. They have pulled open the slanted cellar doors. Philip is standing halfway down the steep cellar steps, the open doors level with his waist, his arms up, waiting for the bike. Martin is at the top of the stairs, guiding the bike from behind. He has just let the handlebars go, and is leaning over, under the yellow light. His hands are open to catch the seat and the back wheel as they come along, so the bike will not hurtle too quickly down to his waiting brother.

—ALICE MATTISON

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Susie Irwin and Katie Smith in the Gadsden* (*Ala.*) *Times*]

Clare Leach, local girl made good in London, has plummeted to heights of super stardom in London with the help of the Broadway musical "42nd Street."

COCKTAILS AT DONEY'S

"YOU'VE forgotten me" were the first words Mrs. Faraday spoke to Curtis in the Albergo San Lorenzo. She was a tall, black-haired woman, wearing a rust-red suède coat cut in an Italian style. She smiled. She had white, even teeth, and the shade of her lipstick appeared subtly to match the color of her coat. Her accent was American, her voice soft, with a trace of huskiness. She was thirty-five, perhaps thirty-seven, certainly not older. "We met a long time ago," she said, smiling a little more. "I don't know why I never forget a face."

She was married to a man who owned a paper mill near some town in America Curtis had never heard of. She was a beautiful woman, but he could remember neither her nor her husband. Her name meant nothing to him, and when she prompted him with the information about her husband's business he could not remember any better. Her eyes were brown, dominating her classic features.

"Of course," he lied politely.

She laughed, clearly guessing it was a lie. "Well, anyway," she said, "hullo to you."

It was after dinner, almost ten o'clock. They had a drink in the bar, since it seemed the natural thing to do. She had to do with fashion; she was in Florence for the Pitti Donna; she always came in February.

"It's nice to see you again. The people at these trade shows can be tacky."

"Don't you go to the museums as well? The churches?"

"Of course."

When he asked if her husband accompanied her on her excursions to Florence, she explained that the museums, the churches, and the Pitti Donna would tire her husband immensely. He was not a man for Europe, preferring local race tracks. "And your wife? Is she here with you?"

"I'm actually not married."

He wished he had not met Mrs. Faraday. He didn't care for being approached in this manner, and her condemnation of the people at the trade exhibitions she spoke of seemed out of place, since they were, after all, the people of her business world. And that she was married to a man who preferred race tracks to culture was hardly of interest to a stranger. Before their conversation ended he was certain they had not ever met before.

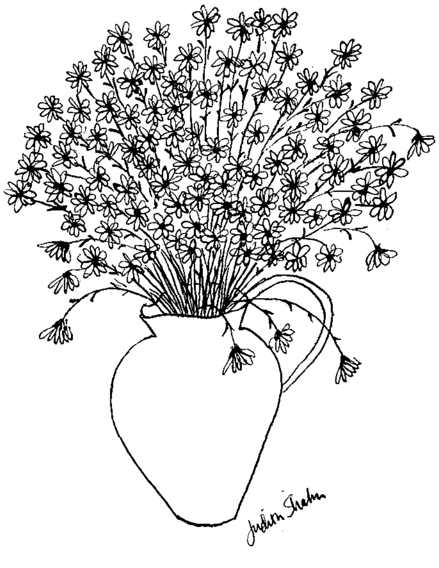
"I have to say good night," he said, rising when she finished her drink. "I tend to get up early."

"Why, so do I!"

"Good night, Mrs. Faraday."

In his bedroom he sat on the edge of his bed, thinking about nothing in particular. Then he undressed and brushed his teeth. He examined his face in the slightly tarnished looking glass above the washbasin. He was fifty-seven, but according to this reflection older. His face would seem less worn if he put on a bit of weight; chubbiness could be made to cover a multitude of sins. But he didn't want that; he liked being thought of as beyond things.

He turned the looking-glass light out and got into bed. He read "Our Mutual Friend" and then lay for a moment in the darkness. He thought of his wife, Daphne, and of Lucy—fair-haired, tiny Lucy, who had said at first it didn't matter, Daphne with her pale-blue, trusting eyes. He had blamed Daphne, not himself, and then had taken that back and asked to be forgiven; they were both of them to blame for the awful mistake of a marriage that should never have taken place, although later he had said that neither of them was, for how could they have guessed they were not suited in that way? It was with Lucy he had begun to know the truth; poor Lucy had suffered more. Curtis slept, and dreamed he was in Padua with a friend of another time, walking in the botanical gardens and explaining to his friend that the tourist guides he composed were short-lived in their usefulness because each reflected a city ephemerally caught. "You're ashamed of your tourist guides," his friend of that time interrupted—Jeremy it was. "Why *are* the impotent so full of shame, my dear? Why *is* it?" Then Rosie was in the dream and Jeremy was laughing, playfully, saying he'd been most amusingly led up the garden path. "He led me up it, too, my God," Rosie cried out furiously. "All he could do was weep."



LINGER over the Giambologna birds in the Bargello, and the marble reliefs of Mino da Fiesole. But that's enough for one day; you must return tomorrow.

Curtis liked to lay down the law. He liked to take chances with the facts, and wait for letters of contradiction. *At the height of the season there are twelve times as many strangers as natives in this dusty, littered city. Cascades of graffiti welcome them—the male sexual organ stylized to a Florentine simplicity, belligerent swastikas, hammers and sickles in the streets of gentle Fra Angelico. . . .*

At lunchtime on the day after he had met her Mrs. Faraday was in Doney's with some other Americans. Seeing her in that smart setting, he was surprised that she stayed in the Albergo San Lorenzo rather than the Savoy or the Excelsior. The San Lorenzo's grandeur all belonged to the past: the old hotel was threadbare now, its curtains creased, its telephones unresponsive. Not many Americans liked it.

"Hi!" she called across the restaurant, and smiled and waved a menu.

He nodded at her, not wishing to seem standoffish. The people she was with were talking about the merchandise they had been inspecting at the Pitti Donna. Wisps of their conversation drifted from their table, references to profit margins and catching the imagination.

He ordered tagliatelle and the chef's salad, and then looked through the *Nazione*. The body of the missing schoolgirl, Gabriella, had been found in a park in Florence. Youths who'd been terrorizing the neighborhood of Santa Croce had been identified and arrested. Two German girls, hitchhiking in the south, had been made drunk and raped in a village shed. The *Nazione* suggested that Gabriella—a quiet girl—had by chance been a witness to drug trafficking in the park.

"I envy you your job," Mrs. Faraday said, pausing at his table as he was finishing his tagliatelle. Her companions had gone on ahead of her. She smiled, as at an old friend, and then sat down. "I guess I want to lose those two."

He offered her a glass of wine. She shook her head. "I'd love another cappuccino."

The coffee was ordered. He folded the newspaper and placed it on the empty chair beside him. Mrs. Faraday, as though she intended to stay awhile, had hung her red suède coat over the back of the chair. "I envy you your job," she said again. "I'd love to travel all over."

She was wearing pearls at her throat, above a black dress. Rings clustered her fingers, earrings made a jangling sound. Her nails were shaped and painted, her face as meticulously made up as it had been the night before.

"Did you mind," she asked when the waiter had brought their coffee, "my wondering if you were married?"

He said he hadn't minded.

"Marriage is no great shakes."

She lit a cigarette. She had only ever been married to the man who owned the paper mill. She had had one child, a daughter who had died after a week. She had not been able to have other children.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She looked at him closely, cigarette smoke curling between them. The tip of her tongue picked a shred of tobacco from the corner of her mouth. She said again that marriage was no great shakes. She added, as if to lend greater weight to this, "I lay awake last night thinking I'd like this city to devour me."

He did not comment, not knowing what she meant. But quite without wishing to, he couldn't help thinking of this beautiful woman lying awake in her bedroom in the Albergo San Lorenzo. He imagined her staring into the darkness, the glow of her cigarette, the sound of her inhaling. She was looking for an affair, he supposed, and hoped she realized he wasn't the man for that.

"I wouldn't mind living the balance of my life here. I like it better every year."

"Yes, it's a remarkable city."

"There's a place called the Palazzo Ricasoli where you can hire apartments. I'd settle there."

"I see."

"I could tell you a secret about the Palazzo Ricasoli."

"Mrs. Faraday—"

"I spent a week there once."

He drank some coffee in order to avoid speaking. He sighed without making a sound.

"With a guy I met at the Pitti Donna. A countryman of yours. He came from somewhere called Horsham."

"I've never been to Horsham."

"Oh, my God, I'm embarrassing you!"

"No, not at all."

"Gosh, I'm sorry! I really am! Please say it's all right."

"I assure you, Mrs. Faraday, I'm not easily shocked."

"Please say you forgive me."

"There is absolutely nothing to forgive."

"It was a flop, if you want to know." She paused. "Say, what do you plan to write in your guidebook about Florence?"

"Banalities mostly."

"Oh, come *on!*"

He shrugged.

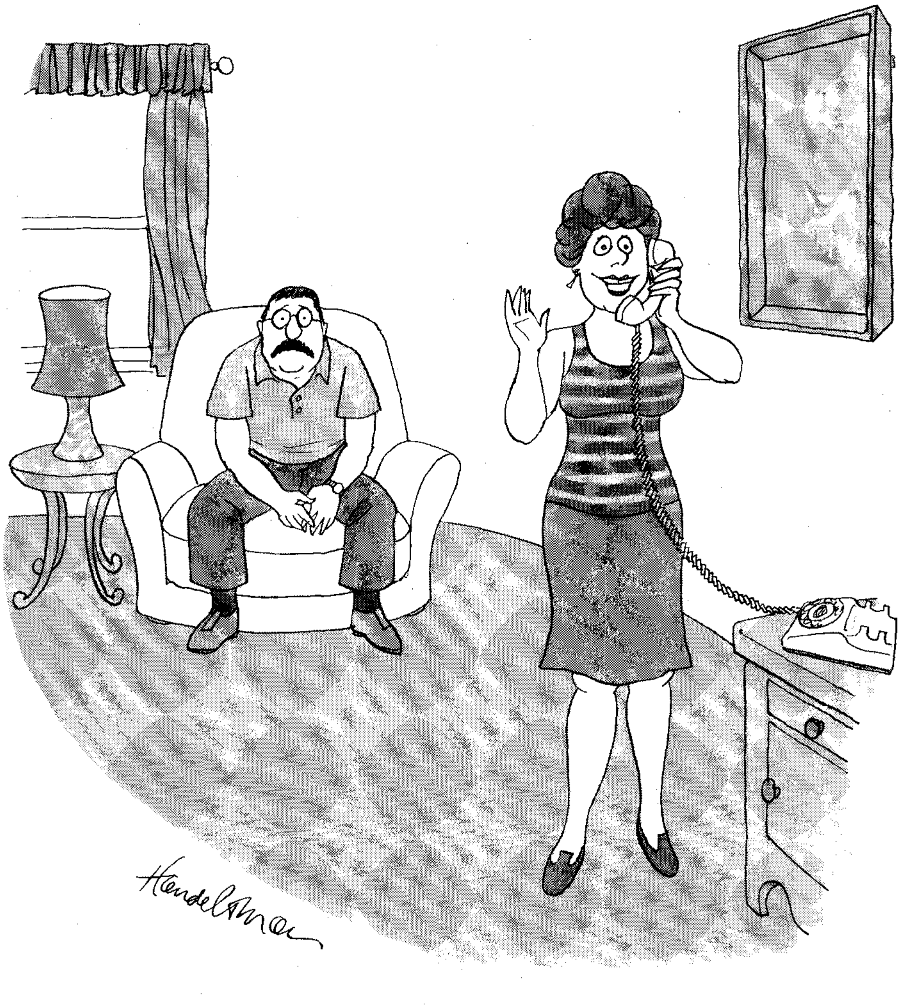
"I'll tell you a nicer kind of secret. You have the cleverest face I've seen in years!"

Still he did not respond. She stubbed her cigarette out and immediately lit another. She took a map out of her handbag and unfolded it. She said, "Can you show me where Santo Spirito is?"

He pointed out the church and directed her to it, warning her against the motorists' signs, which pursued a roundabout one-way route.

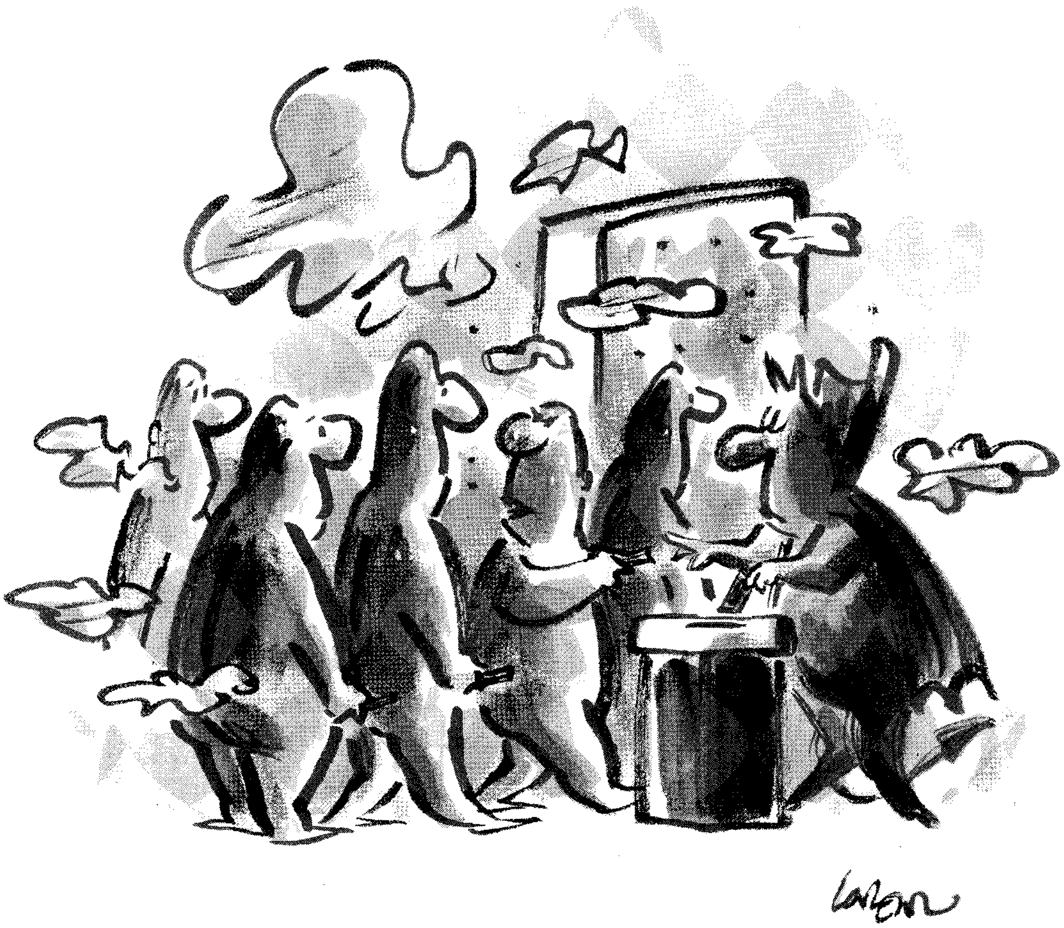
"You're very kind." She smiled at him, lavishly exposing her dazzling, even teeth as if offering a reward for his help. "You're a kind person," she said. "I can tell."

CURTIS walked around the perimeter of the vast Cascine Park, past the fun fair and the zoo and the race track. It was pleasant in the February



"Phil suddenly decided to give up everything that was bad for him—no more smoking, drinking, or junk food—and he feels absolutely terrific!"

sunshine, the first green of spring coloring the twiggy hedges, birches delicate by the river. Lovers sprawled on the seats or in motorcars; children carried balloons. Stalls sold meat and nuts, and Coca-Cola and 7UP. Runners in sweatsuits jogged along the bicycle track. "*Ho fame*," a fat young man had scrawled on a piece of cardboard propped up in front of him, and slept while he waited for charity.



"*Personally, I'm getting damn sick of these celebrity roasts.*"

Rosie, when she'd been his friend, had said he wrote about Italian cities so that he could always be a stranger. Well, it was true, he thought in the Cascine Park, and in order to rid himself of a contemplation of his failed relationship with Rosie he allowed the beauty of Mrs. Faraday to become vivid in his mind. Her beauty would have delighted him if her lipstick-stained cigarettes and her silly, repetitious chattering didn't endlessly disfigure it. Her husband was a good man, she had explained, but a good man was not always what a woman wanted. And it had come to seem all of a piece that her daughter had lived for only a week, and all of a piece also that no other children had been born, since her marriage was not worthy of children. It was the Annunciations in Santo Spirito she wanted to see, she had explained, because she loved Annunciations.

"Would it be wrong of me to invite you to dinner?" She rose from a sofa in the hall of the Albergo San Lorenzo as soon as she saw him, making no effort to disguise the fact that she'd been waiting for him. "I'd really appreciate it if you'd accept."

He wanted to reply that he would prefer to be left alone. He wanted to state firmly, once and for all, that he had never met her in the past, that she had no claims on him.

"You choose somewhere," she commanded, with the arrogance of the beautiful.

In the restaurant she ate pasta without ceasing to talk, explaining to him that her boutique had been bought for her by her husband to keep her occupied and happy. It hadn't worked, she said, implying that although her fashion shop had kept her busy it hadn't brought her contentment. Her face, drained of all expression, was lovelier than he had so far seen it, so sad and fragile that it seemed not to belong to the voice that rattled on.

He looked away. The restaurant was decorated with modern paintings and was not completely full. A squat, elderly man sat alone, conversing occasionally with waiters. A German couple spoke in whispers. Two men and a woman, talking rapidly in Italian, deplored the death of the schoolgirl, Gabriella.

"It must have been extraordinary for the Virgin Mary," Mrs. Faraday was saying. "One moment she's reading a book and the next there's a figure with wings swooping in on her." That only made sense, she suggested, when you thought of it as the Virgin's dream. The angel was not really there, the Virgin herself was not really reading in such plush surroundings. "Later I guess she dreamed another angel came," Mrs. Faraday continued, "to warn her of her death."

He didn't listen. The waiter brought them grilled salmon and salad. Mrs. Faraday lit a cigarette. She said, "The guy I shacked up with in the Palazzo Ricasoli was no better than a gigolo. I guess I don't know why I did that."

He did not reply. She stubbed her cigarette out, appearing at last to notice that food had been placed in front of her. She asked him about the painters of the Florentine Renaissance, and the city's aristocrats and patrons. She asked him why Savonarola had been burned, and he said Savonarola had made people feel afraid. She was silent for a moment, then leaned forward and put a hand on his arm. "Tell me more about yourself. Please."

Her voice, eagerly insistent, irritated him more than before. He told her superficial things, about the other Italian cities for which he'd written guidebooks, about the hill towns of Tuscany and the Cinque Terre.

Because of his reticence, she said, when he ceased to speak, "I don't entirely make you out." She added that

THE SEEKONK WOODS

When first I walked here I hobbled
along ties set too close together
for a boy to step naturally on each.
When I grew older, I thought, my stride
would reach every other and thereafter
I would walk in time with the way
toward the promised meeting place of rails
in that yellow Lobachevskian haze up ahead.
Right about here we put down our pennies, dark,
on shined steel, where they trembled, fell still,
and waited for the locomotive rattling its berserk
wheel-rods into perfect circles out of Attleboro
to crush them into bright wafers, the way a fork
might mash into view the inner light of a carrot
in a stew. In this late March sunshine—
crossing the trees at the angle the bow makes
when the violinist effleurages the C three
octaves above middle C out of the chanterelle—
the old vertical birthwood remembers
its ascent lines, shrunken by half, exactly
back down, each tree on its fallen last summer.
Back then, dryads lived in these oaks;
these rocks were altars, which often asked
blood offerings—but this one, once, bone, too,
that time Billy Wallace tripped and broke out
his front teeth. Fitted with gold replicas,
he wondered, speaking more brightly, "What good
is a golden mouth, when there's only grass
to eat?" Though it was true Nebuchadnezzar
spent seven years down on all fours eating
vetch and alfalfa, ruminating the mouth-feel
of "bloom" and "wither," earth's first catechism,
until he was healed, nevertheless we knew
if you hold a grass blade between both thumbs
and blow hard you can blurt its last shrieks
out of it—like those beseechings leaves oaks
didn't drop last winter just now scratched out
on a least breeze: *let-me-die-let-me-die.*
Maybe Billy, lured by bones' memory,
comes back, sometimes, too, to the Seekonk woods
to stand in the past and just look at it. Here
he might kneel, studying this clump of grass—
a god inspecting a sneeze. Or he might stray
into the now untrafficked whistling lanes
of the mourning doves, who used to call and call
into the future, and give a start, as though
this very minute, by awful coincidence,
they reached it. And at last traipse off
down the tracks, with struggling, arrhythmic gait,
as wanderers do, once it hits them:
this over-the-unknown route, too, ends up
right where time wants. On this spot
I skinned the muskrat. I buried the rat.
The musk breezed away. Of the fur
I made a hat, which as soon as put on
began to rot off, and even now stinks
so sharply my scalp crawls. In circles,
of course, keeping to the skull. Though
one day this scrap of damp skin
will crawl right off, and the whole organism
follow. But which way? To effuse with musk?
Or rot with rat? Oh, no! *As one supremes,*
so one croaks: forever—Muskrat! When,
a quarter-turn after the sun, the half-moon,
too, goes down, and one finds oneself
in the night's night, then somewhere

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he was nicer to talk to than anyone she could think of. She might be drunk; it was impossible to say.

"My husband's never heard of the Medicis or any stuff like this. He's never even heard of Masaccio, you appreciate that?"

"Yes, you've made it clear the kind of man your husband is."

"I've ruined it, haven't I, telling you about the Palazzo Ricasoli."

"Ruined what, Mrs. Faraday?"

"Oh, I don't know."

They sat for some time longer, finishing the wine and having coffee. Once she reached across the table and put her hand on one of his. She repeated what she had said before, that he was kind.

"It's late," he said.

"I know, honey, I know. And you get up early."

He paid the bill, although she protested that it was she who had invited him. She would insist on their having dinner together again so that she might have her turn.

She took his arm on the street. "Will you come with me to Maiano one day?"

"Maiano?"

"It isn't far. They say it's lovely to walk at Maiano."

"I'm really rather occupied, you know."

"Oh, God, I'm bothering you! I'm being a nuisance! Forget Maiano. I'm sorry."

"I'm just trying to say, Mrs. Faraday, that I don't think I can be much use to you."

He was aware, to his embarrassment, that she was holding his hand. Her arm was entwined with his and the palms of their hands had somehow come together. Her fingers, playing with his now, kept time with her jaunty flattery. "You've got the politest voice I ever heard! Say you'll meet me just once again? Just once? Cocktails tomorrow? Please."

"Look, Mrs. Faraday—"

"Say Doney's at six. I'll promise to say nothing, if you like. We'll listen to the music."

Her palm was cool. A finger made a circular motion on one of his. Rosie had said he limped through life. In the end, Jeremy had been sorry for him. Both of them were right; others had said worse. He was a crippled object of pity. "Well, all right."

She thanked him in the Albergo San Lorenzo for listening to her, and for the dinner and the wine. "Every year I hope to meet someone nice in Florence," she said on the landing outside her bedroom, seeming to mean it. "This is the first time it has happened." She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, then closed her door.

In his looking glass he examined the faint smear of lipstick and didn't wipe it off. He woke in the night, thinking that Helen of Troy might have looked like Mrs. Faraday and wondering if her lipstick was still on his cheek.

WAITING in Doney's, Curtis ordered a glass of chilled Orvieto wine. Someone on a tape, not Judy Garland, sang "Over the Rainbow;"

thereabouts in the dark must be death.
Knowledge beforehand of the end is surely
existence's most spectacular feat—and yet
    right here,
on this ordinary afternoon, in these humblest woods
with a name meaning "black goose" in Wampanoag,
or, in modern Seekonkese, "slob blowing fat nose,"
this unlikely event happens again—a creature
straggling along the tracks foreknows it. Once
too long to touch every tie, my stride
is still just too short to reach every other,
and so I am to remain the wanderer
(in velocity if not in direction), the hobble
of too much replaced by the common limp
of too little. But I almost got there,
I almost stepped according to the liturgical,
sleeping gods' snores you can hear singing up
from former times inside the ties. I almost
set foot in that border area, where what follows
blows back, shimmering everything, making
walking like sleepwalking, railroad tracks
a lane among poplars on a spring morning,
where a man, limping but blissful, dazedly
makes his way homeward, his lips, which
kissing taught to bunch up like that, blowing—
from a night so overfilled with affection
it still hasn't completely finished passing—
these few bent strands of hollowed-out air,
haunted by future, into a tune on the tracks.
I think I'm about to be shocked awake.
As I was long ago, battering myself
back to my senses against a closed door,
or hanging halfway out an upstairs window.
Somnambulism was my attempt to sneak
under cover of nightmare across no father's land
and put my arm around a phantasm. If only
I had found a way to enter his hard time
served at labor by day, by night in solitary,
and put my arms around him in reality,
I might not now be remaking him
in memory still; anti-alchemizing bass kettle's
golden reverberations again and again back down
to hair, flesh, blood, bone, the base metals.
I want to crawl face down in the fields,
grazing on the wild strawberries, my clothes
stained pink, even for seven years,
if I must, if they exist. I want to lie out
on my back under the thousand stars and think
my way up among them, through them,
and a little distance past them, and attain
a moment of nearly absolute ignorance,
if I can, if human mentality lets us.
I have always intended to live forever.
But, even more, to live now. The moment
I have done one or the other, I here swear
I will come back from the living and enter
death everlasting—consciousness defeated.
But I will not offer, no, I'll never
burn my words. Wishful phrases! The once-
poplars creosoted asleep under the tracks
have stopped snoring. What does that mean?
The bow saws at G. A leaf rattles on its tree.
The rails may never meet, O fellow-
    Euclideans,
for you, for me. So what if we groan?
That's our noise. Laughter is our stuttering
in a language we can't speak yet. Behind,
the world made of wishes goes dark. Ahead,
if not tomorrow then never, shines only what is.

—Galway Kinnell

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later there was lightly played Strauss and some rhythms of the thirties. By seven o'clock Mrs. Faraday had not arrived. He left at a quarter to eight.

THE next day Curtis wandered through the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, thinking again about the beauty of Mrs. Faraday. He had received no message from her, no note to explain or apologize for her absence in Doney's. Had she simply forgotten? Or had someone better materialized? Some younger man she again hadn't been able to resist, who didn't know any more about Masaccio than her good husband did? She was a woman who was always falling in love, which was what she called it, confusing love with sensuality. Was she, he wondered, what people referred to as a nymphomaniac? Was that what made her unhappy?

He imagined her with some man she'd picked up. He imagined her, satisfied because of the man's attentions, tramping the halls of a gift market, noting which shade of green was to be the new season's excitement. She would be different after her lovemaking, preoccupied with her business, no time for silliness and Annunciations. Yet it still was odd that she hadn't left a message for him. She had not for a moment seemed as rude as that, or incapable of making up an excuse.

He left the cloisters and walked slowly across the piazza of Santa Maria Novella. In spite of what she'd said and the compliments she'd paid, had she guessed that he hadn't listened properly to her, that he'd been fascinated by her appearance but not by her? Or had she simply guessed the truth about him?

That evening she was not in the bar of the hotel. He looked in at Doney's, thinking he might have misunderstood about the day. He waited for a while, and then ate alone in the restaurant with the modern paintings.

"WE pack the clothes, Signore. Is the carabinieri which can promote the inquiries for *la signora. Mi dispiace, Signore.*"

Curtis nodded at the heavily mustached receptionist and made his way to the bar. If she was with some lover she would have surfaced again by now: it was hard to believe that she would so messily leave a hotel bill unpaid, especially since sooner or later she would have to return for her clothes. When she had so dramatically spoken of wishing Florence to devour her she surely hadn't meant something like this?

He went back to the receptionist. "Did Mrs. Faraday have her passport?"

"*Si, Signore. La signora* have the passport."

He couldn't sleep that night. Her smile and her brown, languorous eyes invaded the blur he attempted to induce. She crossed and recrossed her legs. She lifted another glass. Her ringed fingers stubbed at another cigarette. Her earrings lightly jangled.

In the morning he asked again at the reception desk. The hotel bill wasn't important, a different receptionist generously allowed. If someone had to leave Italy in a hurry, because maybe there was sickness, even a deathbed, then a hotel bill might be overlooked for just a little while. "*La signora* will post to us a check from the United States. This the carabinieri say."

"Yes, I should imagine so."

He looked up in the telephone directory the flats she had mentioned. The Palazzo Ricasoli was in Via Mantellate. He walked to it, up Borgo San Lorenzo and Via San Gallo. "*No*," a porter in a glass kiosk said and directed him to the office. "*No*," a pretty girl in the office said, shaking her head. She turned and asked another girl. "*No*," this girl repeated.

He walked back through the city, to the American Consulate on the Lungarno Amerigo. He sat in the office of a tall, lean man called Humber, who listened with a detached air and then telephoned the police. After nearly twenty minutes he replaced the receiver. He was dressed entirely in brown—suit, shirt, tie, shoes, handkerchief. He was evenly tanned, another shade of the color. He drawled when he spoke; he had an Old World manner. "They suggest she's gone somewhere," he said. "On some kind of jaunt." He paused in order to allow a flicker of amusement to develop in his lean features. "They think maybe she ran up her hotel bill and skipped out."

"She's a respectable proprietor of a fashion shop."

"The carabinieri say the respectable are always surprising them."

"Can you try to find out if she went back to the States? According to the hotel people, that was another theory of the carabinieri."

Mr. Humber shrugged. "Since you have told your tale I must try, of course, sir. Would six-thirty be an agreeable hour for you to return?"

He sat outside in the Piazza della Repubblica, eating tortellini and listening to the conversations. A deranged man had gone berserk in a school in Rome, taking children as hostages and killing a janitor; the mayor of Rome had intervened and the madman had given himself up. It was a terrible thing to have happened, the Italians were saying, as bad as the murder of Gabriella.

He paid for his tortellini and went away. He climbed up to the Belvedere, filling in time. Once he thought he saw her, but it was someone else in the same kind of red coat.

"She's not back home," Mr. Humber said, with his Old World lack of concern. "You've started something, sir. The husband's flying out."

IN a room in a police station Curtis explained that Mrs. Faraday had simply been a fellow-guest at the Albergo San Lorenzo. They had had dinner one evening, and Mrs. Faraday had not appeared to be dispirited. She knew other people who had come from America, for the same trade exhibitions. He had seen her with them in a restaurant.

"These people, sir, return already to the United States. They answer the American police at this time."

He was five hours in the room at the police station, and the next day he was summoned there again and asked the same questions. On his way out on this occasion he noticed a man who he thought might be her husband—a big blond-haired man, too worried even to glance at him. He was certain he had never met him, or even seen him before, as he'd been certain he'd never met Mrs. Faraday before she'd come up to him in the hotel.

The police did not again seek to question him. His passport, which they had held for fifty-six hours, was returned to him. By the end of that week the newspaper references to a missing American woman ceased. He did not again see Mr. Faraday.

"The Italian view," said Mr. Humber, almost a month later, "is that she went off on a sexual excursion and found it so much to her liking that she stayed where she was."

"I thought the Italian view was that she skipped the hotel. Or that someone had fallen ill."

"They revised their thinking somewhat. In the light of various matters."

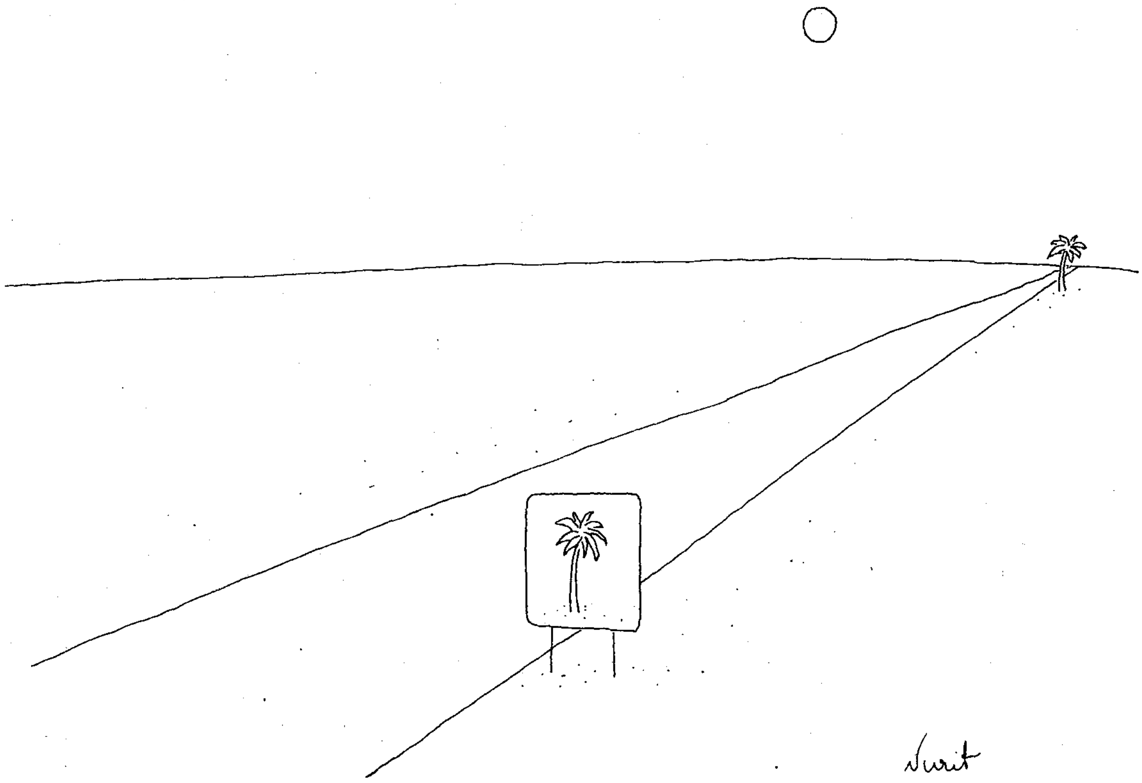
"What matters?"

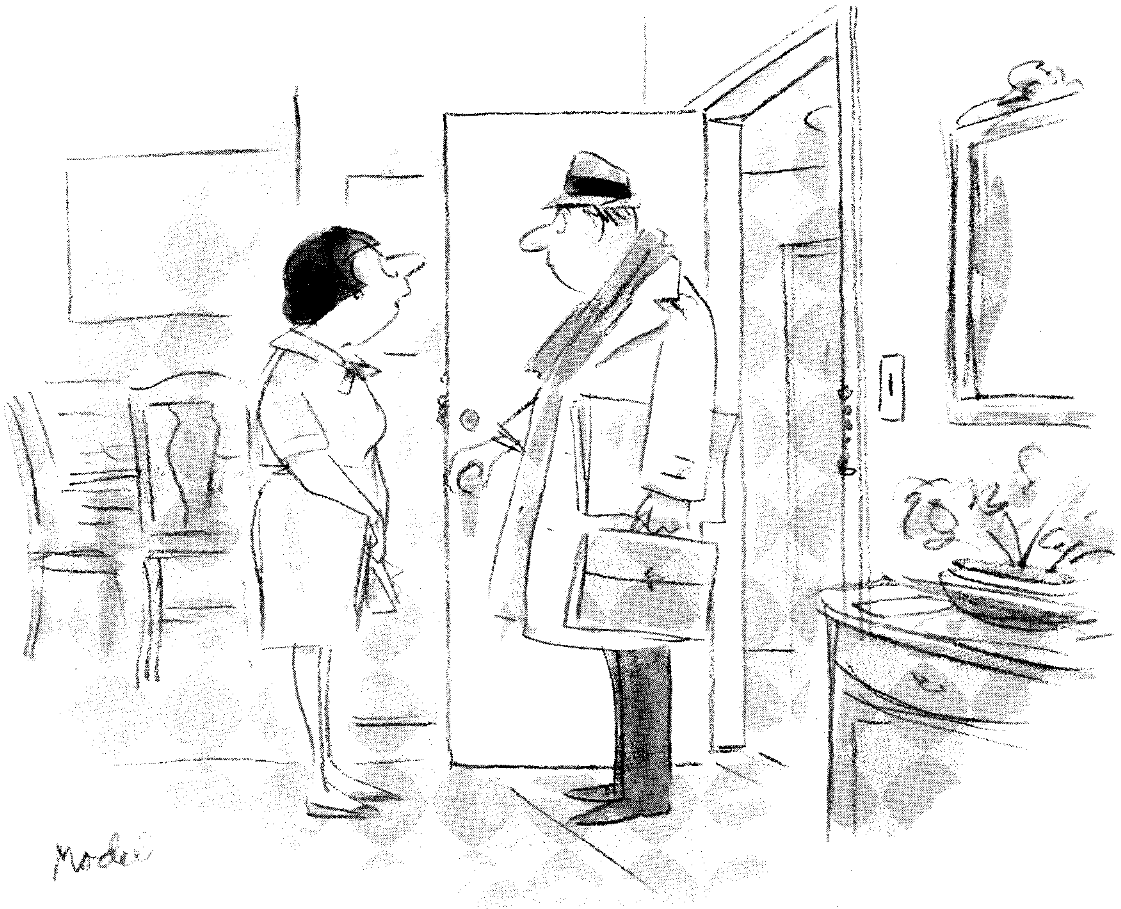
"From what you said, Mrs. Faraday was a gallivanting lady. Our Italian friends find some significance in that." Mr. Humber silently drummed the surface of his desk. "You don't agree, sir?"

He shook his head. "There was more to Mrs. Faraday than that," he said.

"Well, of course there was. The carabinieri are educated men, but they don't go in for subtleties, you know."

"She's not a vulgar woman. From what I said to the police they may imagine she was.





"Before I forget, you had a call from a talking computer named Ted, who is conducting an important homeowners' survey."

Of course she's in a vulgar business. They may have jumped too easily to conclusions."

Mr. Humber said he did not understand. "Vulgar?" he repeated.

"Like me, she deals in surface dross."

"You're into fashion yourself, sir?"

"No, I'm not. I write tourist guides."

"Well, that's most interesting."

Mr. Humber flicked at the surface of his desk with a forefinger. It was clear that he wished his visitor would go. He turned a sheet of paper over.

"I remind sightseers that pictures like Pietro Perugino's 'Agony in the Garden' are worth a second glance. I send them to the Boboli Gardens. That kind of thing."

Mr. Humber's bland face twitched with simulated interest. Tourists were a nuisance to him. They lost their passports, they locked their ignition keys into their hired cars, they were stolen from and made a fuss. The city lived off them, but resented them as well. These thoughts were for a moment openly reflected in Mr. Humber's pale-brown eyes and then were gone. Flicking at his desk again, he said, "I'm puzzled about one detail in all this. May I ask you, please?"

"Yes, of course."

"Were you, you know, ah, seeing Mrs. Faraday?"

"Was I having an affair, you mean? No, I wasn't."

"She was a beautiful woman. By all accounts—by yours, I mean, sir—she'd been most friendly."

"Yes, she was friendly."

She was naïve for an American, and she was careless. She wasn't fearful of strangers and foolishly she let her riches show. Vulnerability was an enticement.

"I did not mean to pry, sir," Mr. Humber apologized. "It's simply that Mr. Faraday's detectives arrived a while ago and the more they can be told the better."

"They haven't approached me."

"No doubt they conclude you cannot help them. Mr. Faraday himself has returned to the States: a ransom note would be more likely sent to him there."

"So Mr. Faraday doesn't believe his wife went off on a sexual excursion?"

"No one can ignore the facts, sir. There is indiscriminate kidnapping in Italy."

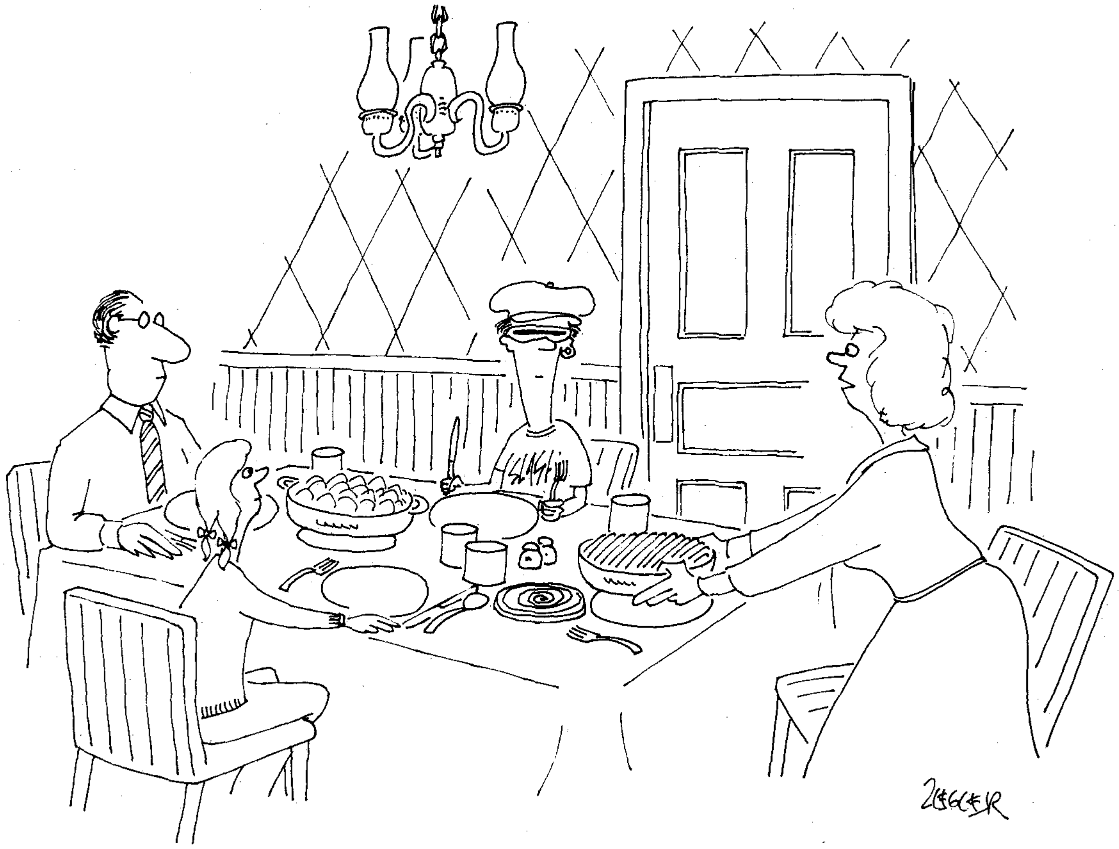
"Italians would have known her husband owned a paper mill?"

"I guess it's surprising what can be ferreted out." Mr. Humber examined the neat tips of his fingers. He rearranged the tranquillity in his face. No matter how the facts he spoke of changed, there was not going to be panic in the American Consulate. "There has been no demand, sir, but we have to bear in mind that kidnap attempts do often nowadays go wrong. In Italy as elsewhere, sir."

"Does Mr. Faraday think it has gone wrong?"

"Faraday is naturally confused. And, of course, troubled."

"Of course." He nodded to emphasize his agreement. Her husband was the kind who would be troubled and confused, even though unhappiness had developed in the marriage. Clearly she'd given up on the marriage; more than anything, it was desperation that made her forthright. Without it, she might have been a different woman—and in that case, of course, there would not have been this passing relationship between them: her tiresomeness had cultivated that. "Tell me more about yourself," her voice echoed huskily, hungry for friendship. He had told her nothing—nothing of the shattered, destroyed relationships, and the regret and shame; nothing of the pathetic hope in hired rooms, or the anguish turning into bitterness. She had been given beauty, and he a lameness that people laughed at when they knew. Would her tiresomeness have dropped from her at once, like the shedding of a garment she had thought to be attractive, if he'd told her in the restaurant with the modern paintings? Would she, too, have an-



"While we're at supper, Billy, you'd make Daddy and Mommy very happy if you'd remove your hat, your sunglasses, and your earring."

grily said he'd led her up the garden path?

"There is our own investigation also," Mr. Humber said, "besides that of Faraday's detectives. Faraday, I assure you, has spared no expense; the carabinieri file is by no means closed. With such a concentration, we'll find what there is to find, sir."

"I'm sure you'll do your best, Mr. Humber."

"Yes, *sir.*"

He rose and Mr. Humber rose also, holding out a brown, lean hand. He was glad they had met, Mr. Humber said, even in such unhappy circumstances. Diplomacy was like oil in Mr. Humber. It eased his movements and his words; his detachment floated in it, perfectly in place.

"Goodbye, Mr. Humber."

Ignoring the lift, Curtis walked down the stairs of the Consulate. He knew that she was dead. He imagined her lying naked in a wood, her even teeth ugly in a rictus, her white flesh as lifeless as the virgin modesty of the schoolgirl in the park. She hadn't been like a nymphomaniac, or even a sophisticated woman, when she'd kissed his cheek good night. Like a schoolgirl herself, she'd still been blind to the icy coldness that answered her naïveté. Inept and academic, words he had written about the city that had claimed her slipped through his mind. *In the church of Santa Croce you walk on tombs, searching for Giotto's "Life of St. Francis." In Savonarola's own piazza the gray stone features do not forgive the tumbling hair of pretty police girls or the tourists' easy ways.* Injustice and harsh ambition had made her city what it was; the violence of greed for centuries had been its bloodstream; beneath its tinsel skin there was an iron heart. *The Florentines, like true provincials, put work and money first. In the Piazza Signoria the pigeons breakfast off the excrement of the hackney horses: in Florence nothing is wasted.*

He left the American Consulate and slowly walked along the quay. The sun was hot, the traffic noisy. He crossed the street and looked down into the green water of the Arno, wondering if the dark shroud of Mrs. Faraday's life had floated away through a night. In the galleries of the Uffizi he would move from Annunciation to Annunciation, Simone Martini's, Baldovinetti's, Lorenzo di Credi's, and all the others. He would catch a glimpse of her red coat in Santa Trinità, but the face would again be someone else's. She would call out from a gelateria, but the voice would be an echo in his memory.

He turned away from the river and at the same slow pace walked into the heart of the city. He sat outside a café in the Piazza della Repubblica, imagining her thoughts as she had lain in bed on that last night, smoking her cigarettes in the darkness. She had arrived at the happiest moment of love, when nothing was yet destroyed, when anticipation was a richness in itself. She'd thought about their walk in Maiano, how she'd bring the subject up again, how this time he'd say he'd be delighted. She'd thought about being together in an apartment in the Palazzo Ricasoli, how this time it would be different. Already she had made up her mind: she would not ever return to the town where her husband owned a paper mill. "I have never loved anyone like this," she whispered in the darkness.

In his hotel bedroom he shaved and had a bath and put on a suit that had just been pressed. In a way that had become a ceremony for him since the evening he had first waited for her there, he went at six o'clock to Doney's. He watched the Americans drinking cocktails, knowing it was safe to be there because she would not suddenly arrive. He listened to the music she'd said she liked, and mourned her as a lover might.

—WILLIAM TREVOR

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

DOG RECEPTIONIST

Pasadena area. Phone & typing exp. Xlnt oppty.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

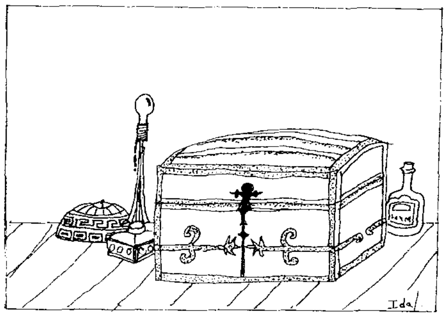
THE BUTTON—II

United States civilian and military leaders have stated in solemn and unqualified terms that they would never use the country's nuclear forces in a general offensive—a preëmptive first strike—against the Soviet Union. In private, officials refer to this not as an inflexible principle but merely as part of the nation's "declaratory policy." They distinguish, that is, between formal reassurances made for political purposes and the Pentagon's real contingency plans for using nuclear weapons.

Most Americans reject the idea of a first strike as morally indefensible, supporting instead a policy of retaliation—of counterstrikes after a Soviet attack on our homeland. Public declarations by civilian and military leaders against the use of nuclear weapons for offensive purposes are intended to reflect such scruples, but the statements do not indicate what Pentagon planners regard as military reality. The actual United States preparations for nuclear war are, of course, highly sensitive, and never discussed in public, but, from what can be learned about them, the plans appear to attach secondary importance to retaliation. The primary emergency plan—the one that seems more likely to be executed if the Pentagon was convinced that a Soviet nuclear strike was inevitable—involves a preëmptive attack on military targets in the Soviet Union. One of its principal aims would be to kill Soviet leaders and thereby prevent them from launching their missiles.

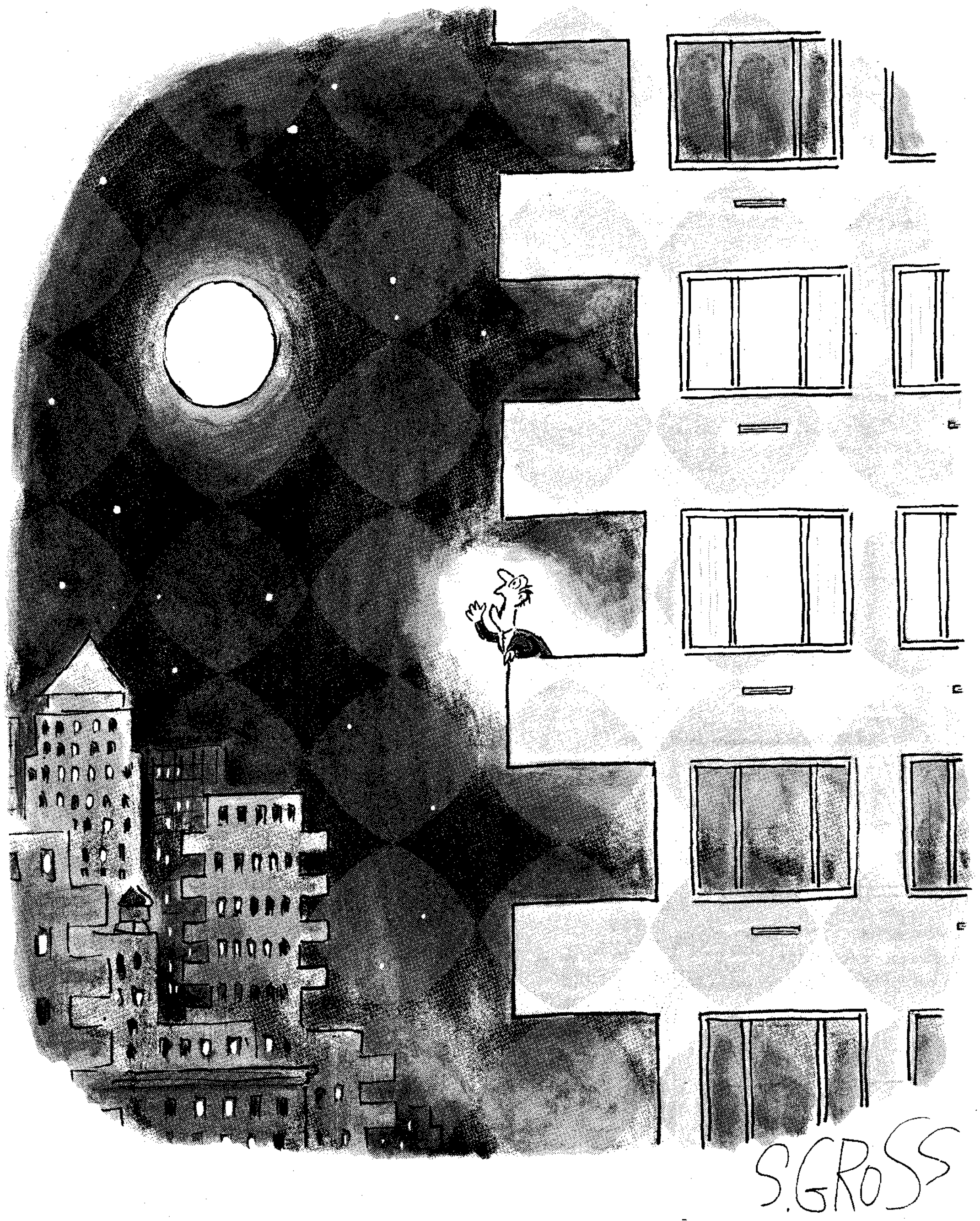
The priority assigned to killing Soviet leaders is made clear in the documents that summarize the results of two Internal Conferences on War Aims and Strategic Forces which took place in 1979-80 under the auspices of TRW, a major defense contractor. (The documents, like all the others quoted in this article, are unclassified.) The participants in these private sessions included General Bruce K. Holloway, the commander-in-chief of the Strategic Air Command, or SAC, from 1968 to 1972; Colin S. Gray, a leading arms adviser to the Reagan Administration; Benson D. Adams, a Pentagon expert on nuclear policy; William Schneider, the Under-Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science, and Technology; and a number of technical experts on nuclear-force targeting, the MX missile, and Soviet politics. Francis X. Kane, of TRW, was the coördinator of the conferences; he said in an interview that the meetings were organized at the request of Richard DeLauer, a TRW executive who later became the Reagan Administration's Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering.

General Holloway, in a memorandum to Kane dated March 31, 1980, just after the second conference, discussed his views on the "conclusions shared by most of the group" and also some of his own "impressions" concerning the issues that had been discussed. The United States "war aims," he wrote, included "prevention of the loss of our way of life," "damage limitation," and the "degradation of the Soviet State and its control apparatus to such extent as to make successful negotiation possible." In achieving these objectives, "the importance of crippling the [Soviet] command and the command control system . . . assumes extraordinary proportions." The memo goes on to describe the kind of offensive against the Soviet leadership that he believes must be the focus of the United States war plans. "Degradation of the over-all political and military control apparatus must be the primary targeting objective. Irrespective of whether we strike first or respond to a Soviet strike (presumably counterforce), it assumes the importance of absolute priority planning. Striking first would offer a tremendous advantage, and would emphasize degrading the highest political and military control to the greatest possible degree." As for the feasibility of killing Soviet leaders and thereby paralyzing their war machine, General Holloway wrote, "I am convinced that in the Soviet system there is such centralized control that it would be possible to degrade very seriously their military effectiveness for nuclear or any other kind of war if the command control system were severely disrupted. Major damage would be difficult to achieve and would require better intelligence than now possible (better reconnaissance and better clandestine inputs), but it can be done. Moreover it must be done, because there is no other targeting strategy that can achieve the war aims that underwrite survival."



General Holloway said in an interview last month that he thought nuclear war was very unlikely but that if it did come attacking the Soviet command-and-control system "has a lot of proponents, including me. It's the only targeting that makes sense." Unlike the Second World War, he continued, in which transportation centers, oil depots, and other targets were selected, a nuclear war would not be a "war of attrition." It would involve "a big bang, like the start of the universe," that would create a "compound shock effect," paralyzing the nation that was hit first. These psychological effects, he said, were overlooked in the standard technical analyses of what would happen. "Look at what one or two bombs did to Japan—they threw in the towel. I just don't think people are going to be able to function after a nuclear attack." The rigid system of the Soviets made them susceptible to complete disruption after attacks against their leadership, he said. "The further up the top you disrupt it, the more it's going to unravel. There may be sporadic action, but no more organized warfare."

On the question of striking the Soviets first, General Holloway said he was reluctant to comment, but he added, "There's obviously an advantage in warfare any time you strike first—an advantage per se." Asked whether SAC might make a preëmptive attack on the Soviet Union in a crisis, he said, "I'm a little touchy on that. I don't know what 'unequivocal warning' is, but if you have it you'd better launch." The United States declaratory policy left the matter of preëmptive attack "fudged," he conceded, but "that's probably just as well." Kane, who after the TRW conferences pre-



"Help! I can't pay the rent!"

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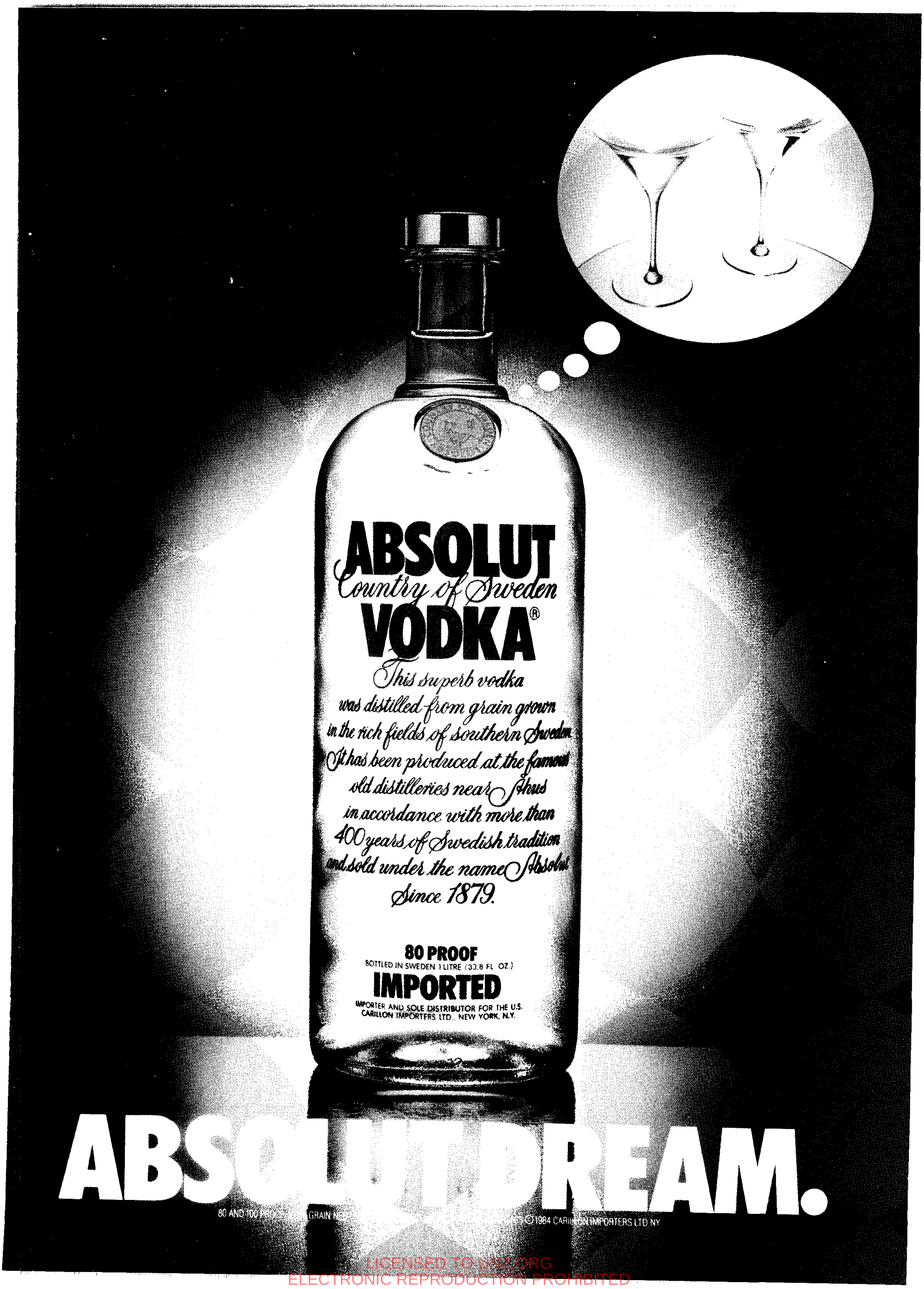
sented their results in briefings at the Pentagon, told me last month, "There was no discussion of preëmptive attack at all. We categorically ruled that out. We didn't waste one minute discussing that option." When I mentioned a TRW memo dated April 14, 1980, in which he summarized the conferences and discussed the targeting of Soviet leaders in a "first or second strike," he said, "I'm surprised it's in the documents."

The Holloway memo offers a blunt statement of how military planners interpret current United States nuclear policy as contained in Presidential Directive-59, the general directive on United States nuclear-war planning, which President Carter issued in July, 1980, and in National Security Decision Directive-13, issued in October, 1981, by President Reagan. These two documents are supposedly top-secret, but fragments of them have been leaked to newspapers. The published accounts say that the documents direct the Pentagon to prepare for protracted nuclear war—that is, to develop contingency plans for making "limited" nuclear attacks on the Soviet Union and to develop the means to control the escalation of hostilities so that we can "prevail" over the Soviets in a conflict that stops short of an all-out nuclear exchange. Few in the military think that nuclear war can be controlled in such a fashion, and General Holloway's memo puts those reservations in black-and-white. "Limited nuclear options are not feasible," he wrote. What is particularly clear from the memo is that the notion of fighting a long nuclear conflict and controlling its escalation is not really the point of current American strategy—at least as far as many in the military are concerned. "Official policy suggests we're moving toward long-term-war fighting," a member of a government panel that reviewed recent developments in Pentagon war-planning told me. "But in reality we're moving toward first strike."

Indeed, United States war planners have always inclined to the view expressed by one of General Holloway's predecessors, General Curtis LeMay, who was the SAC commander from 1948 to 1957. According to notes made by an observer at a top-secret briefing in 1954, and recently declassified, LeMay said, "If the U.S. is pushed in the corner far enough, we would not hesitate to strike first." When a member of a Presidential blue-ribbon panel pointed out to LeMay that preemptive attack was not official national policy, he replied, "I don't care. It's my policy. That's what I'm going to do." In a 1968 book, LeMay declared that military leaders like himself were "not prone to start wars" but that politicians were—he cited the "political miscalculations" growing out of the assassination at Sarajevo which led to the First World War—and he said that the military had to be prepared, if a general nuclear war should be initiated, to win it "in the shortest possible time." He wrote, "When I led the Strategic Air Command, I operated on the premise that we should have some warning of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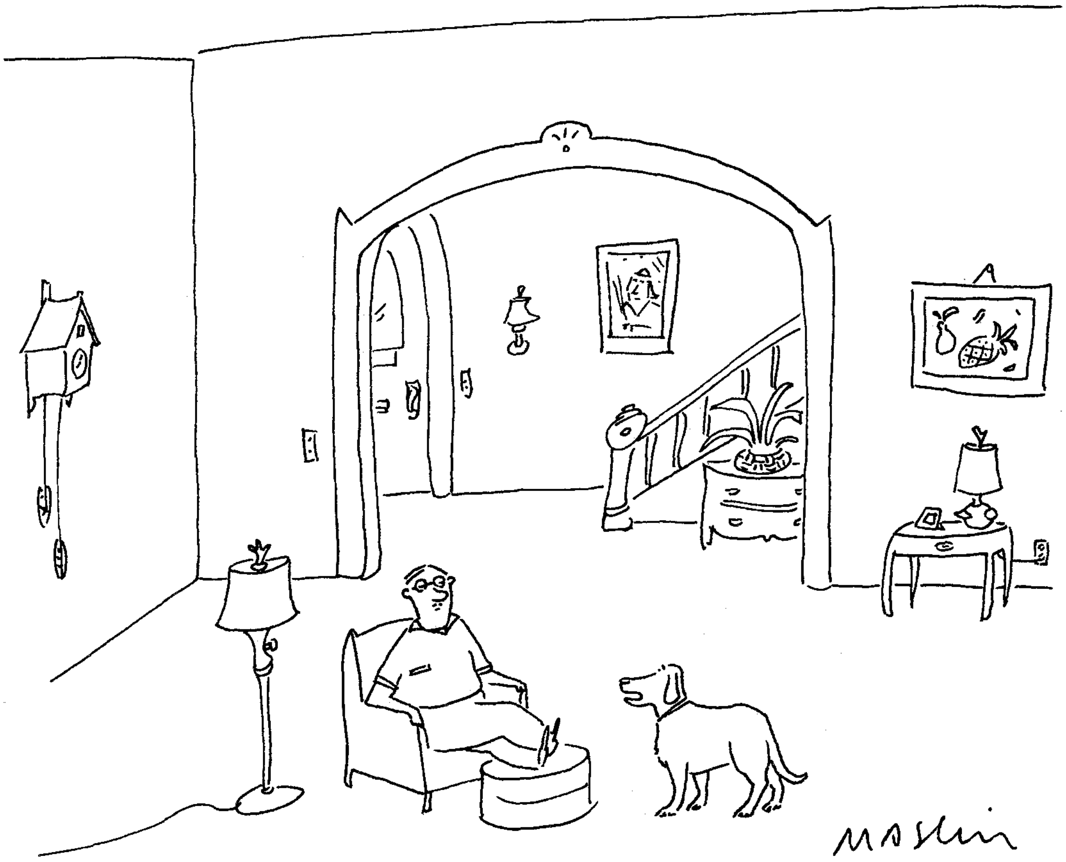
"The possibility of preëmption still seems to be in our strategic deck of cards," LeMay concluded. Planners at SAC continue to feel that way. "In a real situation, you don't compare going first to going second," a Pentagon official who worked on the Reagan Administration's Nuclear Weapons Employment and Acquisition Master Plan said. "You compare going first with not going at all. If you're going to get into nuclear war, that's big-time. When you go, go. Do it. Finish the job. Launching under attack just means that you've missed the moment."

"We have never as a matter of national policy accepted the notion of preëmption," John Steinbruner, the director of the foreign-policy-studies program at the Brookings Institution, said in a 1983 speech. "We have always as a matter of military realism planned to be able to do it. And that creates an inherent conflict between political authorities in Washington, if you will, and responsible military authorities down in the chain of command. It creates a conflict between our declaratory policies and our anticipated operational practice."

"If there is a nuclear war, the United States will be the one to start it," an Air Force strategist who has worked on the United States war plan (known as the Single Integrated Operational Plan, or SIOP) told me. This officer noted, with pride, that elaborate Air Force "timing studies" in which he had participated showed how certain forms of precisely coördinated attacks on the Soviet Union could greatly reduce American casualties from the level they would reach if the Soviets made the first move. The United States military victory might be a hollow one—given the tens of millions of fatalities the country would still suffer when the residual Soviet missiles were fired—but in the calculus to which the planning bureaucracy is accustomed the numbers make going first look like a better bet than going second. Thus, contrary to all the statements about responding to a Soviet attack, the actual war plans, including all the versions of the SIOP that have been developed since 1960, give the United States the option of launching a first strike against the Soviet Union if war appears to be unavoidable.

General Bennie L. Davis, the present commander-in-chief of SAC, refused to acknowledge the gap between declaratory policies and the current war plans. "This nation has always had, and has today, a strategy of retaliation, and I just can't conceive that we would ever be in a preëmptive mode," he told me. "I just don't visualize that." When I asked whether SAC would carry out a Presidential order for a preëmptive attack, General Davis bristled, saying that it was "a hypothetical question" and "very highly speculative," and one that he would not discuss. "We can hypothesize all day, and I'm not going any further." Other SAC officers who were asked whether SAC would be prepared to execute a preëmptive attack on the Soviet Union if the President decided to make one replied, "Certainly." SAC's success in keeping a first-strike option included in the SIOP was also demonstrated in a Senate hearing in 1980. Senator Charles Percy, of Illinois, probing the implications of Presidential Directive-59, asked Secretary of Defense Harold Brown about possible Pentagon preparations for "acting in anticipation of a hostile action . . . rather than waiting to retaliate," and demanded, "Do we have a plan?" Brown replied, "There are options that cover that situation."

It is obvious that the Pentagon must make a wide variety of plans for using the array of nuclear weapons that it has at its disposal. That is the job of responsible military officers—one for which they will be held accountable if war comes. The tendency in peacetime, as Winston Churchill noted, is to regard someone engaged in war planning as "a plotting knave, or at the best an overgrown child playing with toys, and dangerous toys at that." No such insinuation is intended here



"I wish to voice a complaint."

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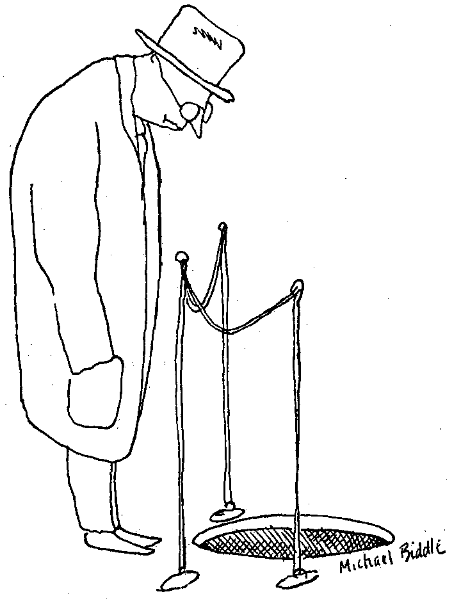
in calling attention to the first-strike option contained in the United States war plans. There is no evidence whatever to suggest that the Pentagon has embraced any scheme for destroying the Soviet Union at the first opportunity. It is not inconsistent for a peace-loving nation to have many fallback positions for dealing with the gravest crises, one such position being a plan to go on the offensive if that is the only way to thwart an imminent enemy attack or blunt its effects. The plans are like insurance policies written to cover some extremely remote eventuality, and their existence does not testify to a yearning for battle. Still, whatever the narrow military reasoning behind them, there is a danger that elaborate offensive preparations could have unintended consequences. United States leaders may fervently wish to avoid conflict, but the complex war plans and the nature of the weapons in their arsenal could in certain circumstances deprive them of any real choice.

THE system on which the Pentagon depends for warning of a nuclear attack is extremely fragile; the communications network for issuing orders in the wake of an assault is equally vulnerable. These technical problems are important. They influence—deeply—how responsible leaders might have to act in a crisis, because the less certain the United States is of its ability to retaliate the greater its temptation to strike first.

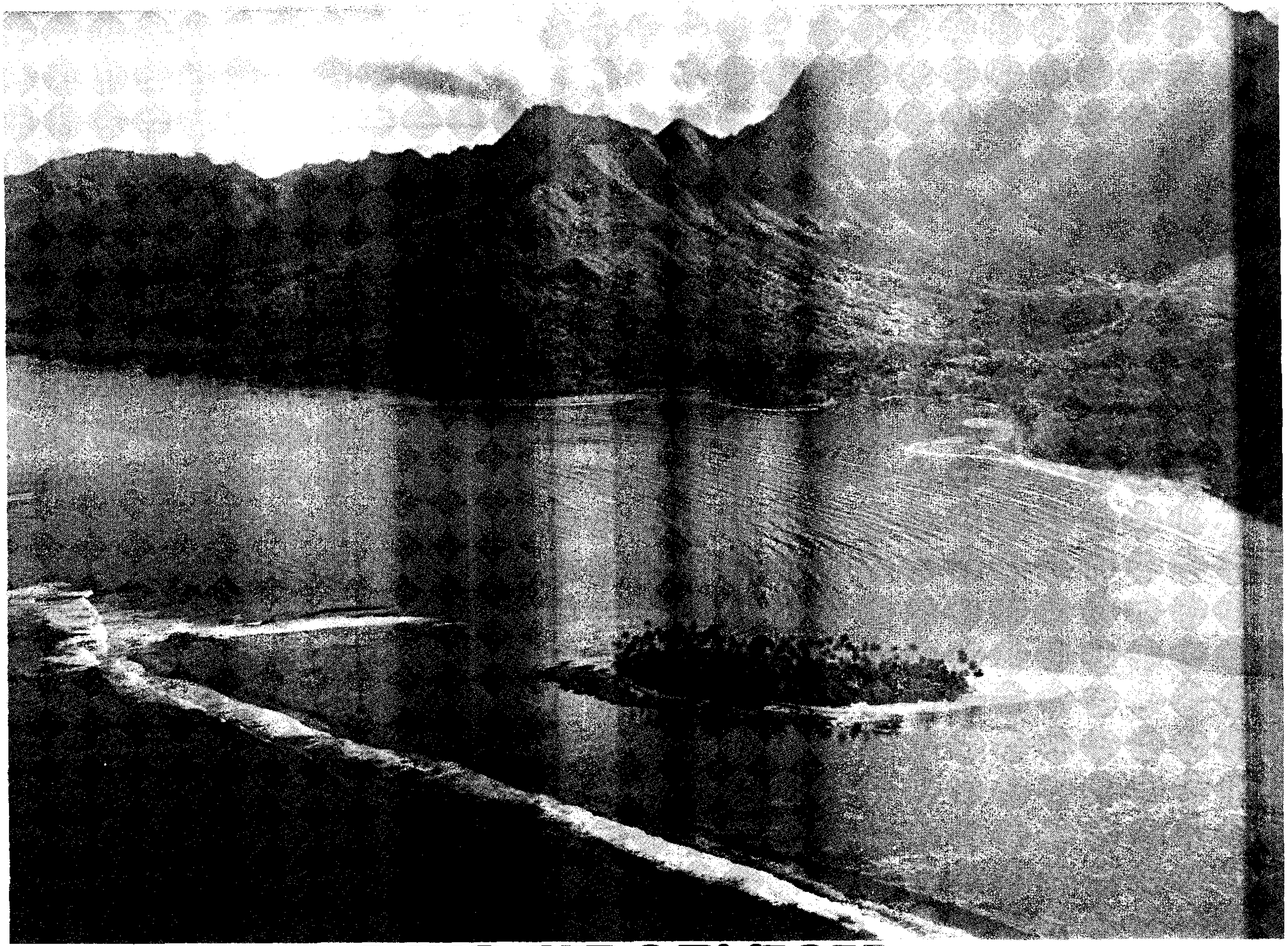
The President's most frustrating problem in making preparations to command United States forces after a Soviet attack is that he may be among the first to die. On an average workday, the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and other high-ranking officials will be in Washington; on a few well-known occasions, such as the delivery of the annual State of the Union Message, most of them will be in the same room. During a prolonged crisis, at least some of the key decision-makers could be taken to undisclosed locations. Evacuation would work less well if there should be only a short warning time—or none at all.

For many years, the survival of the President and the top military leaders has been based on the assumption that they could be quickly transported to Andrews Air Force Base, in Maryland—some ten miles from the White House—where they could board a Boeing 747 that would serve as their flying command post. David Packard, Deputy Secretary of Defense during the Nixon Administration, was the prime mover in the efforts to acquire a plane that could function as what came to be called the National Emergency Airborne Command Post. (Because the acronym "NEACP" does not roll off the tongue, it was transformed into the more pronounceable nickname Kneecap.) Four Boeing 747s were converted for this purpose, and the first of them was delivered to Andrews in 1974. It was assigned a large battle staff and kept on constant runway alert. The three other planes were kept in reserve at SAC headquarters, near Omaha, Nebraska.

The main flaw in the Kneecap program is that the blast from a single one-megaton nuclear weapon exploded over Washington would destroy all soft targets within a radius of several miles, including the White House, Andrews Air Force Base, and the plane itself. If the Soviets wanted to be extra sure of catching Kneecap on the ground, they could aim a weapon or two right at Andrews. William Perry, who was Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering in the Carter Administration, and who is given to understatement, told Congress in 1979 that "the availability of this aircraft cannot be unconditionally guaranteed." Killing the President, the Secretary of Defense, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff before they boarded the plane, or destroying the plane before they got to it, would be a relatively trivial task. The five-to-eight-minute flight time of missiles launched from Soviet submarines stationed off the East Coast would allow the bombs to fall before Kneecap's passengers could be assembled and helicoptered to Andrews. The practical difficulties in evacuating the President were demonstrated in 1977, when Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's national-security adviser, staged a mock exercise. The drill ended up as "a nightmare, just a complete disaster," according to a White House aide who participated in it. Among other things, "the helicopter that is supposed to be on alert at all times, to land on the White House lawn and whisk away the National Command Authorities" —the President and the Secretary of Defense—"almost got shot down by the Secret Service."



Six years later—a lag that says something about the decision-making pace at the Pentagon—a new plan was announced for the use of Kneecap. In May of 1983, in secret testimony before Congress, Donald Latham, the Pentagon's chief spokesman on command and control, said that the plane would no longer be based at Andrews but would be kept on alert at one of two airfields farther inland. The plan called for the President to be helicoptered to a "marry-up point," where he would find his command post. This new procedure, however, does nothing more than the old one to protect the President against a short-warning or no-warning nuclear attack on Washington. Latham did not explain how a helicopter is supposed to fly through what could easily be a barrage of large nuclear weapons landing on the city or exploding above it. (In the 1977 exercise staged by Brzezinski, concern about thunderstorms in the area was enough to cause several minutes' delay in getting the helicopter to the White House.) The location of the new Kneecap bases, moreover, proved difficult to keep secret. In September of 1983, Senator Dan Quayle, of Indiana, issued a press release in which he lauded the stationing of one plane at Grissom Air Force Base, in his home state. An aide explained to reporters that the Senator had lobbied to have the plane stationed in Indiana in order to make sure that Grissom was kept open and to secure for the area the benefits of four million six hundred thousand dollars in construction that would be generated initially by basing the plane there. Whatever the advantages to the Senator's constituents, the military benefits of moving the plane are not great. Soviet submarine-launched missiles could reach Grissom Air Force Base—and every other airfield within helicopter



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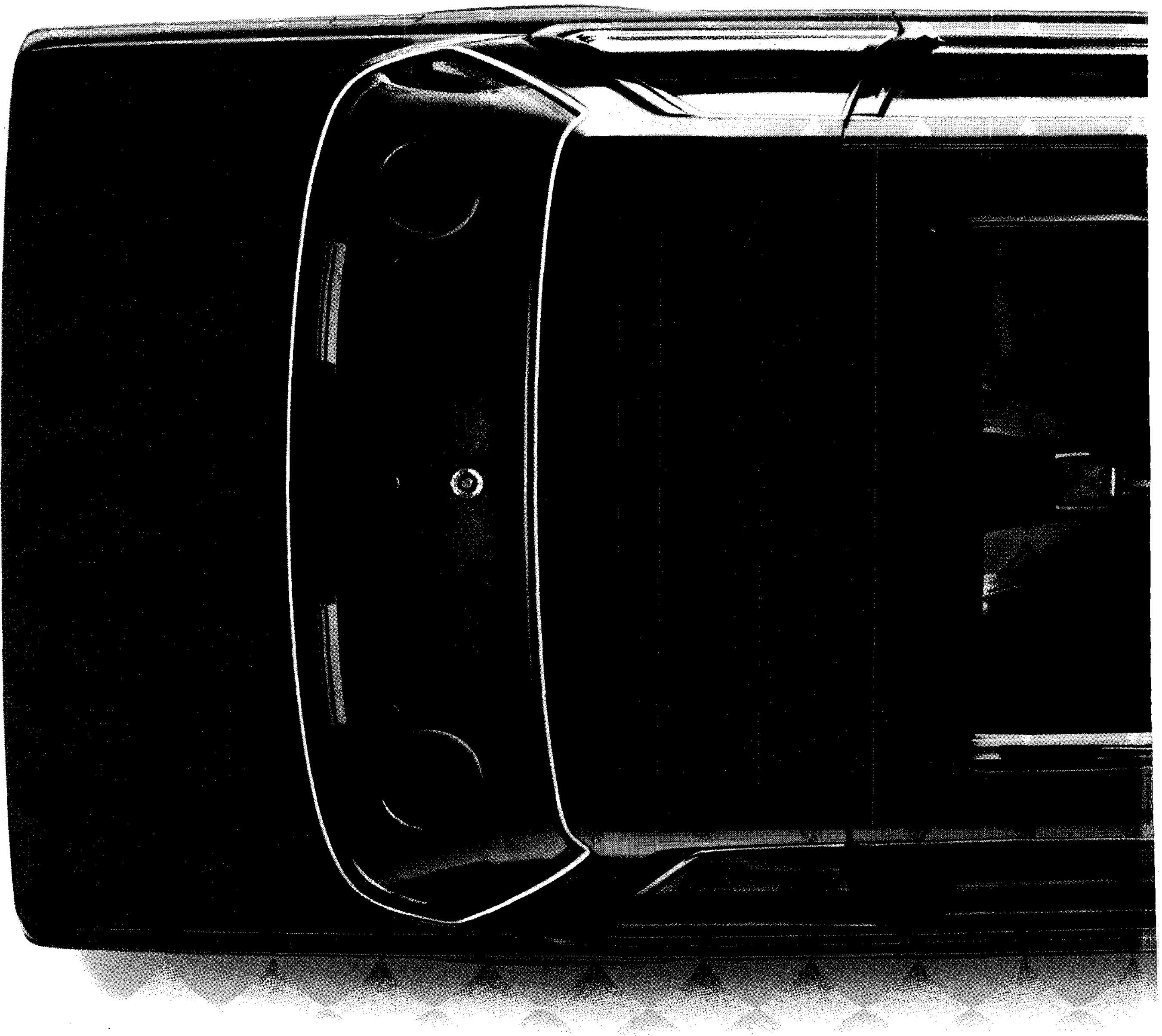

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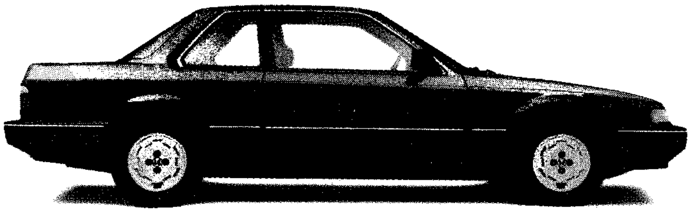

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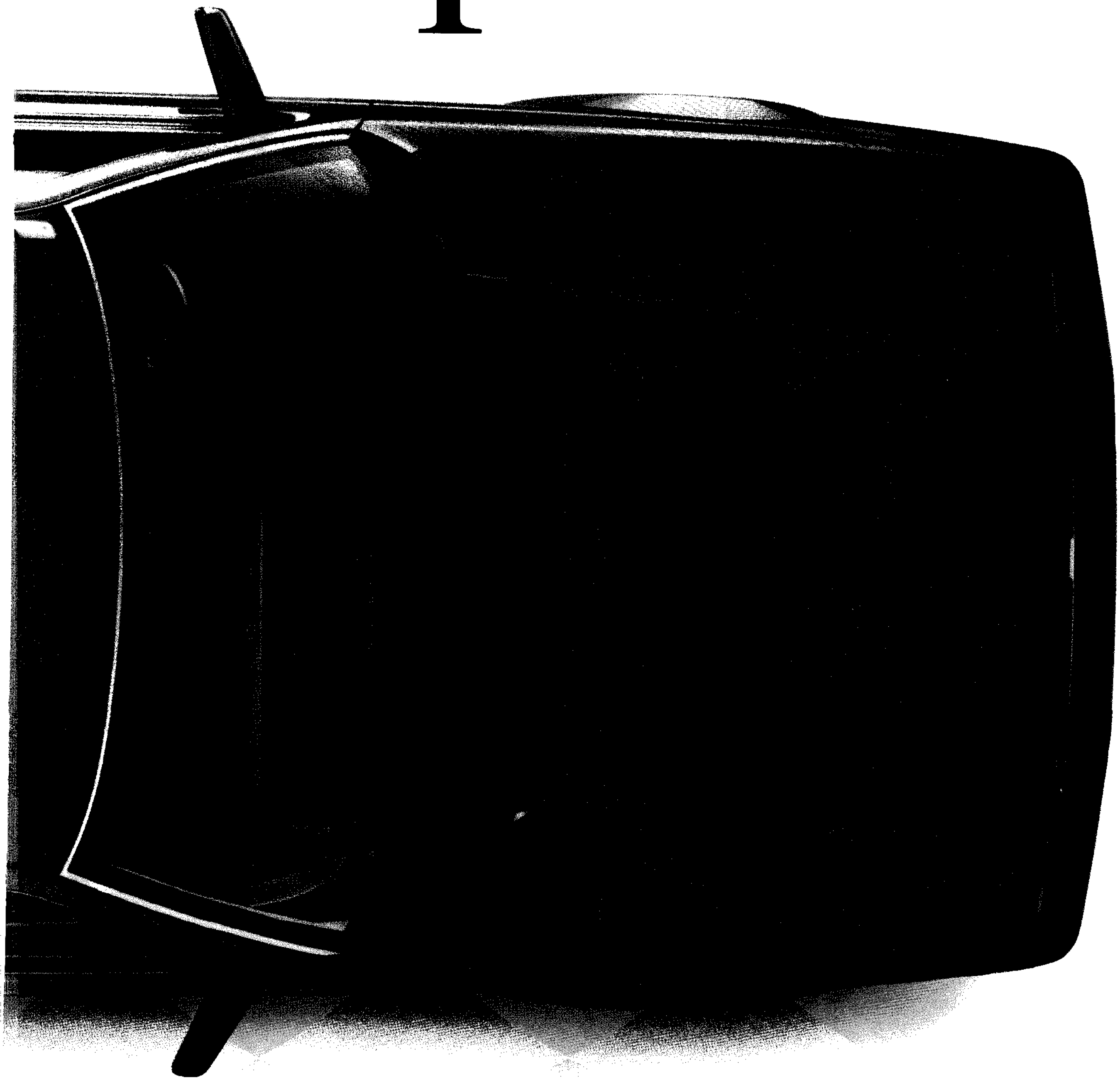

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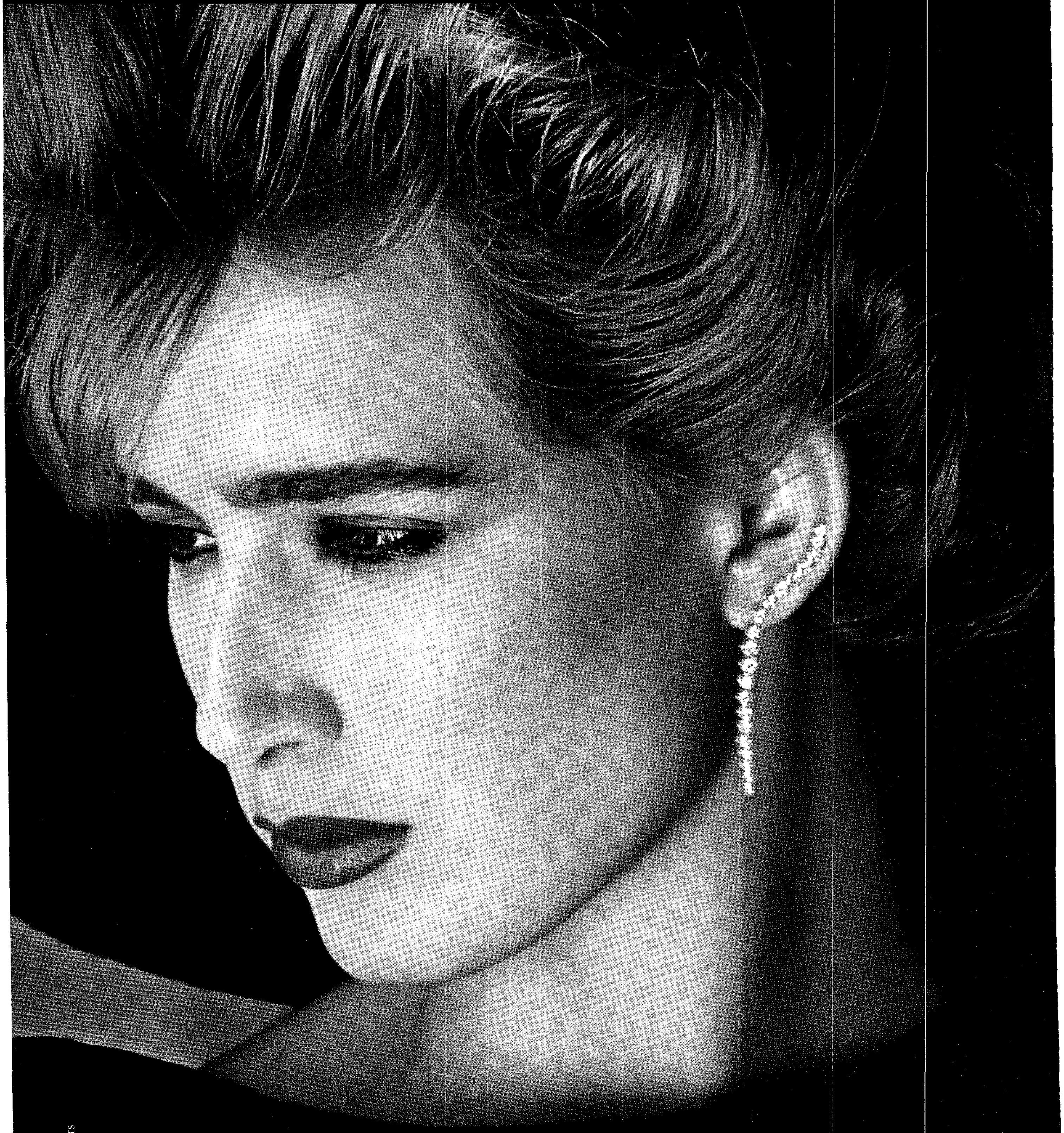

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range of Washington which has runways suitable for a rendezvous with a jumbo jet—just a few minutes later than they could reach Andrews.

If the President stays in Washington, he is equally vulnerable. Neither the White House nor the Pentagon—the site of the National Military Command Center—is well protected. In the nineteen-fifties, the Pentagon built an underground Alternate National Military Command Center at Fort Ritchie, Maryland, but it was not designed to withstand a direct nuclear attack. In 1961, Pentagon consultants proposed that consideration be given to building an ultra-safe command post for the President. A secret study by the MITRE Corporation, which helps the Pentagon design command-and-control systems, looked into the possibility of putting such an installation somewhere between three thousand and ten thousand feet underground. It was found that the survivability of the President and his senior advisers might be assured indefinitely. They could have all the bottled water and canned goods and frozen TV dinners they would need. All they would lack was a way to talk with anyone else: all inputs to their cavern and every output from it could be easily severed. Communications having been found to be "an almost insurmountable problem," the proposal was abandoned.

Another study, completed the following year, reinforced the official awareness of the vulnerability of Washington and the national command system to nuclear attack. This 1962 study, which has been declassified, was prepared for the Army by the Stanford Research Institute and the Bell Telephone Laboratories. One of its major conclusions was that "the loss of the command function, either by direct attack on command [centers] or indirectly through the severance of communications, can prevent force employment or cause severe reduction in force effectiveness, resulting in disastrous consequences—for example, the possible defeat of the nation." The study was quite specific about the small number of weapons that an adversary would need to aim at Washington and a few other targets to produce devastating results: "For example, it requires only 17 weapons to essentially destroy the national command or, as an optional target, 19 weapons to destroy the national communications and put the national command out of contact with the force." The situation two decades later is not much different. As General Holloway told me, "if the enemy struck first—barraged Washington, Omaha, etc.—we'd never recover, never recover control, never recover anything."

Top Russian leaders, despite their greater efforts to protect themselves, would also have difficulty surviving a direct United States attack against their capital. Indeed, they might find themselves no safer than some of their predecessors, who in the middle of the twelfth century decided to build a fortress for their protection at the top of Borovitsky Hill, on the Moscow River. When Mongolian invaders struck the city, less than a century later, they easily destroyed this sanctuary. It was made of wood, and the attackers simply burned it to the ground. Successive regimes found Borovitsky Hill an advantageous location, and fortifications on this site have been rebuilt many times in Russian history. In the fifteenth century, Ivan III put up a massive brick wall, which still stands; it is familiar today as the outer wall of the modern Kremlin. The wall is as much as sixty-two feet high and up to twenty-one feet thick. In the aftermath of a United States attack on Moscow, there would no longer be a Kremlin sitting atop Borovitsky Hill. Actually, there would no longer be a Borovitsky Hill—its site would have been usurped by immense bomb craters filled with the ashes of the Soviet capital.

The Soviets have built some two thousand underground bunkers capable of housing more than a hundred and ten thousand Soviet military officials and Communist Party leaders. Seventy-five of the facilities are situated within the ring road around Moscow. But the shelters do not guarantee absolute protection against incoming warheads. For one thing, Soviet leaders, like officials in Washington who would have little time to run for their helicopters, might not have much of an opportunity to seek their underground hideaways. Missiles launched from United States submarines stationed in the North Sea could reach Moscow in minutes, as could the Pershing II missiles that the United States is deploying in West Germany. If the Soviet leaders do reach their designated sanctuaries, they may find that high-yield weapons exploded at ground level—and earth-penetrating warheads, which burrow into the ground and then explode—can readily excavate the shelters and kill those inside. "The explosions will scoop out the shelters like a giant hand reaching into the earth," Henry Kendall, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has commented.

In addition to attacking Moscow, a United States strike aimed at disabling the Soviet command system would have to include numerous other facilities, whose exact locations appear to be well known to United States war planners. Thus, according to reports in the defense-industry magazine *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and other publications, the Pentagon has identified such key targets as the headquarters of the Soviet National Air Defense Forces (an underground installation about thirty miles from Moscow); the main long-range radio transmitters that give orders to Soviet submarines (at Petropavlovsk-Kamchatski, Vladivostok, Ostrov Dikson, Kaliningrad, Matochkin Shar, and Arkhangelsk); the principal ground-control stations for Soviet satellites (at Kalinin, northwest of Moscow, and at Yevpatoriya, in the Crimea); and the principal Soviet early-warning radars (near Minsk and Novgorod, in the western U.S.S.R.; near Irkutsk, in south-central Siberia; near the Barents Sea, in the northwest; in Latvia near the Baltic; and in other spots around the edges of the country).

To knock out the Soviet command system would require "over two thousand" nuclear warheads, according to Desmond Ball, of the Australian National University, a leading expert on United States and Soviet command systems. A Pentagon consultant familiar with American studies of the Soviet command system said, "Most people you talk to would use figures in that ballpark." That number would not pose an insuperable obstacle for the United States. There are almost five times that many weapons in the United States strategic arsenal. Aided by a great deal of intelligence data about the Soviet command system from satellites and other sources, the United States military has been acquiring the means to undertake such an attack. (The Chinese have a small nuclear arsenal aimed at the Soviet Union, and protection against this very limited threat is probably all that the Soviet shelter-building effort accomplishes.) The United States strategic force is large enough to be able to attack command headquarters and communications facilities without giving up the

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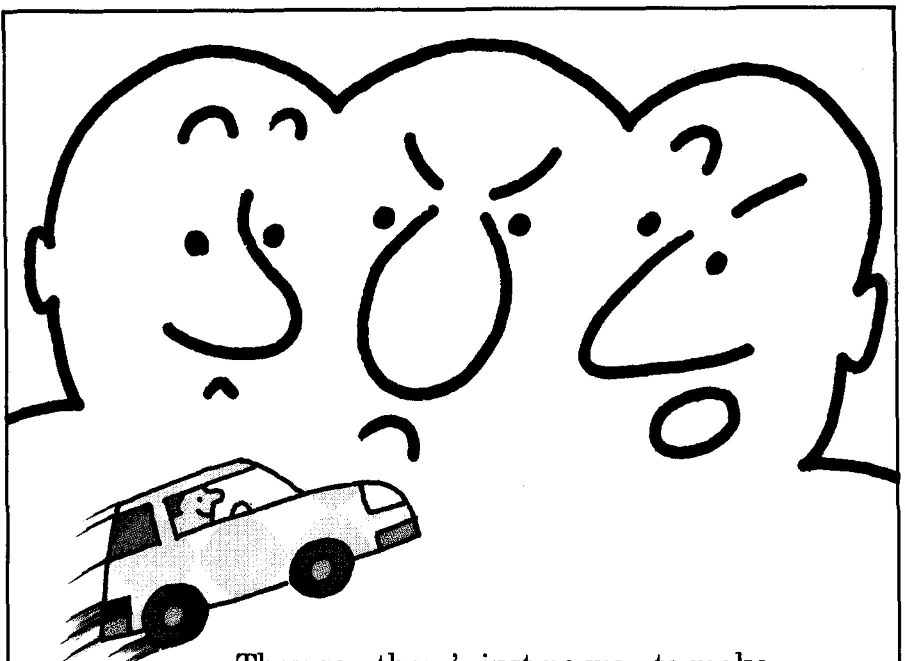
ability to attack a wide range of additional targets. New weapons, such as the MX missile and the Trident D-5 submarine-launched missile, are designed specifically to attack hardened targets, such as underground command posts, and in a crisis they would increase the temptation to make a decapitating strike against the Soviet Union. Thus, if there are differences in the vulnerability of the United States and Soviet command systems, John Steinbruner said, "these are relatively insignificant against the basic fact that both sides are extremely vulnerable."

THE Soviets have long recognized the decided military advantage of a quick strike against Washington and military command centers at the outset of a nuclear war. Soviet strategists have written extensively about the need to bring about the "disorganization" of the enemy's "state and military command and control." One of the clearest indications of Soviet thinking on the subject was an article in a Soviet military publication which was written in 1966 by Colonel M. Shirokov:

> Under conditions of a nuclear war, the system for controlling forces and weapons, especially strategic weapons, acquires exceptionally great significance. A disruption of the control over a country and its troops in a theater of military operations can seriously affect the course of events, and in difficult circumstances can even lead to defeat in a war. Thus, areas deserving special attention are the following: knowing the coördinates of stationary operations control centers and the extent of their ability to survive; the presence of mobile command posts and automatic information processing centers; the communication lines' level of development and, first of all, that of underground and underwater cable, radio-relay, ionospheric and tropospheric communication lines; field communication networks and duplicate communication lines; communication centers and the extent of their facilities, dispersion and vulnerability.

The date of this statement is significant. In 1966, the United States held an extremely large lead in numbers of nuclear weapons. Aiming the limited Soviet arsenal against this country's military and political leadership "was a very natural thing for somebody running behind to do," Steinbruner explained to me. "It was also a very effective thing to do . . . a way of compensating for their"—the Soviets'—"very real disadvantages in terms of the numbers and qualities of deployed weapons."

Soviet planning, which can now be carried out with the benefit of much



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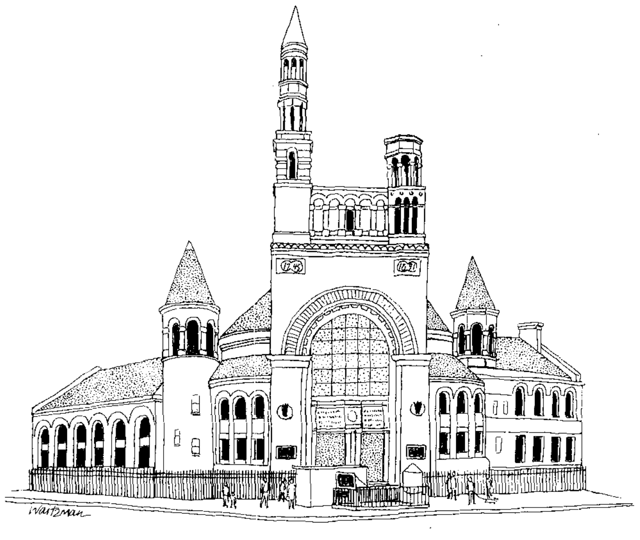
larger forces, still contains provisions for strikes against the United States command system, but the Soviets by no means limit themselves to this small set of targets. Instead, Soviet writings emphasize the advantages of a large-scale preëmptive attack that would include the destruction of these facilities as part of a wholesale attack on United States strategic capabilities. The purpose of the attack would be to cripple the United States nuclear-war-fighting system to the greatest extent possible, thereby reducing both the likelihood and the magnitude of a counterattack. Desmond Ball explained in a recent paper on Soviet strategic planning, "By attacking the U.S. forces and associated [command-and-control] system, and thus causing any U.S. response to be less coördinated, more ragged and much more degraded than it otherwise would be, the casualties which the Soviet Union would be likely to suffer could well be less than half what they otherwise might be—perhaps 30-50 million fatalities rather than 50 to 100 million! Indeed, if the U.S. N.C.A. [National Command Authorities] and the other critical elements of the U.S. [command-and-control] system were to be successfully destroyed at the outset of any exchange, Soviet planners could well believe that it might be possible to limit fatalities and damage to much lower levels."

The United States officially maintains that it would never consider a decapitating attack against the Soviet leadership and its command network. The topic is very sensitive politically, since to acknowledge preparations for this kind of undertaking would be to disclose a first-strike option in the SIOP (it is clear that a strike that paralyzed the Soviet command system would have a large potential payoff before the Soviets had fired their missiles and only a negligible payoff afterward). Still, Pentagon officials are reluctant to acknowledge the military logic of decapitating them. "We don't even consider such a thing," Donald Latham told me. "Somebody would be 'decapitated' here if he brought forth a study that says, 'Let's go strike the Soviet Union first.' "

In reality, many contingency studies have been done by United States strategic planners on how to attack the Soviet leadership. Leon Sloss, a Pentagon official who led a 1978-79 interagency Nuclear Targeting Policy Review, wrote in a summary of the group's work, "As a consequence of this review, increased emphasis in U.S. nuclear [weapons] employment policy was given to the targeting of enemy military forces and political-military leadership. . . . The Soviet military structure had always been targeted in our nuclear war plan. However, the Carter Administration's studies focussed greater attention on destroying Soviet general purpose forces and the Soviet command structure . . . and suggested more effective methods of targeting these military objectives." Congress was informed of the results of this review in 1979, by William Perry, who told the House Armed Services Committee, "A relatively small percentage of the [United States strategic] forces are devoted to that [Soviet-leadership] mission. That small percentage does not reflect a lack of priority on this objective. It only reflects the fact that there are fewer targets here."

The Strategic Air Command, as the remarks of General LeMay and General Holloway suggest, has long been interested in preëmptive "counterforce" strikes, intended to cripple the Soviet war machine, but the technology to carry out such strikes effectively has not been available. True, the United States has had extremely powerful warheads on its missiles, but blockbusters are not enough to destroy hardened targets such as underground missile silos and command posts. The warheads, which travel thousands of miles in free flight, have to land exceedingly close to these targets to destroy them—and this feat depends on sophisticated missile-guidance systems. "Accuracy matters more than [explosive] yield," General Holloway told me. "If you can get pinpoint accuracy, then you don't need much yield for most hard targets." The missile-guidance technology needed is now being perfected, and the main aim of the Reagan Administration's Strategic Modernization Program, which was announced in 1981, is to exploit it to the full in all new missiles.

Some of the super-accurate weaponry will be provided by the ten-warhead MX missile, designed to be three times as powerful and twice as accurate as the most advanced Minuteman missiles. A hundred MX missiles are planned, which will give the United States a thousand highly accurate land-based warheads. But this is only a small part of the potential first-strike force being assembled. The Navy's new Trident D-5 missiles, which have received scant public attention compared with the MX, are scheduled for deployment in late 1989, and will also be accurate enough for attacks against hardened targets. Instead of serving merely as a revenge force that can destroy Soviet cities, United States submarines will take on a war-fighting role. Pentagon plans call for twenty Trident subs to be built; they will be capable of carrying twenty-four missiles apiece, and each missile will carry ten or more warheads. Thus, the D-5 program will produce almost five thousand warheads with what the Pentagon calls "prompt hard-target kill capability." Equipped with D-5 missiles, the Trident subs will have "a counterforce capability—even a preëmptive capability," Under-Secretary of Defense DeLauer told a 1981 MITRE Corporation symposium. His speech touched on such a sensitive subject that it was deleted in its entirety from the published transcript of the meeting. In a recent interview, DeLauer, who has just retired from the Pentagon, insisted that he had made no reference whatsoever to preëmptive attack. His remarks, however, were recorded on videotape, and represent one of



the rare instances in which a high official has confirmed the Pentagon's intent to build weapons whose specific purposes include enabling the United States to launch a first strike.

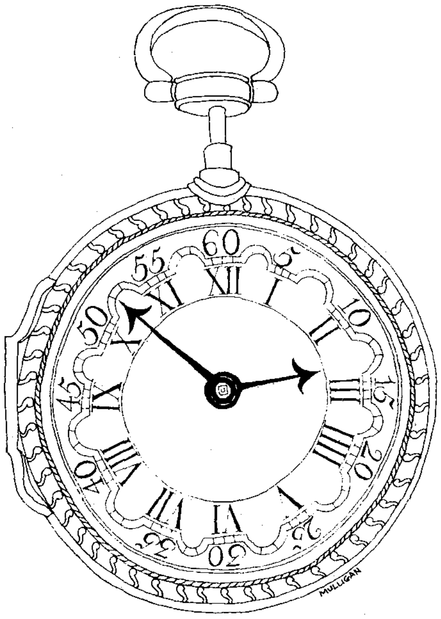
The Pershing II missiles that the Administration began to deploy in Europe in late 1983 are additional high-accuracy instruments that could be used in a strike against the Soviet leadership. The Pentagon insists that Moscow is not within range of the missiles, except for its "western suburbs." The Soviets dismiss this claim out of hand—as the Pentagon, one imagines, would quickly brush aside any comparable Soviet claim that an advanced new weapon would somehow fall just short of the obvious target. Indeed, the Kremlin's particularly vociferous objection to the Pershing IIs, according to Barry Blechman, of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, was notably different from its usual rhetoric about United States weapons. Its opposition had "an edge to it," he said. "They see the Pershings as a threat to them—*personally*."

The Reagan Administration has incorporated the strategy outlined by General Holloway in the latest United States war plan—SIOP-6, which went into effect on October 1, 1983. "Soviet leadership and command and control are targets," a Pentagon consultant who specializes in developing targeting plans told me. General Davis, who was in charge of developing SIOP-6, said, "I think a fundamental issue here is that most people really don't appreciate that the U.S. strategy is one of counterforce. That is, it is not a mutual-assured-destruction strategy or a city strategy. It goes after the Soviet military-leadership threat and, of course . . . the land-based ICBM capabilities." Colin Gray, a participant in the sessions at TRW and a defense consultant whose view that "victory is possible" has strongly influenced the Reagan Administration's nuclear strategy, has summarized the merits of decapitating strikes against the Soviet Union. In his view, an attack on the Moscow-based leadership structure could have a paralyzing effect on Soviet military operations: it could "cut off the head of the Soviet chicken."

There are, in other words, notable similarities between the statements of United States and Soviet military experts on the strategy of decapitation and attacks on the enemy's nuclear forces as a preferred opening move in a nuclear war. Hence, when United States planners express concern about this kind of Soviet strike on the United States they are clearly not being paranoid. They are simply describing the possibility that the Soviets might do to us what the Pentagon has thought about doing to them. A high-ranking officer who has worked on the SIOP told me, "There is every reason to believe that U.S. and Soviet war plans are mirror images."

THE death of the President would not deprive the United States of the means to order a retaliatory strike. If no one but the President knew the so-called Go Codes for launching United States missiles—if they could be lost with him—the system would be dangerously overcentralized. "Prudence dictates that you're never in that situation," General Davis said to me. There has to be more than one finger that can pull the trigger, and, in theory, this has been provided for in two ways.

Devolution of authority—the passing of the President's office to the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and others in the order specified by law—is one method of insuring continuity of command. According to the Constitution, there will always be a "President"—or, at least, there will be until the list of sixteen designated successors runs out. Preparations can be made to have the designated successors briefed on the war plans and given a means of gaining access to the authorization codes and the required communications channels, so that they can assume the role of Commander-in-Chief. However, since these officials work in Washington most of the time they are likely to be lost with the President in any surprise attack. Also, "assuming that there is a Military Command Center still existing somewhere, they may have no idea who the President is or how to find him," as retired Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft, a former national-security adviser, has pointed out. "If they find one or more successors, there's the problem of determining whether or not a given successor is the President." A further problem, not mentioned by the General, would be persuading the military to accept the authority of whoever had been identified as the President-by-default. The armed forces might readily follow a respected Secretary of Defense or Secretary of State or Speaker of the House, one official said, but it is less likely that they would follow, say, the Secretary of Education, who might have no established understanding of the complex military problem at hand. Scowcroft himself said at the 1981 MITRE symposium that except for the Secretaries of Defense and State the civilian successors to the President are "almost completely unacquainted" with the complexities of strategic-command-and-control problems.



Delegation of authority is the second method of maintaining continuity of command. The statutory basis for this is fuzzy, because there is nothing, apart from the President's implied powers under the Constitution as Commander-in-Chief, to indicate to what extent the President may hand over his authority to others. At any rate, there is no law preventing the President from making any arrangement he pleases to anoint one or more people he trusts as the commander of the United States nuclear forces in the event that something happened to him. The advantage of explicit delegation is that those charged with the responsibility could be specially protected, to increase the chances that at least one of them would survive the President. Keeping their identity and whereabouts secret would help to assure their survival. The designated officials would have to be given authorization codes, and staffs that could assist them in issuing emergency-action messages. The military would have to accept the appointed commander's use of the

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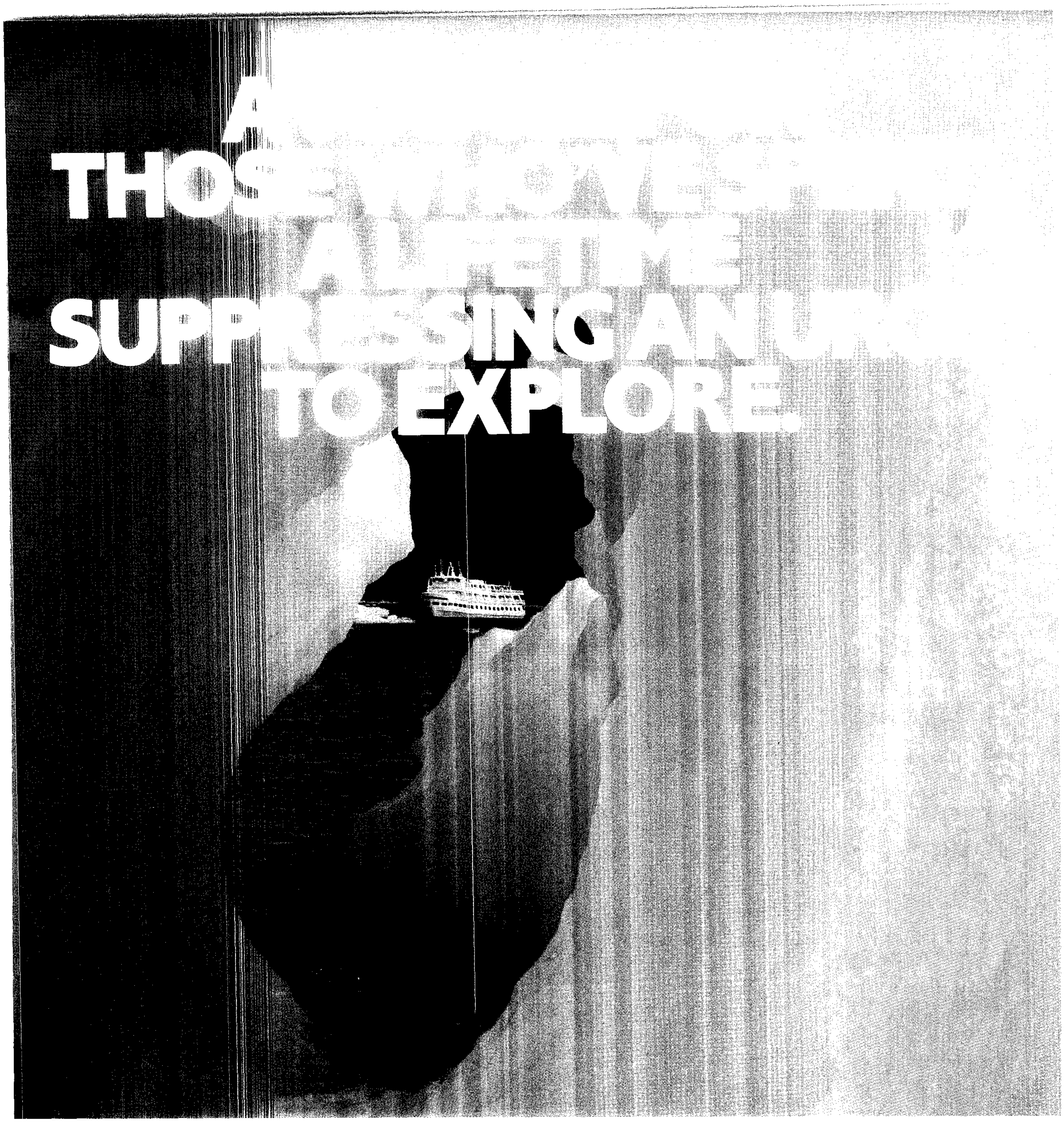

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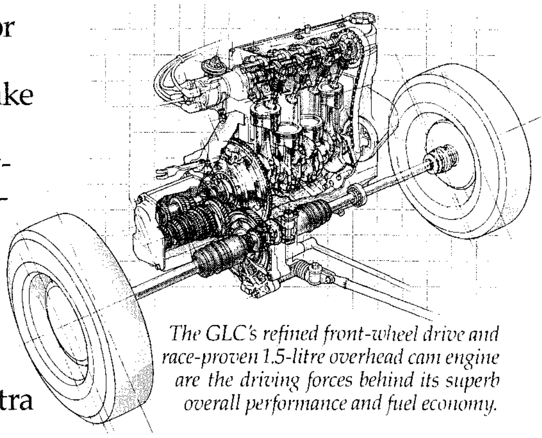

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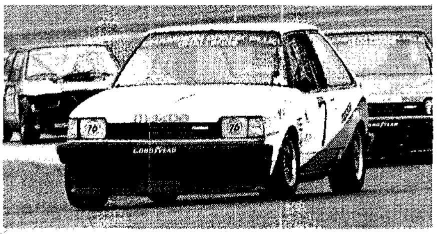

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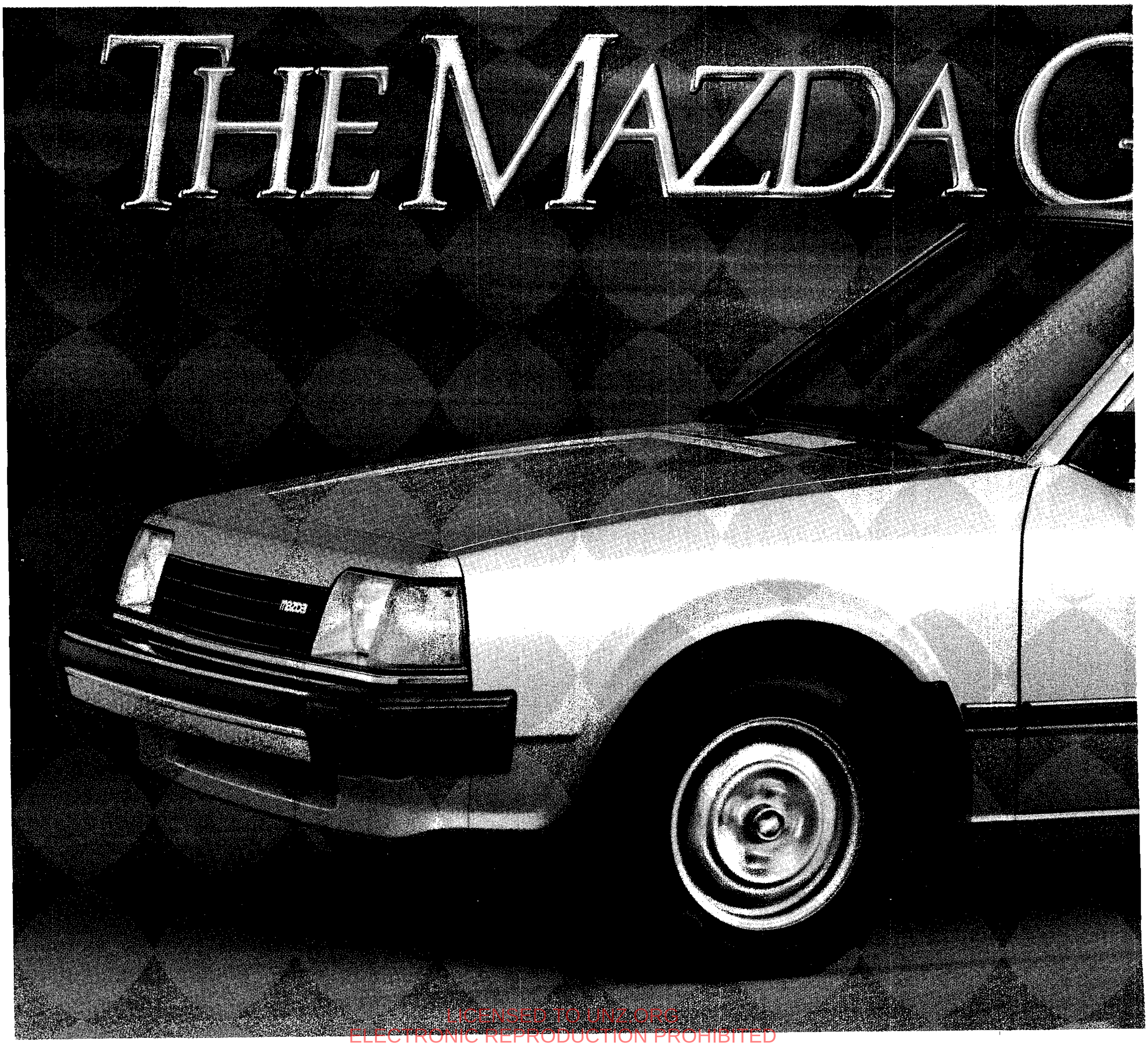

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codes, and there would have to be a means of transmitting them to the forces.

"Well, there are contingency plans. I just really can't discuss them," Donald Latham told me, and that is about all the Pentagon will say on the subject. Over the years, officials have periodically hinted at the existence of some delegation of authority—apparently to make sure that the Soviet leaders do not assume the opposite. Thus, the Associated Press reported in March, 1955, that "one [Eisenhower Administration] official familiar with the plans said it might be assumed that no one was going to have to hunt around in the ruins of the first onslaught for someone to issue the order for atomic counter-bombing." Who the substitute or substitutes for the President might be was not specified.

Desmond Ball noted that he is not privy to the contingency plans for delegating authority over nuclear weapons, and commented, "This is probably one of the most closely kept secrets." On the other hand, though, "they may not actually have firm plans for it," he said. "It may be a question that is just deliberately left open." One official who is familiar with the situation cautions that it is difficult to make a hard-and-fast generalization about delegation. "Delegation is a very personal thing," he said. "It varies from Administration to Administration." Some Presidents have permitted a relatively automatic turnover of authority to various military commanders under certain contingencies; others have tightly limited the transfer of authority. "Presidents by and large have been extremely reluctant to delegate," an adviser to President Reagan told me. "As a matter of fact, some of them have refused even the most minimal preparation of their successors, even like handing them out a code that they can use to authenticate themselves. My guess is that this President, just because of his personality, is probably more relaxed about all those things than any of his predecessors, about holding everything unto himself—more willing to delegate."

Logically, one would assume that the way to delegate would be to hand out the Go Codes to those in the military who are already in trusted positions of authority, starting with the Secretary of Defense, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the head of the Strategic Air Command. And in fact, according to the transcript of a talk given at a 1980 seminar at Harvard by Raymond Tate—a former deputy director of the National Security Agency who worked on the procedures for issuing the Go Codes—all those officials "in some sort of succession" have been given the authority. "The codes and devices are set up to allow that," he said. A former Pentagon official told me, "The public wants the President to be the only person that can use nuclear weapons—to have a key that he hides in his underwear, or something. But that's not the way it is." He continued, "The military is basically entrusted with nuclear weapons. They're not treated like children. Controls are tight down below"—that is, in the Minuteman launch-control centers there are tamperproof electronic locks and double-key arrangements—"but loose at the top. Sergeant Bilko can't start World War III, but General Bilko can. There's an informal gentleman's agreement at the top as to how business will get done, and they only tell the underlings very little, and don't tell the public anything."

The President's sharing of authority over nuclear weapons raises some tricky questions about whose say-so would prevail if the President and senior military leaders should disagree. Different cases can be considered. At one end of the spectrum is a likely veto by the military of any capricious orders from the White House. "If the President should for some reason pick up a phone and say, 'O.K. I've had it with the Russians. Let's go. In five minutes,' you can be pretty certain it wouldn't happen," John Steinbruner said to me. "People are not prepared to do that." During the final days of the Nixon Administration, the kind of implicit veto that can occur was applied when Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger and the Joint Chiefs of Staff began a very close monitoring of all orders to the military to make sure that no unauthorized or unusual orders from the White House bypassed them. At the other extreme, if there are "massive signs that a Soviet attack is under way, some explosions actually going on, the warning sensors screaming bloody murder and all that, at that point what the President says and doesn't say is very marginal," Steinbruner said. "The President blinks an eye and says that's it. And even if he didn't do it, and the pressures are great enough, chances are somebody in the military command would do it and say he did it and nobody'd ever discover the difference." With the control arrangements that are now in place, the President's real function, according to Paul Bracken, a defense analyst who teaches at Yale, is not so much to pull the trigger to launch the weapons as to act as a safety catch preventing others from pulling the triggers they have. "There are plenty of people with the potential for jumping the gun," a Pentagon command-and-control expert said.

Senior military officers are reluctant to talk about their ability to veto or dispense with Presidential orders, or to take any other independent action. "In my view, an irrelevant question," General Davis replied when I brought up the subject. Other SAC officers said that the question was "very sensitive" but that it was perfectly obvious that "launch crews could decide not to turn their keys, and theoretically you could move that behavior up the chain of command." It is also physically possible, since the authorization codes are in the hands of senior military leaders, for those leaders to initiate missile launches without waiting for a Presidential directive. "The constitutional problems

are very severe and are not faced up to," one senior military officer said.

The greatest potential conflict between the President and senior military leaders would involve a circumstance in which the President wanted to ride out an attack, and perhaps try to negotiate a ceasefire with the Soviets, while the military wanted to launch a counterattack. "You provoke the system and it's going to want to go, and it's going to be hard for anyone, including the President, to stop it," Steinbruner said. An official who has recently reviewed the attack-authorization arrangements noted, "If you focus on explicit predelegation, you miss ninety per cent of the story." The military's "institutional ethos" is such that the lack of Presidential orders would make little difference, he said, adding, "In the absence of directives from the National Command Authorities, there would be retaliation if the United States came under attack."

At the bottom of the command structure—in the silos and subs where the missiles are stored—the question of who can and who can't fire the weapons is also a vexed one. In some cases, control is tight; in others, there is considerable room for discretion.

At Whiteman Air Force Base, in Missouri, one of six bases where Minuteman missiles are kept, officials explained to me in detail the steps that have to be followed before a missile can be fired. I visited the Missile Procedures Trainer, a replica of one of the hundred Minuteman launch-control centers that are situated on the six bases and staffed around the clock by two-man crews. The control centers, or capsules, are underground, like the missile silos, in order to increase their chances of surviving a nuclear attack. At Whiteman, each launch-control center is in charge of ten missiles, which are at unmanned sites that may be many miles away, and are linked to the launch-control centers by hardened underground cables. Five launch-control centers form a squadron, commanding fifty missiles. Following the SAC "two-officer policy," the crew in a capsule must act together to fire a missile. Those assigned to this duty are covered by an Air Force Personnel Reliability Program, a screening process designed to eliminate anyone with a medical, psychological, drug, alcohol, or other problem that could interfere with his work. The average age of the Minuteman launch-control officers is twenty-five, their average appearance and demeanor are those of an Eagle Scout.

If a launch order—an emergency-action message—should be sent to a capsule, it would arrive in code, and the two launch controllers must separately decode and validate it. They are tested regularly to make sure they would be able to do this quickly and accurately. The documents for authenticating the code are kept in a double-locked safe, to which each knows a different combination. The launch-control officers would be able to determine from the form of the message whether it had come from the President or some other authorized person. If the message should be garbled or in some way defective, they would follow procedures for checking it. If it proved to be a valid message, they would take no further steps to confirm it. Their standing orders are to execute it immediately.

A valid order would include a six-digit combination, which the launch-control officers would punch into a "positive enable" switch. There are sixteen million possible combinations, so there is little chance that the two officers in a capsule could find the right one by trial and error. Their capsule is connected to the four others in their squadron, and the instant anyone attempted to initiate a missile launch alarms would ring in the other capsules. Each capsule has "inhibit" switches, which could stop other crews from unauthorized launching.

In an authorized launching, each officer would insert a key in one of two keyholes, which are sufficiently far apart to prevent one crew member from turning both keys by himself. And the keys have to be turned at the same time; it would be impossible for one person to turn one and then run back and turn the other. Moreover, even if the crew in one capsule turned the two keys simultaneously this would not launch any missiles. The crew in a second capsule must also turn its two keys. Hence, there is actually not just a two-man rule but a four-man rule. In addition, since any one of the officers in the five capsules can veto a missile launch by any one crew, there are heavy checks on any missile firing. Should some of the capsules be destroyed, however, control would pass automatically to the surviving ones, and a single crew could, if necessary, fire all fifty missiles assigned to the squadron.

The safeguards demonstrated at Whiteman were far more extensive than those I had seen publicly described. I discussed them with General Davis at SAC headquarters. "As far as the United States is concerned, it is impossible to accidentally launch a nuclear weapon," he said. "Impossible. Just not humanly possible—or not machine possible—for an accidental launch. And, for the Soviets, I'm very confident they have similar safeguards."

Nevertheless, huge gaps do exist in the safeguards against an unauthorized launch. Secure and impressive though the system of codes and electronic locks may be in theory, more than half the weapons in the United States strategic arsenal are not covered by it. Nuclear-missile submarines carry some five thousand warheads—twice as many as the Minuteman missiles—but have been exempted from such external physical controls over unauthorized firing. The submarine missiles could be fired without Go Codes from the President or his delegated representative. Submarine crews are, of course, supposed to await Presidential orders, but if no orders get through to them, or if they choose to revise or ignore them, they are physically able to go ahead on their own and launch their missiles. The Minuteman crews have a "fail-safe" mechanism whereby the lack of orders prevents them from firing if the communications system fails. The "fail-deadly" firing mechanism for the submarines works the opposite way.

This is not to say that a solitary submarine commander could decide on his own to start a nuclear war. "Without proper authority, it would take a coalition of a good number of people within a submarine to fire a submarine-launched ballistic missile, particularly with the warhead activated," Vice Admiral Gerald Miller, a former deputy director of the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff, told a congressional panel in 1976—one of the few occasions on the public record when this subject has been discussed.

Still, some experts think that direct Presidential control, in the form of coded electronic locks, should be imposed on the submarines. The need for this, they say, is underscored by the destructive capability represented by the typical Poseidon submarine. These mainstays of the current United States fleet carry a hundred and sixty warheads apiece. Richard Garwin, a physicist at I.B.M. and a defense consultant, told me that he has repeatedly urged the installation of electronic locks on nuclear submarines but has met with considerable institutional resistance. "Navy commanders take it as a matter of pride that they are gentlemen, like the British, and that therefore they ought to be trusted to follow orders and launch their nuclear weapons—and not launch them otherwise," he explained.

The Navy's pride notwithstanding, the major practical question about installing physical controls has to do with the availability of reliable methods for transmitting Presidential orders to submarines on patrol in the ocean depths—a complicated feat, for most radio and other signals cannot penetrate very far into seawater. Besides, it is argued that the autonomy given to the submarines is needed to assure retaliation in the event that neither the President nor another official is able to get a message through. The submarine commanders, this argument goes, must simply be trusted to follow the contingency plans that have been laid down to cover such a circumstance—plans that are not, it appears, very specific. If submarine commanders are unable to receive transmissions, one official explained, "their orders are to go ahead in the absence of orders to do whatever they want."

If there is to be a coördinated United States retaliatory strike—not just the random firing of submarine missiles—some kind of chain of command must survive the Soviet attack. Most members of the senior military command live and work in the Washington area or in other fixed sites

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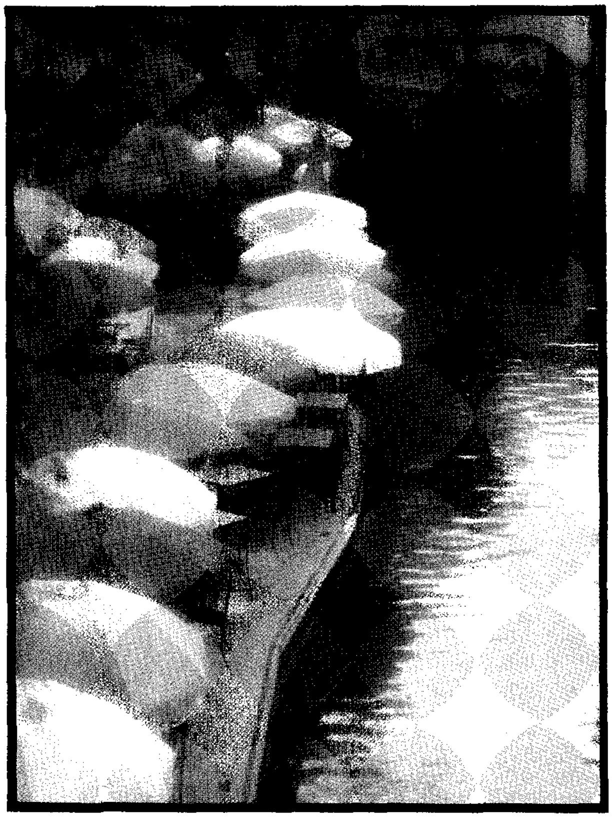

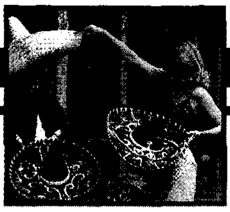

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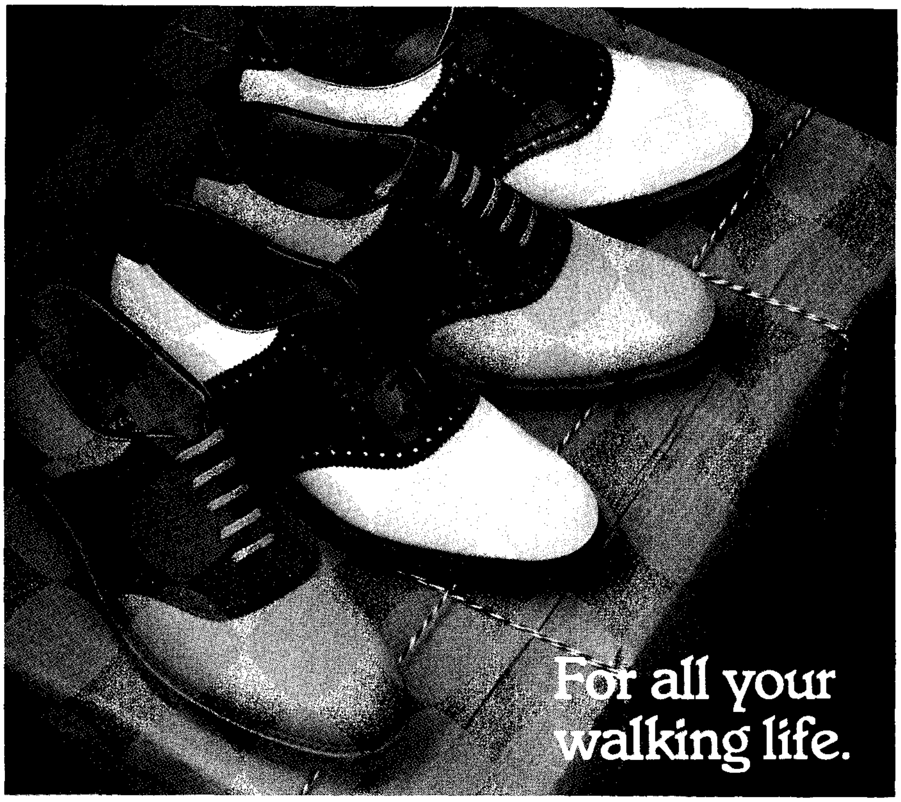

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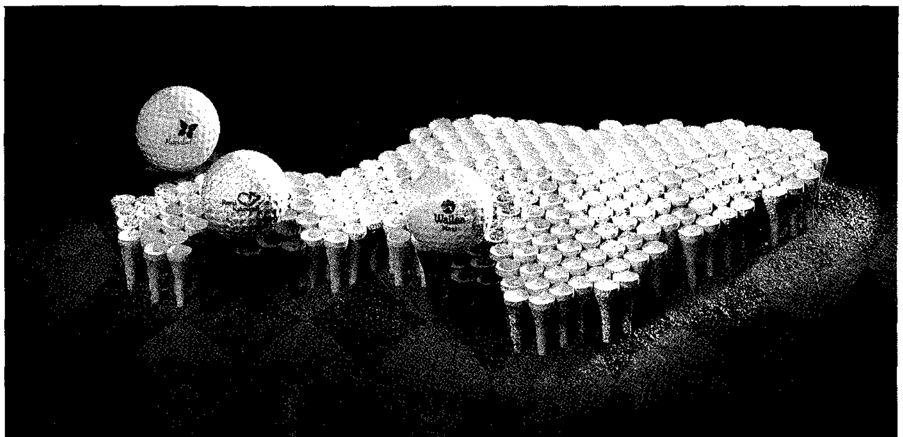

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known to the Soviets—while responsibility may be delegated to them, or assumed by them, it's not clear that they would survive long enough to use it.

General Davis, for example, works at Offutt Air Force Base, in Nebraska, and also lives on the base. SAC does have a three-story Underground Command Center there, but it was never intended to survive a direct attack. It is under the front lawn of the main SAC headquarters building, and its floor is a mere forty-six feet from the surface. Although it can be sealed off to protect those inside from radioactive fallout, it cannot protect them from the blast of a weapon targeted directly at Offutt. General Davis can, it is true, choose to leave his headquarters and board his own flying command post, which, he explained, is held in reserve for him. "I have various options that I can exercise, and one of those, of course, is to go aloft, to command SAC from aloft," he said. "However, I have, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, a general officer airborne in the Looking Glass, the airborne command post, and one of the functions of that general officer is to survive to command the SAC forces and to receive and carry out, pass on and carry out, orders from the National Command Authorities."

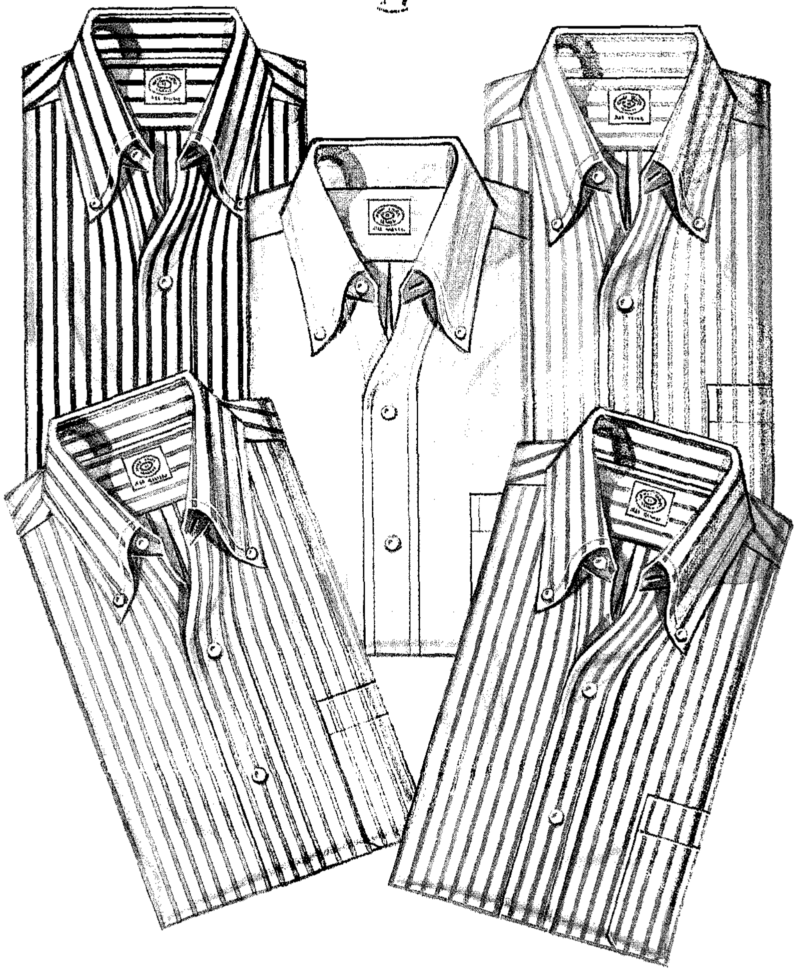
What General Davis did not say was that he or the general in command of Looking Glass could, according to Raymond Tate's unusually explicit account of the delegation process, himself assume the role of the National Command Authorities. "So if all else goes, the airborne commands can take over and be the central authority, with all the capabilities—CINCSAC, Looking Glass, etc.," Tate said. CINCSAC is Pentagonese for the commander-in-chief of SAC—who is currently General Davis.

At the moment, the main United States hope for preserving centralized control hinges on the airplane that General Davis mentioned: the SAC airborne command post, code-named Looking Glass. William Perry told Congress in January, 1979, that "nearly all" the United States strategic command-and-control systems would be lost after a nuclear attack, and that the United States would be "totally dependent" on its airborne command capabilities. When the limitations of SAC's airborne command post are considered, it becomes clear why SAC prefers, for planning purposes, to prepare itself for preëmptive attacks on the Soviet Union rather than to depend on orders from this flying command post.

EVERY eight hours, an EC-135 takes off from Offutt Air Force Base, or, sometimes, from Ellsworth Air Force Base, in South Dakota, on a Looking Glass mission. The jet, a specially modified Boeing 707 that is almost windowless, carries a United States Air Force general, a battle staff, operations officers, and communications officers. They relieve a similar crew in a similar plane that has been flying in an undisclosed pattern above the Midwest and will land only after its replacement is in the air. These flights have been going on continuously since February 3, 1961.

If the Soviet Union were to launch a surprise attack on the United States, the general riding in Looking Glass might well become the doomsday officer, responsible for giving United States missile and bomber forces the order to retaliate, because other important command posts could be so easily wiped out in an opening Soviet salvo. SAC will not officially confirm that the Looking Glass commander has been invested with such potential independent authority, but it does acknowledge that the plane is "the first place command goes if SAC goes away." Officials also state that Looking Glass has all the means to "build, process, and disseminate an emergency-action message," and that it "has the authentication codes required to do that." The essential documents are kept in a double-locked fire-engine-red steel "clacker box"—named for the sound of an alarm that goes off when this safe is opened. The general in command and the chief of the airborne battle staff hold the keys.

A documentary film produced a few years ago in coöperation with the Air Force included a simulation of how Looking Glass would carry out the part of its assignment which has been described in public: relaying Presidential orders. (Some of the footage was used in the ABC film "The Day After.") The officer in command, Brigadier General C. R. Autery, did not ham it up for the cameras but looked calm, even a bit bored, as he acted out the role of conferring with his aides and passing on to the forces their instructions for going to war. He showed no more emotion in ordering a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union than the average person might display



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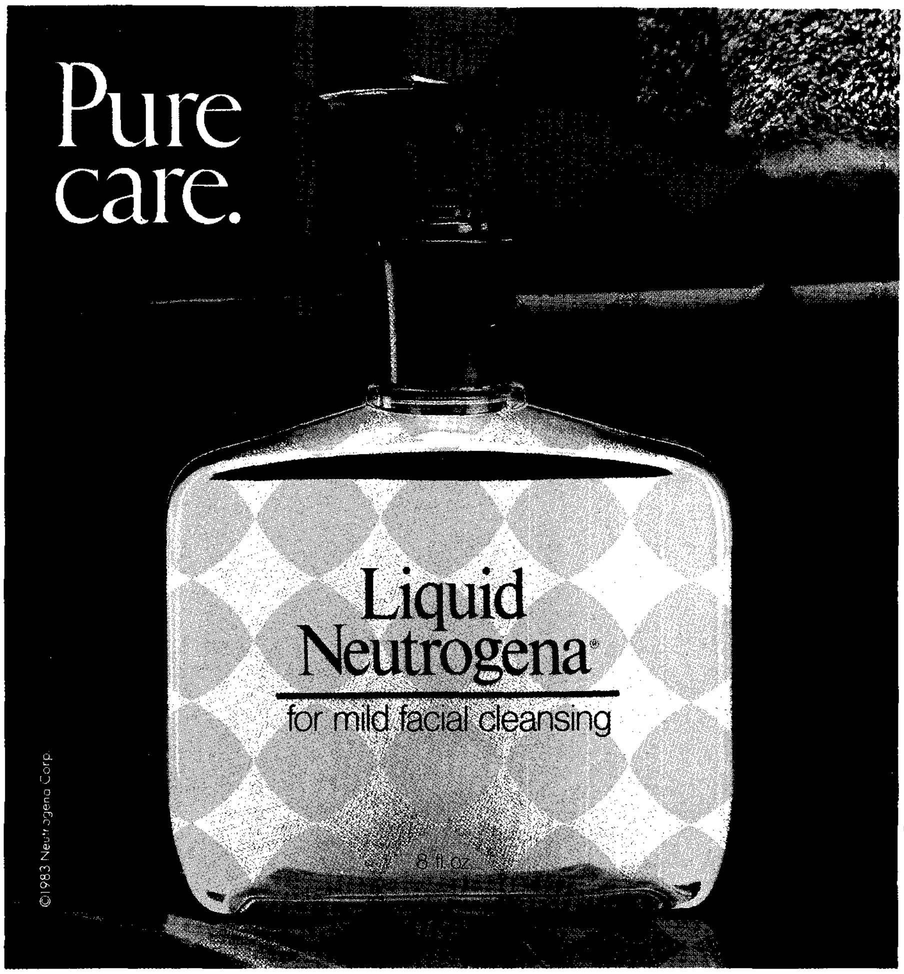

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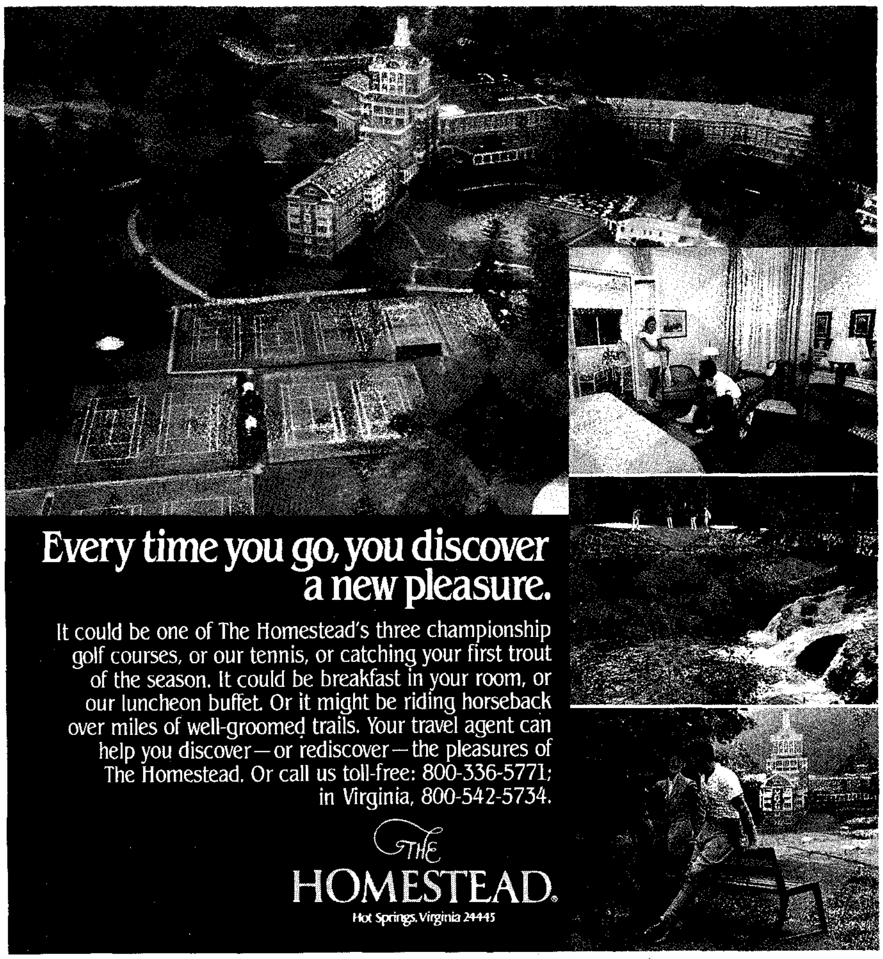

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in ordering a pizza. Actual combat conditions, though, would create more tension. Having been given an unclassified briefing on board one of the standby Looking Glass planes recently, I suspect that the general on duty would be gravely concerned about his ability to keep in contact with the country's nuclear forces and with its surviving military and political leaders. This was suggested to me in a number of homely ways, most notably when members of the battle staff mentioned in passing a problem they have had with one of their critical radio antennas—it sometimes falls off.

Current hardware problems aside, even perfect communications gear would not resolve the crew's most immediate quandary once a nuclear war had begun: the lack of informed people with whom to talk. The crew would be included in the conference call in which the commander of the North American Aerospace Defense Command would announce his attack assessment, if he had enough data to make one. The plane crew would be totally dependent on NORAD's Cheyenne Mountain Complex, near Colorado Springs, for this information; it could not carry out an independent evaluation of the nature and extent of an ongoing Soviet attack. Looking Glass has no direct tie-in with the early-warning satellites. Nor can it get data directly from the radars in the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System. The only information that Looking Glass would have from any of these sensors would be what had been relayed to it from NORAD, SAC headquarters, or other vulnerable ground stations. Once the ground stations were destroyed—and this could happen very quickly in an attack—those on board would have no reliable means of assessing what was happening to the United States; Looking Glass would be operating blind.

In theory, Looking Glass would have four methods of launching the Minuteman missiles. First, it could transmit emergency-action messages to the hundred underground launch-control centers. Looking Glass could tell the officers in charge of those centers which planned attack option to execute, and the officers would then fire the missiles at the prescribed targets. It would not be necessary to send a hundred different sets of instructions. A single emergency-action message—"Execute Plan X," for example—would suffice, since the decoding process would tell each pair of launch-control officers receiving it what Plan X meant for them. One launch-control center, according to the plan, might have to launch all its missiles; other launch-control centers might not have to do anything. Second, SAC has an airborne launch-control system—a fleet of launch-control planes, of which Looking Glass is the flagship, so to speak—to provide a backup to the underground launch-control centers. Looking Glass could give these airborne command planes the order to fire their assigned missiles. This method would be available only if there had been enough warning time to get the planes aloft before they could be destroyed on the ground—in a surprise attack by Soviet submarine-launched missiles, say. The airborne launch-control-system planes are routinely kept on standby at Ellsworth Air Force Base and other SAC bases—not in the air. Third, Looking Glass could fire the Minuteman missiles all by itself. It could do so by sending coded ultra-high-frequency (UHF) radio signals directly to a special cone-shaped UHF receiving antenna installed next to each Minuteman silo. (This is also the method that would be used by the planes of the airborne launch-control system.) Finally, Looking Glass could fire the rockets that belong to the Emergency Rocket Communications System (ERCS). These are a set of Minuteman missiles at Whiteman Air Force Base. Instead of warheads, their nose cones carry UHF radio transmitters. The transmitters could broadcast a programmed launch order for thirty minutes or so after they were boosted into a suborbital trajectory. The order, broadcast over two UHF frequencies, could be picked up by all launch-control centers and all SAC bases. The ERCS installation is one of the oddest elements of the whole command system. The rockets have been put in what the Pentagon believes to be a highly vulnerable, fixed location—one of the Minuteman missile fields. In the standard attack scenarios, these missile fields are considered to be among the first things that would go. Desmond Ball said that he was astonished by the decision to place the communications rockets at Whiteman. After all, he said, it would be an easy matter to equip every satellite that the United States government launched with a simple device that could be activated to carry an emergency-action message to all United States military bases. Satellites in high orbits face none of the risks of imminent assault that the

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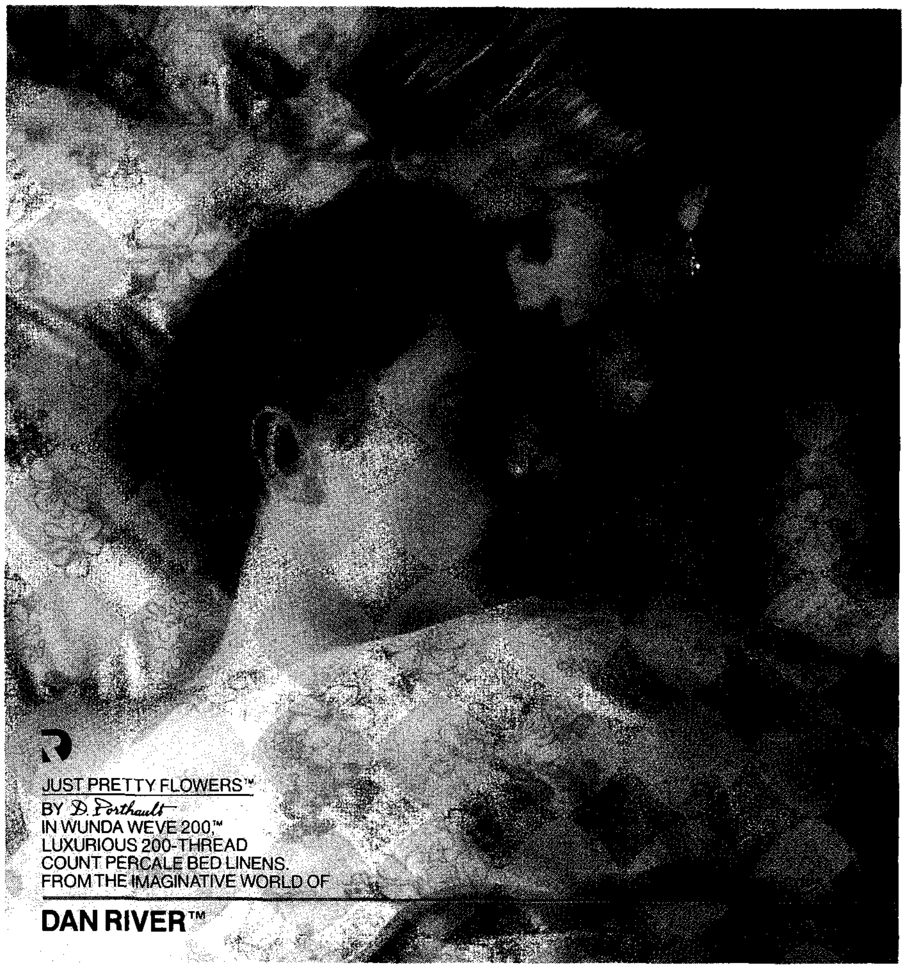
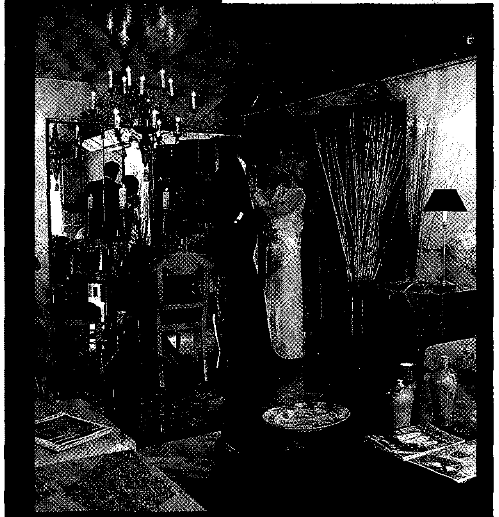
present emergency rockets are exposed to. With such obvious ways of arranging for the smooth transmission of orders, Ball said, it was really quite bizarre to be dependent on "silly, gimmicky" arrangements such as communications rockets based where they were most likely to be destroyed.

In addition to ordering the firing of the Minuteman force, Looking Glass could send messages to SAC bombers and transmit instructions to the Navy's TACAMO (for "Take Charge and Move Out") planes, which would relay them to the submarines. Since the TACAMO planes are seldom in a position from which they can reach the entire submarine fleet, the link between Looking Glass and the subs is tenuous. The connection between the SAC airborne command post and the bomber fleet is also problematical. When the bombers enter the Arctic region, they are supposed to get orders on what is called the SAC Green Pine network. This consists of radio beacons set out in a chain extending from Adak, in the Aleutians, to Keflavík, Iceland. Looking Glass can feed messages into the Green Pine beacons, but the beacons themselves can be destroyed fairly easily—the Soviets could home in on their emissions—and, besides, they are capable of only relatively short-range message transmission.

As a backup, Looking Glass could relay messages to the bombers by using a cumbersome procedure referred to as a "handoff." According to the SIOP, schedules have been arranged for SAC bombers to take off from their various bases and head in a line down their various assigned attack corridors. Looking Glass could pass orders to one of the auxiliary airborne command posts, which would relay them to the last bomber to take off from each base. The bomber at the end of each line would pass the orders on to the bomber ahead of it, which would do the same, and thus the orders would finally be delivered all the way up to the lead plane. The handoff would work only as long as the bombers remained within radio range of one another, and as long as the last bomber was close enough to Looking Glass or one of its auxiliaries. This would put considerable time pressure on Looking Glass to issue its orders. SAC has recognized the need for a better means of communicating with its bombers.

There are important safety catches in the delegation of authority to Looking Glass. The general in charge of





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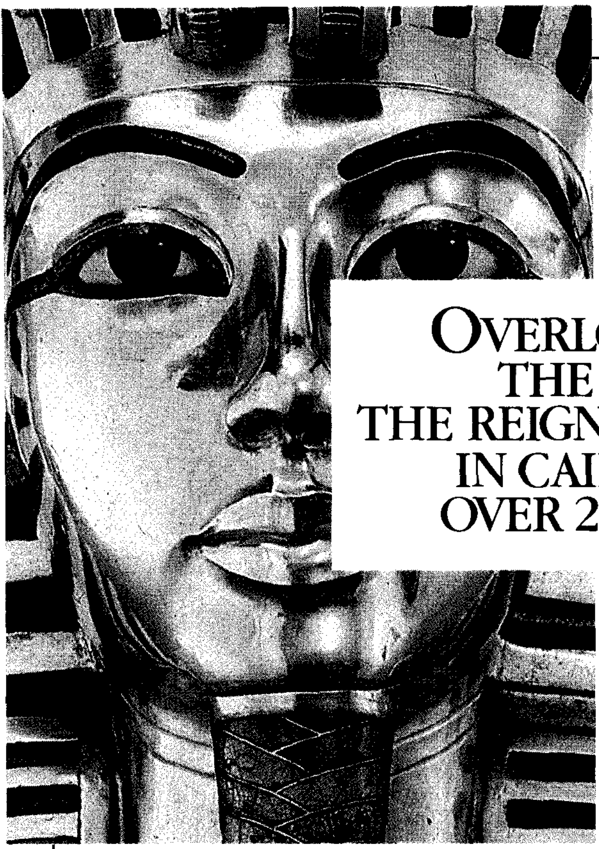
Looking Glass cannot issue emergency-action messages on his own. The battle staff on board is divided into two separate teams, to make sure that the two-man rule applies. And, as on a submarine, the rest of the crew must coöperate in sending orders to the launch-control centers or directly to the missile silos. (The pilot, for example, has a switch that has to be turned on before the battle staff in the rear of the plane can transmit emergency orders.)

Moreover, should Looking Glass want to send a launch order to the silos—bypassing the launch-control centers—further physical safeguards would come into play. The firing mechanism installed in the silos would not allow Looking Glass to fire at will. The principal safety feature is a "hold-off switch"—a device that would prevent any of the launch-control planes from gaining access to the firing mechanism unless the two SAC officers in the launch-control center agreed to grant this or had become isolated from the silos assigned to them. In routine peacetime circumstances, the hold-off switch is always on, but in a major crisis it would be turned off. This could happen in two ways. The officers in the launch-control center could be ordered to turn off the switch and to hand over control to Looking Glass and the other airborne control planes; the trigger aboard Looking Glass would then be "set." The hold-off switch also has a timer, and if the launch-control center should be destroyed or its link to the silos severed the timer would automatically allow Looking Glass, after a predetermined period, to take over.

WHETHER any of the means available to Looking Glass for launching missiles would actually work depends on the performance of the communications systems that are stuffed into every cranny of the plane. Like any airplane, Looking Glass depends heavily on standard radio equipment for both transmitting and receiving messages. It has a broader range of frequencies, however, and it can also use the Air Force Satellite Communications System, or AFSATCOM. To issue an emergency-action message, Looking Glass would use several frequencies simultaneously. "We shotgun the message on all available communications systems," one battle-staff leader said. This is prudent, since all the radio frequencies available have inherent limitations, and once nuclear



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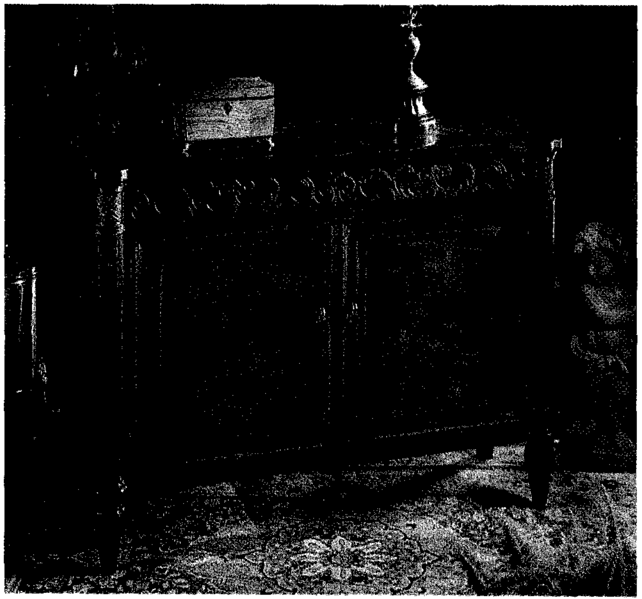

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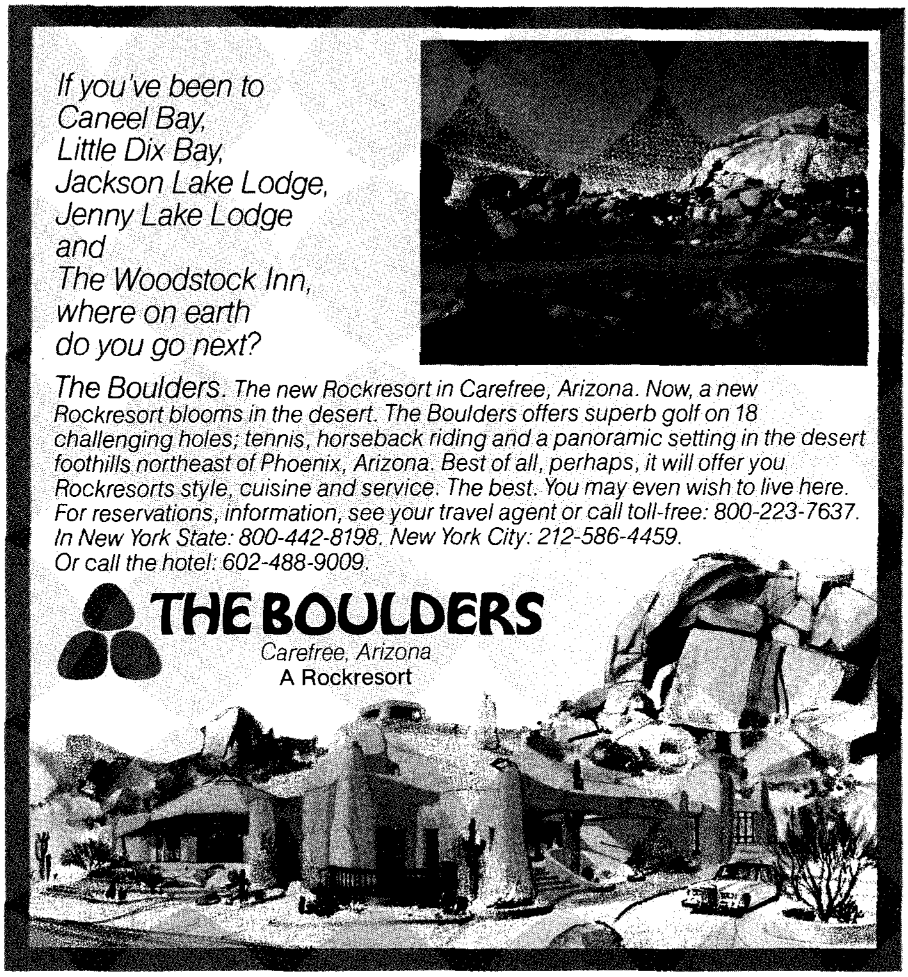
weapons had started to detonate over the United States further complications with radio transmission and reception would arise.

With standard VHF and UHF channels—the kind used by television stations and commercial aircraft, for example—one problem is their range. These radio signals go in a straight line, and for anything beyond the horizon—which is only a few hundred miles away from a plane flying at the altitude assigned to Looking Glass—other modes of communication must be used. For long-distance transmission on a day-to-day basis, Looking Glass relies on four "ground entry points." These are relay stations, operated by A.T. & T., in Lyons, Nebraska; Fairview, Kansas; Hillsboro, Missouri; and Lamar, Colorado. They take the radio messages from Looking Glass and pass them along over commercial telephone lines that are leased by the military; and they broadcast messages up to Looking Glass from everyone else tied in to the defense communications system.

If a Soviet attack should occur, the four ground entry points used by Looking Glass would be prime targets—as would the few dozen other switching centers that handle the bulk of United States military communications. (These are conducted almost entirely over leased commercial lines.) If they were destroyed, the plane would have to fall back on more cumbersome means of communication. Looking Glass could still use standard radio frequencies, but it would be obliged to rely on SAC radio-relay planes to pick up its messages and retransmit them across the country. These planes are supposed to keep Looking Glass in touch with the scattered SAC missile and bomber bases and with the Pentagon, NORAD, and Kneecap. This message route also has its potential problems, such as the difficulty of getting the relay planes into the air before they were destroyed on the ground—none of them are normally kept in the air—and making sure they stay in range to pick up and rebroadcast messages to and from Looking Glass.

The conventional radio frequencies available to Looking Glass suffer from a further weakness: some of them are easily blacked out by nuclear detonations. This was one of the lessons learned from the atmospheric nuclear-weapons tests of the nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties. If a few one-megaton weapons—the size car-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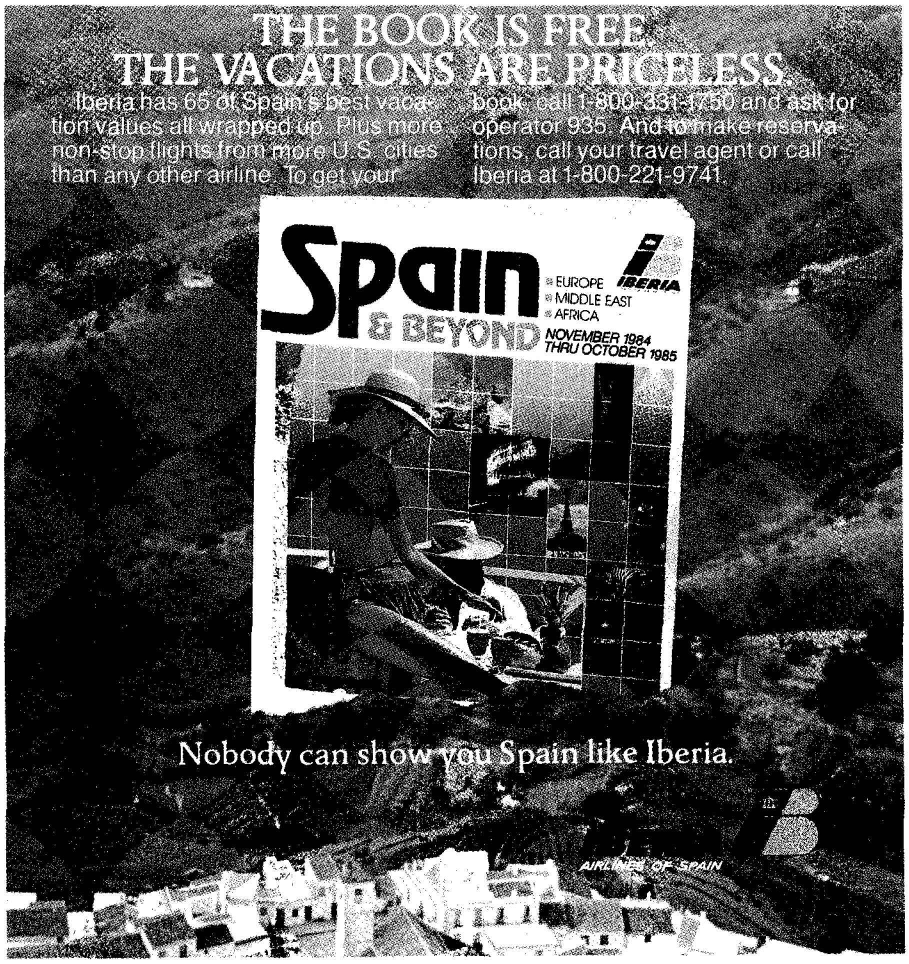
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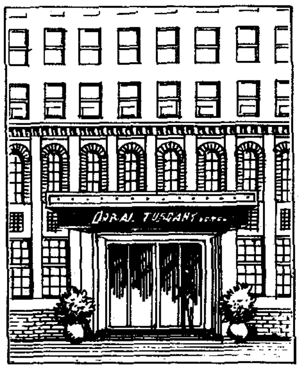
ried by typical Soviet ICBMs—should be detonated two hundred miles above the United States, they would block high-frequency transmission for hours. The test designated Starfish Prime, which took place on July 9, 1962, detonated one such warhead above Johnston Island, in the South Pacific; it cut off high-frequency transmission across the Pacific, all the way from Australia and Japan to the West Coast of the United States, for twenty to forty minutes. A barrage of such weapons, fired at intervals, could extend the blackout of these frequencies for as long as the attacker wanted.

Higher frequencies, such as UHF, are less susceptible to blackout, but relying on them presents other difficulties. For one thing, since these frequencies can be used only for short-range (line-of-sight) transmissions, only a fraction of the Minuteman force and the SAC bomber bases around the country are within direct range of Looking Glass and the airborne-launch-control-system planes at any given time. UHF transmissions between Looking Glass and those planes and between Looking Glass, Kneecap, NORAD, and the Pentagon are dependent on the proper deployment of the radio-relay planes. UHF communications also depend on the ability of the launch-control centers to receive messages on these frequencies. The centers are supposed to have survivable UHF antennas for this purpose. The antennas are normally kept below ground, inside a pipe, and can be raised and unfurled, like an umbrella, when they are needed; keeping them withdrawn would protect them against nearby nuclear blasts. Because such explosions would cover the area with dirt and debris, the antennas are attached to heavy detonator-controlled springs that could push them up through whatever might be on top. In some tests, however, the springs that raise these pop-up antennas have proved so strong that the antennas have frequently been not just thrust up a few feet into position but accidentally launched. The antennas are not tested often, because too many of them get lost.

UHF transmissions from Looking Glass can also reach Kneecap via the Air Force Satellite Communications System. In addition, this is a way for the plane to keep in touch with the SAC B-52 bombers, which now have AFSATCOM receivers. (These devices are one of the improvements being made to overcome the problems with the "handoff" arrangement.) The satellites are orbiting message repeaters—devices that receive signals from one source and retransmit them automatically. However, the AFSATCOM satellites are susceptible to Soviet jamming; they do not incorporate sophisticated anti-jamming protective equipment. Also, the AFSATCOM receivers on the ground at various SAC bases would be unlikely to survive an initial Soviet attack.

The unavailability of high-frequency radio and satellite communications would force Looking Glass to rely on various backups, such as VLF (very-low-frequency) transmissions. The plane's VLF antenna is the one that occasionally falls off. It does so not from anyone's carelessness or by chance but because a physical strain is put on it when it is deployed. The antenna is a heavy, copper-jacketed steel wire that is twenty-eight thousand feet—more than five miles—long and weighs almost a ton. When it is needed, it is unreeled behind the plane, attached to a stabilizing drogue, which is intended to keep it from whiplashing around. Following a nuclear attack, it would be a critical part of what is called the Survivable Low Frequency Communications System. Connected to a powerful transmitter aboard the plane, it broadcasts long radio waves that can travel thousands of miles. It is very difficult for an enemy to jam such signals—another advantage over conventional frequencies. Unfortunately, it is hard to fly the plane with such a heavy antenna trailing behind. Because of the considerable drag that the antenna creates, even when it is only partly unreeled the plane must maintain straight and level flight or make only very gradual turns, in order to keep the antenna stable. If it does start to whiplash, it can pull itself loose, or the crew may be forced to cut it. (The co-pilot and the wire operator have devices for doing this.) Air turbulence, which can cause the wire to become uncontrollable, is the most frequent reason for the loss of the antenna. The plane does not carry a spare.

Despite all its problems, the VLF antenna is important to the present communications capability of the plane. It might be the last-ditch method of conveying orders to the launch-control centers, each of which has a buried VLF receiver. It would also be an important means of keeping in touch with the Navy's TACAMO aircraft and with the B-52 bomber



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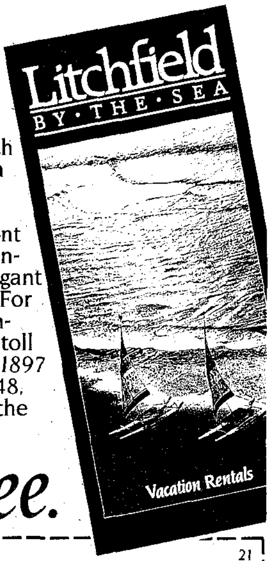

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force (which is being outfitted with VLF receivers). However, unlike high-frequency transmissions, which can convey a great deal of information in a short time, slow speed is an unavoidable characteristic of VLF transmissions. "It could conceivably take twenty minutes to send the kind of messages we're talking about," a SAC communications officer said. Even then, the Soviets could try to jam the broadcasts. "We can beat Soviet VLF jamming, but we have to reduce the data rate," one expert noted. "We have to repeat ourselves. For example, the message 'ABC' would have to be sent 'A-A-A-A-A-A, B-B-B-B-B-B, C-C-C-C-C-C.'" Since Looking Glass has only one VLF antenna, and since each transmission might take several minutes, the time required to broadcast a comprehensive message to the forces on these frequencies could be appreciable. Such delays would create a critical problem if, as the Pentagon assumes in many of its scenarios, the Minuteman force and the launch-control centers were vulnerable to Soviet SS-18s. In that case, the missiles and the command centers could be destroyed before VLF launch orders got through.

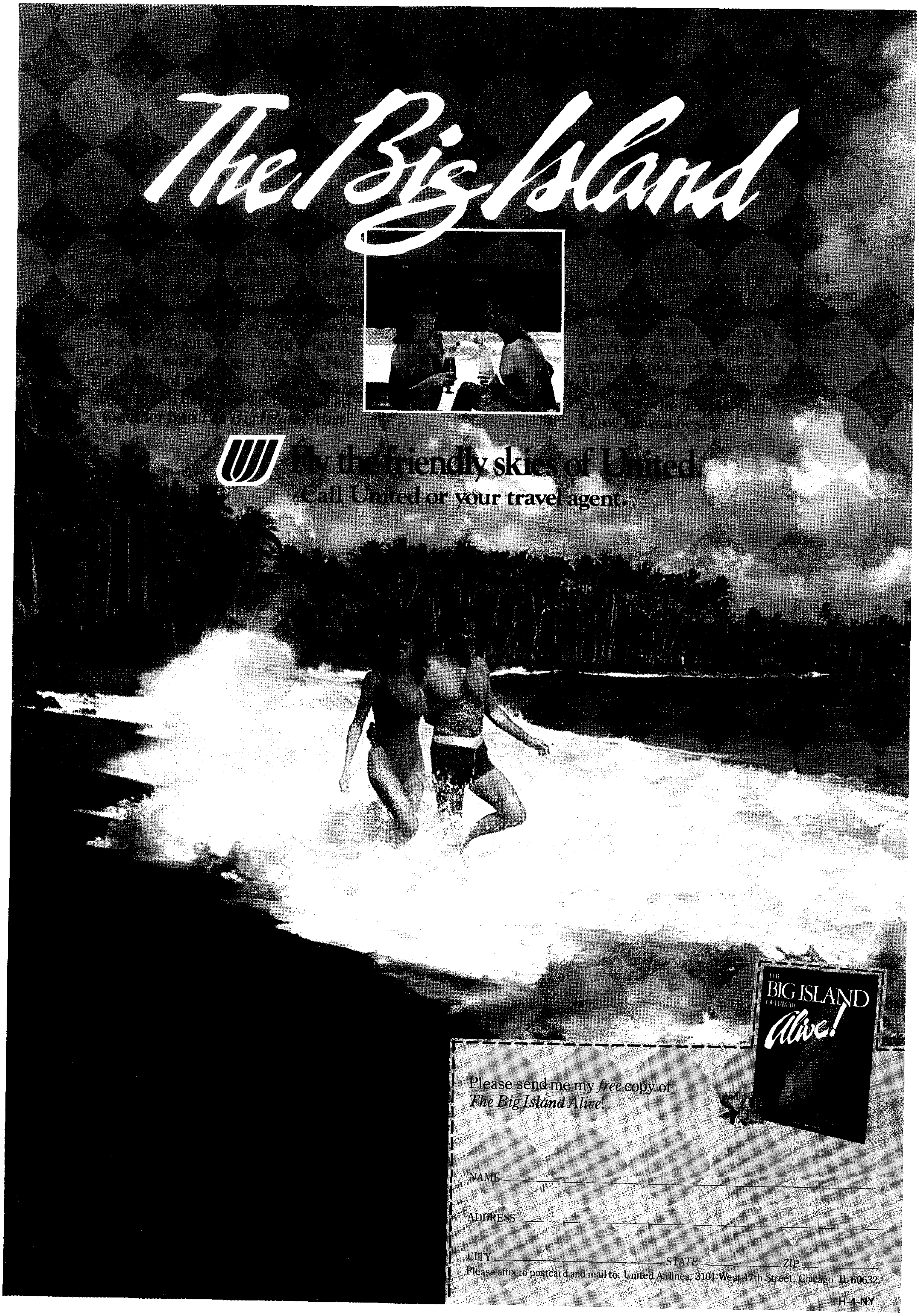
LOOKING GLASS, according to all the studies of the present command system, is the command post most likely to survive a surprise attack. The plane's mobility and its secret flight pattern obviously help make it more difficult to destroy than any of the fixed headquarters. Still, there are questions about how long it could remain in the air following a nuclear attack on the United States.

One question involves the dust and debris that would be sent into the air by Soviet nuclear detonations. To destroy hardened underground Minuteman silos, the Soviet warheads would have to go off close to the ground, within a few hundred feet of their targets. Those ground bursts would send billions of pounds of soil into the air, creating the kind of atmospheric pollution associated with large volcanic eruptions. Jet-aircraft engines cannot operate if they ingest such debris. Commercial-airline traffic had to be diverted from a large region downwind of Mount St. Helens after it erupted in 1980; and the dust in the atmosphere after nuclear detonations would create a comparable problem for Looking Glass and the other planes of the airborne launch-control system. The dust problem could be reduced to some extent by keeping Looking Glass and the other planes upwind of the Minuteman bases. But this would mean that the UHF radio signals—their only means of directly launching Minuteman missiles—might not reach the silos.

In any event, dust from the ground bursts is not the only phenomenon that could knock Looking Glass out of the sky. More direct means of attacking the plane might be used. The plane flies at an altitude of between twenty-six thousand and forty thousand feet, and since commercial airliners also use this part of the airspace, it is necessary, in order to avoid collisions, for Looking Glass to be under the supervision of the civilian air-traffic-control system. Members of the battle staff explained to me that they have to check in with the air-traffic-control stations along their route, doing so over radio frequencies that anyone can monitor. Simple radio direction-finding equipment can therefore be used to locate the plane. The plane also appears on the air-traffic-control-system radar screens, and anyone with access to those can learn its position.

If the Soviets know where Looking Glass is, they could target it as part of an attack on the entire United States command system. According to Richard Garwin, the Soviets could barrage the region where they believed Looking Glass to be with missiles; each weapon fired could destroy any plane within ten miles or so of its detonation point. If the Soviets acquired the ability to retarget their warheads in flight—using a satellite that was monitoring Looking Glass to direct the warheads against it—the chances of destroying the plane would be even greater. "I do not believe that military command posts in aircraft provide survivability," Garwin said. "Putting command and control in an airplane, as in Vietnam, enhances the status of pilots, but it does not do the job as well as mobile ground-based command posts."

Looking Glass can fly for eleven hours on its normal fuel supply—half the plane's gross weight at takeoff is fuel—and it can be refuelled in the air, by tanker aircraft, to extend its flight time to between thirty-six and seventy-two hours, after which its engines would eventually fail for lack of oil. The Pentagon's recent studies of how to fight a protracted nuclear war noted this problem and others, such as the lack of any real plan for what to do when Looking Glass had to land. Finding an airport that was neither



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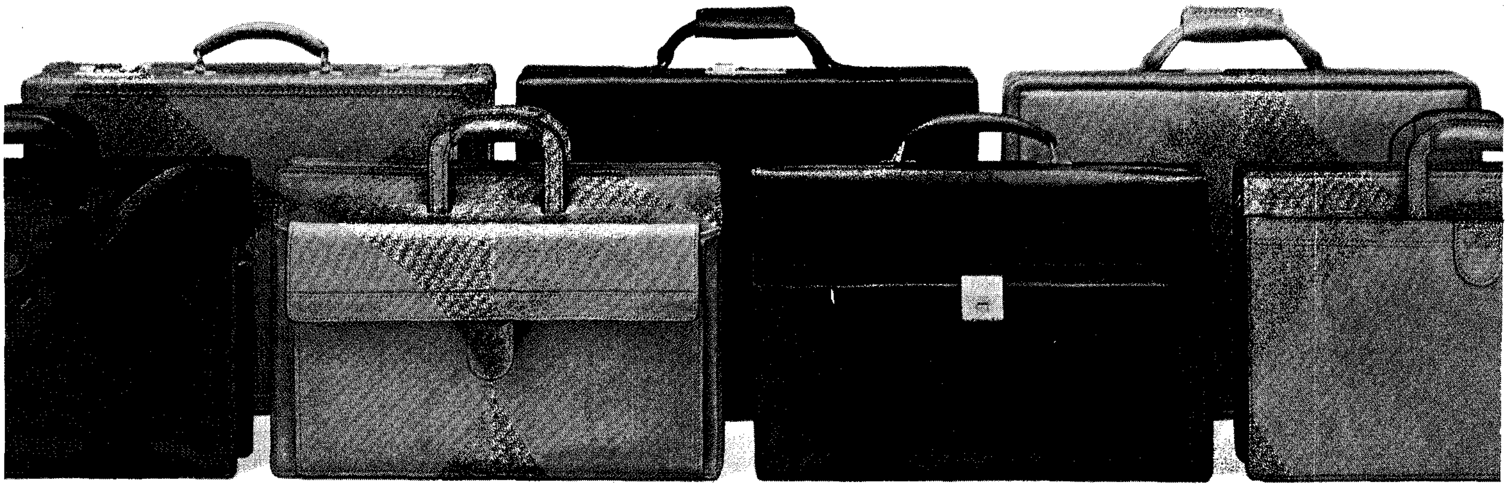

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destroyed nor covered with fallout would be one difficulty, and another would be the unavailability of auxiliary power supplies to keep the plane functioning. Finding a method for relaying long-distance messages would be still another, since the plane's long VLF antenna, for example, is designed for use only in the air.

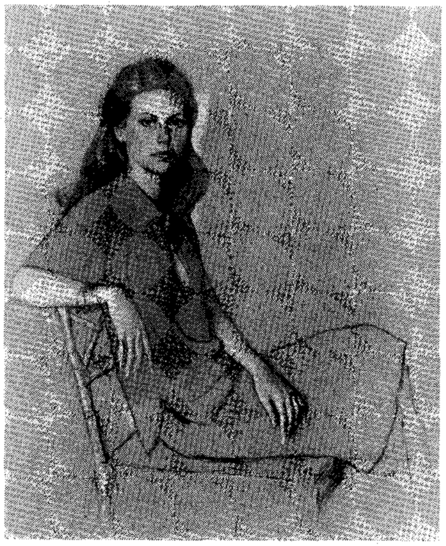
Indeed, when all its potential problems in communicating are taken into account, Looking Glass might lose its ability to transmit orders as quickly as fifteen minutes after the enemy attack began—the time it would take the Soviets to knock out the ground installations on which it depends. The plane might survive longer than the fixed command posts, but it could order a retaliatory attack on the Soviet Union only during the brief grace period before its communications capability disappeared. Thus, having this plane in the air does not alter the hair-trigger posture of the United States command system. Nor does it provide a means of controlling the rapid escalation of a nuclear war. On the contrary. One study of the Looking Glass mission concluded, "The predicament of being trapped in an aircraft that cannot return to the ground without inviting destruction almost guarantees that the general will order attacks with everything in his power before landing."

Looking Glass, it is important to note, has no tie-in with the hot line to Moscow. The United States terminal for the hot line is in the National Military Command Center. The Soviet terminal is in the Kremlin. Both ends could be severed readily, especially if both sides executed the decapitation maneuvers that they have so carefully planned. No provision for an alternate hot line has been made, yet the current United States strategy of controlled escalation presumes that a nuclear war could somehow be ended on terms favorable to the United States. Some form of contact with the Soviets and some kind of negotiations would have to take place. But who would be able to represent the United States? How would he communicate with the other side? Whom would he talk to? Without a reliable means of carrying out high-speed negotiations, a strategy of controlled escalation has a fundamental problem. "The United States has no business having a war-fighting policy if we have no ability to call it off," one official said. "How do you call off a war? How do you accept the Soviets' surrender? Or give them ours?"

Since Looking Glass, for want of any other surviving central command post, may have to carry out such negotiations as there might be, I asked General Davis how those on board would be able to communicate with the Soviets. "Well, there are many ways," he replied. "Looking Glass has a significant communications capability. It does not have a hot line as the hot line exists today between the National Military Command Center and the Kremlin, but there are many ways to communicate through a series of satellites, so paths could be found, I'm confident. We could get word."

Communications experts are less sanguine. If communications with the Soviets were so easy, there would have been little need for the existing hot line in the first place. Moreover, once both sides had been battered by an attack the communications links within each country, and between each country's forces and its central command posts, would be limited. The prospects for quickly establishing a connection between Looking Glass and Soviet military leaders in some unknown bunker do not appear to be great. In addition, both sides would be fearful that by communicating they might give away the positions of their headquarters and their surviving commanders, thereby facilitating direct attacks upon them. And both sides might be unable to keep their forces under control while carrying on negotiations—for example, to prevent isolated submarine commanders from lashing out.

Without central commands, the United States and Soviet military establishments would be reduced to the status of pea-brained dinosaurs. Each might still have giant thermonuclear claws but no sure means of deciding how to use them, or even of knowing whether they were still there. It seems unreasonable to expect that two essentially headless creatures, in their death throes, would be able to carry on much of a dialogue about how they might conclude hostilities. Yet their ability to negotiate is presumed by the present United States policy of controlled escalation. The policy is exceedingly dangerous, since leaders adhering to it might, in Paul Bracken's words, "end up bumbling into a nuclear war with a vague belief in its controllability." Any United States leaders who think



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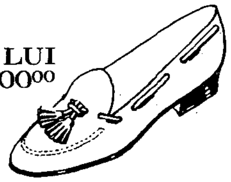

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that a nuclear conflict can somehow be deftly managed—and stopped before it has gone too far—might find it a sobering experience to serve a few missions as VLF antenna operators on Looking Glass.

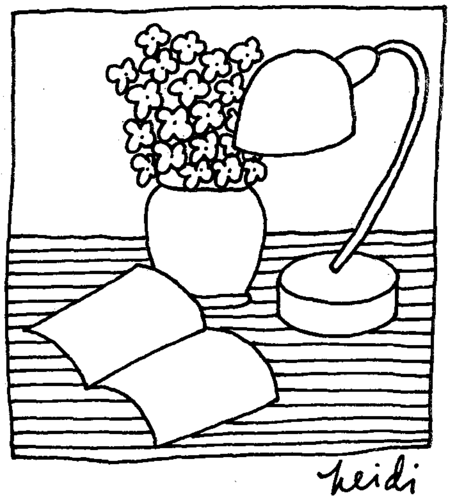
THE present strategic-command-and-control system, one of the Pentagon's senior advisers commented, should be a clue to the military's real thinking about nuclear war. The fact that the apparatus for responding to a Soviet attack has serious flaws is not an indication of colossal incompetence but instead reflects the fact that "at least nine out of ten people in the military-planning system—and I'm talking about the hawks—would say that strategic war wouldn't occur," he said. "That belief affects their thinking on command-and-control requirements." Pentagon priorities, he continued, are determined more by service traditions, technological imperatives, and the natural desire of the military bureaucracy for more money than by any strongly perceived need to prepare for an imminent showdown with the Soviet Union. The Soviets are viewed as a dangerous but cautious adversary, unlikely to make any frontal assault, or even to provoke lesser confrontations that would create the risk of a major war. Why, therefore, should the services cut back their main programs to spend money on command-and-control systems they don't expect to have to use?

There is also a strong military tradition that provides further reason for deëmphasizing the command-and-control systems suitable for striking back at the Soviet Union. Down through the ages, commanders have always favored offense over defense: seizing the initiative rather than ceding it to the enemy; looking for the opportunity to land a Sunday punch instead of waiting for the other side to let go with one. Permitting the United States to be destroyed by the Soviets and then retaliating is a completely unmilitary notion. The common operating premise among United States war planners, therefore, is that the United States would never permit itself to be hit first.

Civilian analysts have said many times that surprise is no longer a factor in the nuclear age. Jacob Viner, who was a professor of economics at the University of Chicago and one of the leading early interpreters of the meaning of the atomic bomb, said in 1945, "The atomic bomb makes surprise an unimportant element of warfare. Retaliation in equal terms is unavoidable, and in this sense the atomic bomb is a war deterrent, a peace-making force." That is not exactly how the military looks at it. Deterrence is accepted, but its acceptance does not rule out pushing the button first in a grave crisis if deterrence wobbles and appears to be failing. The history of conventional conflicts shows that surprise carries with it a large advantage. The effects of a nuclear second strike may seem sufficiently devastating to cancel out the hypothetical advantage in striking the first blow—at least in the minds of many civilians. But this fact, which is supposed to dominate thinking about warfare in the nuclear age, does not reflect the military's established outlook. As George Orwell wrote, "traditions are not killed by facts," and there is, in any event, enough narrow military logic behind the existing first-strike plans that they are unlikely to be abandoned as long as weapons fit for the purpose are in military hands.

In this context, the apparent "defects" in United States retaliatory capability can be seen as a by-product of the military's unstated reliance on the first-strike option that it has always included in the SIOP. Looking Glass has been allowed to have an essential antenna that falls off, and other shoddy arrangements have been tolerated, Desmond Ball said to me, because "down inside, they don't really believe that this stuff's going to be of any use" in the type of war the United States would end up fighting. The Strategic Air Command simply does not plan to be in a retaliatory mode, and if United States leaders want to push the button first they do not need to use cumbersome antennas or other such devices. They can just phone their orders in.

Psychoanalyzing the military is a tricky business. Ball's observations and the speculations of other observers of what happens "down inside" the psyche of the Strategic Air Command can be accepted or ignored. Less readily dismissed is the memo written by General Holloway and other statements by SAC officials on the "tremendous advantage" of striking first. And no one who analyzes the type of missiles being added to the United States arsenal can doubt the offensive role they are designed to play. Weapons with the technical attributes of the MX and the Trident D-5 have an inherent first-strike capability—their accuracy, destructive power, and speed make it possible to carry out pinpoint attacks that would destroy Soviet underground command posts and missile silos before the Soviets would have a chance to act. Once the MX and the D-5 are deployed, later in this decade, they will create an inescapable temptation for the United States, in a dire crisis, to use them before the Soviets use their SS-18s.



The new United States missiles, the Pentagon may argue, are a manifestation of the country's technological prowess, a natural step in missile development, and not the result of any offensive planning. But even if retaliation had originally been the Pentagon's only purpose, means and ends tend to interact. What we become capable of doing we often become interested in doing, and if the military has offensive weapons it is likely to adopt offensive plans. It is clear in this instance, though, that the new missiles are not father to the plans; they will merely make it easier to execute the first-strike option on which SAC has relied for the past three decades.

Thus, the coming together of the diverse factors that influence strategic-war planning—traditional ways of thinking, new weapons technology, and the technical difficulty of launching retaliatory strikes—keeps a first-strike option firmly entrenched in the SIOP. The public, however, is unaware of the nation's dependence on contingency plans for going on the offensive. Congress has not inquired about them. Our Presidents, with few exceptions, have not bothered to probe the details of how the nuclear trigger is set. Everyone leaves the arcane issue of nuclear strategy to the specialists. Discussion and debate on the true nature of the SIOP—and on its dangerous implications—are long overdue.

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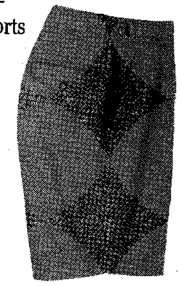

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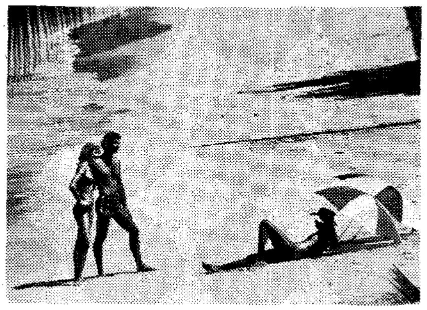
maintain their customary wariness about engaging in direct confrontation, no one in either military establishment will be nervously fingering any buttons. There are, moreover, the layers upon layers of inhibit switches, procedural controls, and other safeguards to quash any unauthorized action or correct any technical glitch that could cause the nuclear-firing mechanism to go off. From a peacetime point of view, the existing command-and-control systems are superbly designed to head off serious nuclear accidents.

There is no fail-safe system, however, to make peace a permanent state of affairs, especially given the extremely vigorous arms race and the anxieties it creates. However clear the sky may seem, storm clouds can gather quickly, and though no one seriously worries about a "bolt from the blue," the two nations must worry about what Churchill called a "bolt from the grey"—a war arising out of a tense situation. Nations, he emphasized, are not simple pieces on a chessboard but more like "planetary bodies" that cannot approach each other "without giving rise to profound magnetic reactions."

In particular, once something happens to make today's leaders sense the danger of an attack, all the peacetime safety catches on their nuclear-firing mechanisms—the precautions from which so much comfort is normally derived—must necessarily be eased. If a nation is in danger, it may have to use its weapons, and it cannot do so if they are totally locked up. As a crisis deepens and safeguards are consecutively, and more or less automatically, removed, each side broadcasts frightening signals to the other. Political leaders on both sides may not want war, but they may be unable to stop each other, or themselves, from pushing the button. Like captains of giant ships, they may be unable to bring their war machines to an immediate halt despite their recognition that they are on a collision course. They may even be forced to decide that, if they must collide, the lesser of two evils is to ram the enemy at full speed.

In addition, as leaders weigh the decision to attack, the new missile-guidance technology that is available—and that permits United States and Soviet missiles with an inherent first-strike capability to be deployed—will put a thumb on the scale. For the choice between using one's own first-strike weapons and waiting for the



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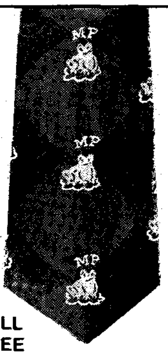

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other side to use its is not, in military terms, one that calls for extended deliberation. The only question in such an unstable situation would be who would fire first.

The tremendous drawbacks of depending on an offensive nuclear strategy and on nuclear forces with inherent first-strike roles do not appear to have registered in the minds of Pentagon planners. The technocracy focusses mainly on deploying the latest gadgetry, and fails to see—sometimes does not wish to see—the larger implications. It is routine for the weapons-procurement bureaucracy to exploit every new advance in strategic-missile design that comes along. But the business-as-usual approach to missile development results in an over-all strategic posture that has terrifying flaws. No one, if he were asked, would recommend a posture that encourages both sides to make first strikes in a crisis—presumably this is exactly what everyone wants to prevent—yet this is the net result of the current SIOP and the plans to deploy the MX and D-5 missiles.

The Soviets, to be sure, have acted in a similar manner in formulating their war plans and building up their nuclear arsenal. Scholars of their military doctrine find ample evidence that the Soviets also favor an offensive strategy over one of pure deterrence. They are just as vigorous in keeping up with the technological advances that give their missiles a first-strike capability. The Soviets are by no means innocent victims of United States strategic machinations; through the correspondingly provocative strategic posture they maintain, they are full partners with United States war planners in creating the conditions that will pull the rug out from under mutual deterrence in the event of a major confrontation.

The United States and the Soviet Union could take decisive measures to extricate themselves from the present war plans and war machines that could propel them into an unintended nuclear war. Neither side's military leaders are going to submit to lobotomies that stop them from thinking in traditional terms about the advantages of first strikes. Arms-control negotiations that curb deployment of first-strike weapons, on the other hand, can moot the issue: they can get rid of the tools that make offensive action an attractive and potentially feasible alternative in a crisis.

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not bungled the SALT I treaty negotiations, and had included a ban on multiple independent reëntry vehicles, or MIRVs, this goal would already have been largely achieved. (Without MIRVs, neither side could aim several warheads at each of its opponent's missile silos and deliver, at least in theory, a successful knockout blow against the other's ICBM force.) Still, it is not too late to try to change course. An agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union that phased out MIRVed ICBMs and replaced them with single-warhead missiles would be a giant step in defusing current first-strike war plans.

Even without formal arms-control agreements, the United States could, with great benefit to itself, back off from its provocative strategic posture. It is feasible to do this without waiting for any new technology or arms-control breakthroughs. Our nuclear submarines, with their clumsy (but nevertheless effective) fail-deadly communications system, offer today and for the foreseeable future an invulnerable retaliatory force, which can negate any military advantage the Soviets might hope to derive from attacking the United States in a crisis. A SIOP that put the priority on submarine attack-response plans would provide a basis for the deterrent posture most consistent with long-term United States security. At present, however, the deterrent value of submarines is undermined not by any Soviet action but by our own ill-conceived policies. The priority assigned in the SIOP to using ICBMs in a preëmptive attack encourages the Soviets to do the same. This option must be stricken from the war plan, and the Soviets must be given plain evidence that it has been. To demonstrate the switch to a purely retaliatory SIOP, the United States' fixed, land-based Minuteman missiles with multiple warheads must be phased out and replaced—if at all—only by mobile, single-warhead missiles that do not pose a first-strike threat. A second factor undermining stable deterrence is the plan to deploy the D-5 missile on future Trident submarines. This program, which converts the submarines into potential first-strike weapons, must be cancelled if there is to be any hope of preserving the major contribution that submarines can make to maintaining the peace.

It may seem paradoxical that getting rid of some of our most advanced weapons is the best way to improve our security, but it is the only way to preserve mutual deterrence in major crises. We must learn to see that we cannot feel safe from Soviet attack in a crisis unless the Soviets feel safe from attack by us, and that first-strike weapons will not deter them but only provoke them. As Professor Roger Fisher, director of the Harvard Negotiation Project, at the Harvard Law School, has observed, the United States and the Soviet Union have to remember that they are in the same boat when it comes to a nuclear showdown. "You can think of that physically," he added. "There is no way that we can make our end of the boat safer by making the other end more likely to tip over." Thus, removing first-strike weapons from our arsenal is by no means a gratuitous concession to the Soviets. It is a necessary step to keep both them and us from drowning.

A further step toward rectifying the weaknesses in the United States deterrent would be to build a more robust command-and-control system, and so eliminate a weakness that could make the Soviets think there was much to gain from a first strike. Various technically sound proposals to repair the present command-and-control system have been advanced, such as the deployment of simple, highly redundant satellite communications systems to improve the transmission of retaliatory orders. The Reagan Administration, however, has rejected proposals for a major redesign of the command-and-control system in favor of a program for "upgrading" the existing hardware. The future system will still consist of a tiny number of early-warning satellites and radar installations and a very limited set of backups to the Pentagon's telephone system. Even when all the technical improvements now planned are completed, the entire system will remain highly vulnerable to attack: some two hundred to two hundred and fifty Soviet weapons would be enough to break the fragile connections between United States leaders and their strategic nuclear forces. The command-and-control problem will persist, because the basic improvements needed to enhance United States retaliatory capability have been subordinated to programs for fighting protracted nuclear wars. We ought to be protecting our own jugular, but the real priority in the Administration's Strategic Modernization Program is to develop better means to cut the other side's.

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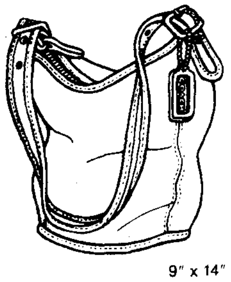

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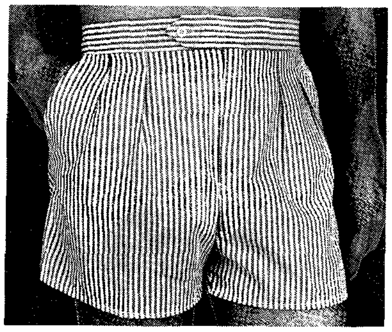

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mental to change the supercharged United States war machine, the Pentagon's civilian hierarchy has merely fine-tuned the official "strategic doctrine" in a way that will supposedly reduce the risks of a cataclysmic war. That is, instead of replacing the first-strike weapons that make it possible for all-out war to develop from a major crisis, the civilian strategists have proposed that the military follow certain rules of the road in the event that conflict occurs. They have proposed, in other words, a policy of controlled escalation. The merits of this policy are supposedly demonstrated in "war games"—exercises that simulate the possible circumstances that could lead to nuclear war. "The good news is that it's terribly hard even in a game with fairly bloodthirsty players on both sides, terribly hard to get anybody to use nuclear weapons in a crisis and terribly hard to get anybody to contemplate any use of nuclear weapons except a diffident, shy, cautious use," Thomas Schelling, a Harvard economist and nuclear strategist who participated in such exercises during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, said in a 1983 speech. "That's the good news. The bad news, of course, is we still don't know how that war might come about. I think all we know is that it will come about in ways that we probably can't describe in detail."

In fact, though, a study of the way in which each side's nuclear trigger is set suggests how nuclear war can come about: through complex crisis dynamics that force desperate leaders to strike first to keep the other side from doing the same. Brinksmanship is not just dangerous rhetoric from the nineteen-fifties but an inherent feature of opposing strategic forces that are programmed for first strikes. The proponents of controlled escalation do not appear to appreciate the military and technological imperatives involved—how heavily loaded the dice are, on both sides, in favor of offensive action, and how weak, on both sides, are the means to stop automatic, reflex military precautions that could inadvertently produce all-out war.

The strategists who have advocated the controlled-escalation theory, disregarding the hair triggers on the opposing war machines, envision the superpowers bargaining sensibly in a major crisis. This would involve making correct interpretations of each other's behavior, such as distinguish-

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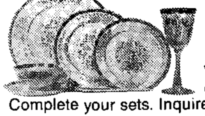

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ing defensive maneuvers from offensive ones. Yet the line between the two types of maneuvers is so fuzzy that it is absurd to expect any such distinction to be reliably drawn. A good example of the uncertainty and unpredictability of such judgments is the responses given by a civilian expert and a senior military officer to the same question: With the President so vulnerable to attack, should he stay in the White House during a crisis or go aboard Kneecap, his emergency airborne command post, and carry on negotiations from aloft? "The President's leaving Washington would not in itself be an inflammatory thing to do," Professor Schelling said in an interview. By the time a crisis had reached its peak, he explained, the National Guard would have been called out in every city, and all normal television and radio broadcasts shut down, so the President's departure could be seen by the Russians as just one more precaution. General Scowcroft's evaluation of the implications of the President's departure from the White House was quite different. "I think you could assume that the President would want to stay in the White House during a crisis until the last possible minute," Scowcroft said. "His leaving the White House would in itself be a signal. . . . Therefore, he may stay too long and not survive."

If the American professor and the American general view the situation differently, how would the Russians—separated by a far greater cultural divide—regard such a step in the middle of a crisis? Few experts on the Soviet Union offer much encouragement about the ability to predict Soviet responses. "The more we study the Russians, the less we understand them," a former senior analyst at the Central Intelligence Agency told me, adding, "There's an old saying in the intelligence community based on how often our predictions are wrong—'You're not a good analyst until you've not only eaten crow but you've learned to like it.' " Yet unless there is confidence that the United States can predict Soviet behavior during a crisis—and especially the Soviet reaction to our threats to use or our actual use of nuclear weapons—no strategy of controlled escalation can be carried out. Actions that were intended to force the Soviets to submit might serve only to provoke them. With all the doubt about Soviet reactions, it is unsurprising that the military has no interest in limited nuclear options, and prefers, if

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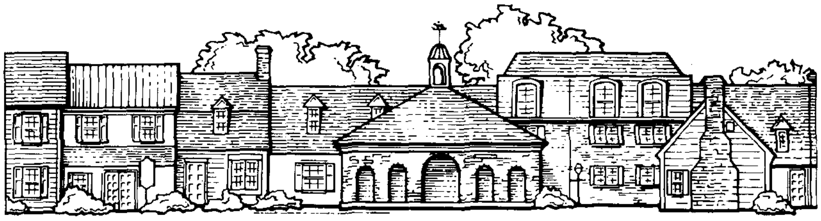

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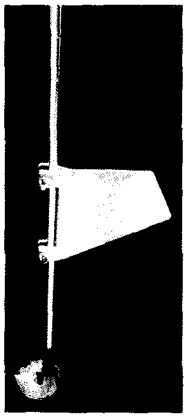

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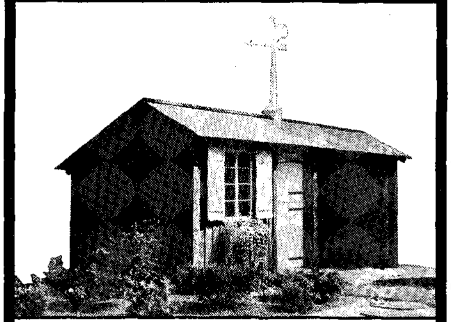

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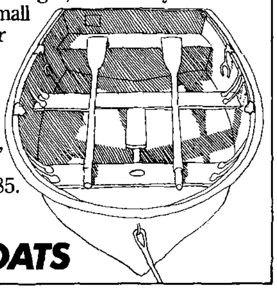

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it has to fight, to launch a first strike.

And it is no wonder that, despite all the emphasis placed on controlled escalation by the civilian strategists in the Pentagon, this is not actually incorporated in the nation's war plan. "There is no provision in the SIOP for controlled escalation," a senior officer who has worked on it told me. "The SIOP is essentially a set of fixed plans." Of course, the President can try to negotiate with the Soviets if he wants, but the military options in his black book are not designed with any step-by-step bargaining process in mind. The main option at the moment appears to be the kind of attack outlined in General Holloway's memorandum: a first strike whose goal is to kill Soviet leaders, paralyzing the Soviet command-and-control system, and to wipe out the Soviet nuclear forces before they can be used.

The risk that our offensive war plan could merely encourage the Soviets to go on the offensive themselves is something that few United States national-security experts have focussed on, although strategists are aware of some of the other conundrums posed by the conflict between the requirements of controlled escalation and the provisions of the SIOP. At the 1981 MITRE Corporation symposium, General Scowcroft referred to "a real dilemma here that we haven't sorted out." The use of "controlled nuclear options" to force concessions from the Soviets means that we "presume communication with the Soviet Union," he said. "And yet, from a military point of view, one of the most efficient kinds of attack is against leadership and command-and-control systems. . . . This is a dilemma that, I think, we still have not completely come to grips with."

General Scowcroft did not say when, or how, United States strategists were going to resolve this question, but the lack of an answer has not stopped the United States from moving ahead with developing the weaponry for making a first strike against the Soviet leadership. The question of whether it is better to plan to kill Soviet leaders or to keep them around to negotiate with has simply been left open. The subject is handled in the way Pentagon planners customarily handle important problems about nuclear-war fighting which they are unable to resolve. The official attitude is that we will fall off that bridge when we come to it. —DANIEL FORD

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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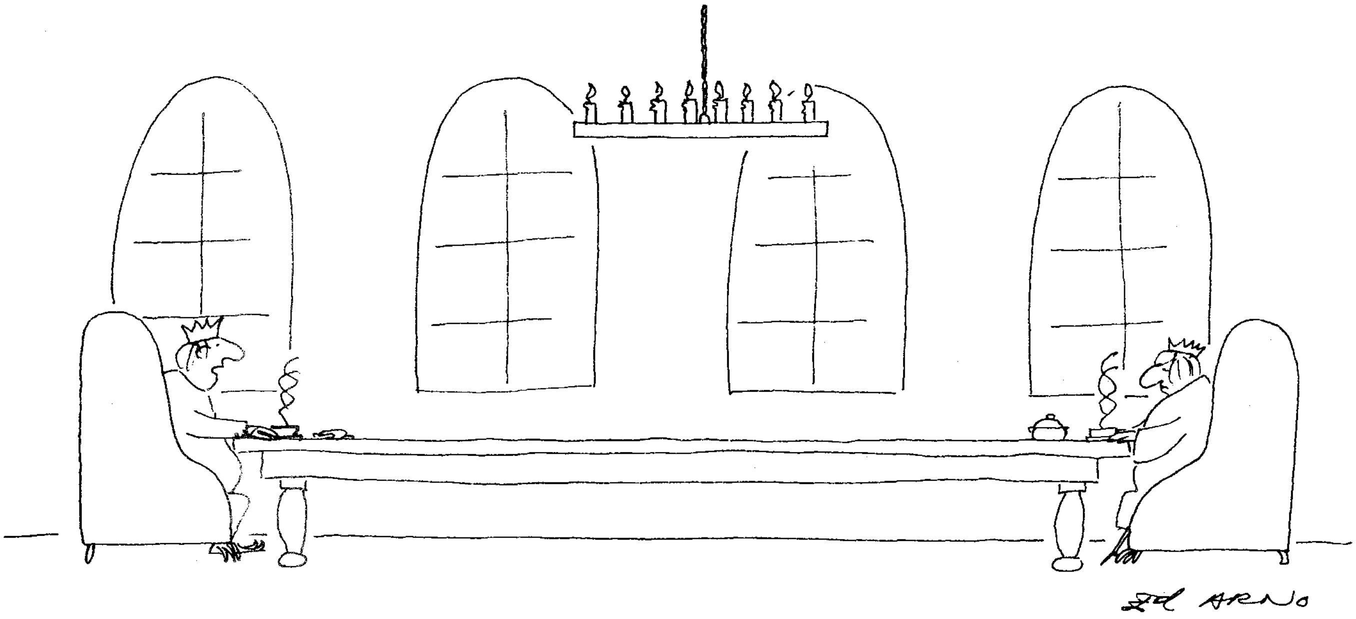
Burying the Dead

IN "Biloxi Blues," Neil Simon continues the quasi-autobiographical fantasy that he launched with "Brighton Beach Memoirs," and that, given Simon's present rate of progress through the years of his life, may yield half a dozen further stage works. (In what strikes me as a remarkable example of self-congratulatory overkill, "Biloxi Blues" is being presented in a theatre named after the author; that is true autobiography and has no need of being fantasized.) Chronologically, our pompous little hero, Eugene Morris Jerome, has groped his way out of adolescence into young manhood; the time is 1943, Eugene has been drafted into the Army, and he and a handful of other raw recruits are on their way by slow train south to Biloxi, to undergo basic training before being shipped overseas. Eugene is more determined than ever to enjoy the successful literary career that he was aiming at in "Brighton Beach Memoirs," and he intends that every moment of his Army career prove of value to that end. Thus, we have no reason to be surprised that the device by means of which the plot is inched forward consists in Eugene's writing—and constantly quoting from—his highly self-conscious memoirs, in which he provides sketches of his newfound comrades and has the vulgarity of mind, even at that stage of his literary apprenticeship, to fear that, as a writer, he may become only an observer of life, and not a participant in it. Shades of Henry James and "The Beast in the Jungle," of which Eugene has presumably not yet heard. But so prescient does Simon wish his avatar to be that he has Eugene claiming as his favorite book "The Great Gatsby." Oh, come! In 1943, before the Fitzgerald revival begun by Edmund Wilson and James Laughlin with the publication of "The Crack-Up," "The Great Gatsby" was virtually unobtainable anywhere in the United States.

The opening scene of "Biloxi Blues" takes place aboard a scruffy Army train and is one that we have seen a hundred times before—on the stage, in movies, and on TV. Simon attempts to restore it to life by making use of the smutty jokes and street language that flourished in those days but that the conventions then in force in the professional theatre permitted only plausible hints of: jokes about masturbation, orgasm, flatulence, and the like, which Simon introduces, in his usual cold-blooded fashion, to extort mindless laughter. (Simon's other brand of bogus joke is always just a shade too patly clever for the person uttering it, as when Eugene says, "I want to be neutral—like Switzerland." That is not what a boy from Brighton Beach says; it is what a standup comic, backed by a corps of writers, learns to say.) In this first of fourteen scenes, Eugene proclaims his hopes, which include not getting killed, losing his virginity, and becoming an author. Only the second of these hopes is capable of being dramatized, and I am sorry to say we are far from being spared it, though not a single word or gesture in Simon's rendering of that rite of passage (in this case, performed with a prostitute) possesses the authority of accurate observation. Not that we should be disappointed by an absence of freshness in the text, because Simon is an exceptionally old-fashioned writer; for example, his views of women (prostitutes are tenderhearted and obliging) and homosexuals (they are members of the human race) are surely an embarrassment in 1985. Still more embarrassing is the degree to which Simon seems unaware that he is dealing almost entirely in stereotypes. Eugene is, of course, a partial exception, being Simon-hero and therefore both Jewish by birth and good-looking in a roguish Irish way, but the character who embodies a Jewish intellectual must be small, hollow-chested, bespectacled, and whining-voiced, and a Pole—sometimes called a Polack, to balance the fact that the Jew is sometimes called a kike—must be big, athletic, priapic, and dim-witted. Moreover, the hardboiled sergeant in charge of the recruits must break down into maudlin drunkenness, in a scene with the Jewish intellectual so preposterously melodramatic that a sleepwalking Lady Macbeth would have found herself quite at home in it.

I am happy to turn from the play to the performance of the play, which is



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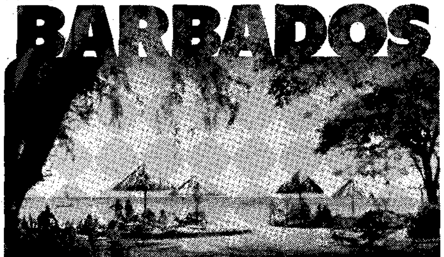

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close to flawless. Matthew Broderick, *who created the role of Eugene in* "Brighton Beach Memoirs," is sensationally attractive as his somewhat older self; his native charm and his skill as an actor make us forgive him much, and if there is no way on earth for him to convince us that he will ever be a writer, the fault is that of the script alone. The only potential writer in the play is obviously the Jewish intellectual, played with uncanny grace by Barry Miller. Bill Sadler is excellent as Sergeant Toomey, as are Brian Tarantina, Matt Mulhern, and Alan Ruck in their assorted roles. Poor Geoffrey Sharp is understandably at a loss as a homosexual who is arrested for committing fellatio in a latrine and who, being half Irish and half black, describes himself as "black Irish." (Hearty laughter.) The prostitute is played by an actress named Randall Edwards, and Eugene's virtuous girlfriend, Daisy Hannigan, is played by Penelope Ann Miller. We learn as the play ends that Daisy Hannigan has married and is now Daisy Horowitz. (More hearty laughter.)

The appropriately mortuary settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Ann Roth, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the carefully timed, artificially lively direction is by Gene Saks.

PETER NICHOLS' marvellous play "Joe Egg" has been moved to Broadway (the Longacre) from its successful run down at the Roundabout. My colleague Edith Oliver has already justly praised the play and praised the extraordinary performances given in it by Jim Dale and Stockard Channing. Also in the cast are Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, Tenney Walsh, and John Tillinger, who has replaced Gary Waldhorn and is his match in excellence; Arvin Brown is the director. To paraphrase Dr. Johnson's animadversions upon the Hebrides, "Joe Egg" is not only worth seeing, it is worth going to see. I urge it upon you with all my heart.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Footnotes

WILLIAM FINN'S "In Trousers," at the Promenade, is a relentless cantata that tells the story of somebody named Marvin who discovers in mid-marriage that he is a homosexual and acts accordingly. It could be considered a prologue of sorts to Mr. Finn's clever, appealing "March of the Falsettos," of a few years ago—same hero, some time earlier. Tony Cummings, in the leading role, Catherine Cox, as his wife, and Sherry Hursey and Kathy Garrick, as a couple of other women in his life, sing real songs (I guess) well enough (I guess), but they are done in by the deplorable cuteness and vulgarity of the production. Matt Casella directed.

A FAR more modest and original show is the not quite finished musical "Jack & Jill," at the Riverwest (Off Off) through April 14th. It's a boy-meets-girl of the computer age, with a pleasant jazz score and arrangements by Hal Schaefer and words—some good, some not—by Bob Larimer. In this instance, boy and girl are computer operators at Exxon; both are jazz fans, and they meet pseudonymously on their separate terminal screens, sending each other messages and quizzes on the subject close to their hearts. She is black, he is white. As the romance progresses, the show becomes too booky, but much of it is funny and in keeping, and the musical numbers are effective—at least, the exemplary company makes them seem so. The performance couldn't be better or more charming. Jack and Jill are Lara Teeter and Ernestine Jackson; his mother is Sheila Smith, hers is Edye Byrde, and all are in top form. Everybody else is very good, too. The show is accompanied by Mr. Schaefer at the piano, Dave Moore on bass, and Joe Saulter at the drums. The appropriate scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Bob Phillips, Mark Diquinzio, and David Woolard, respectively. Miriam Fond was the gifted director.

—EDITH OLIVER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Addison County* (*Vt.*) *Independent*]

BRISTOL—Mrs. Juna Perlee of Bristol was hostess to an "Equine Maternity Party" given in honor of the unexpected pregnancy of her Registered Morgan Mare "Paper Doll" on Saturday evening January 26.

People who were involved with the endeavor of getting the up until now barren 13-year-old "Paper Doll" bred and settled attended as well as friends and some family.

Juna herself furnished a buffet supper that included sliced meats, fresh home baked bread and rolls, salads, baked beans, and a special "Vermont Cake" with a boiled maple syrup frosting.

The evening ended with a stimulating Morgan Horse oriented conversation that made the "Paper Doll Party" perfect!

MUSICAL EVENTS

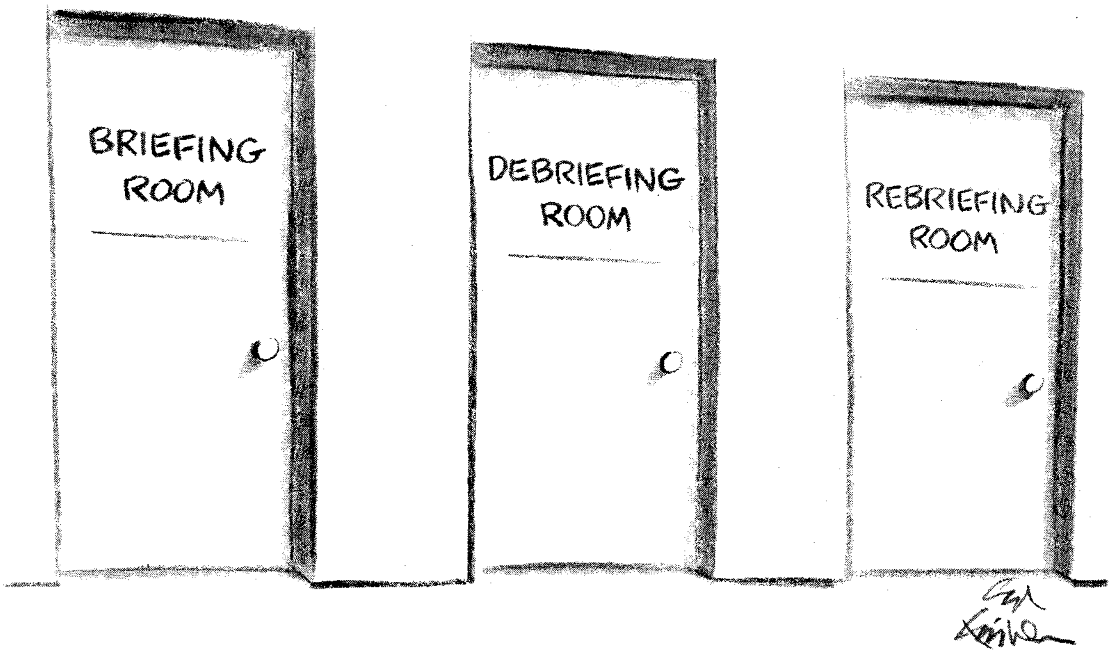
Such as Found Out Musical Tunes

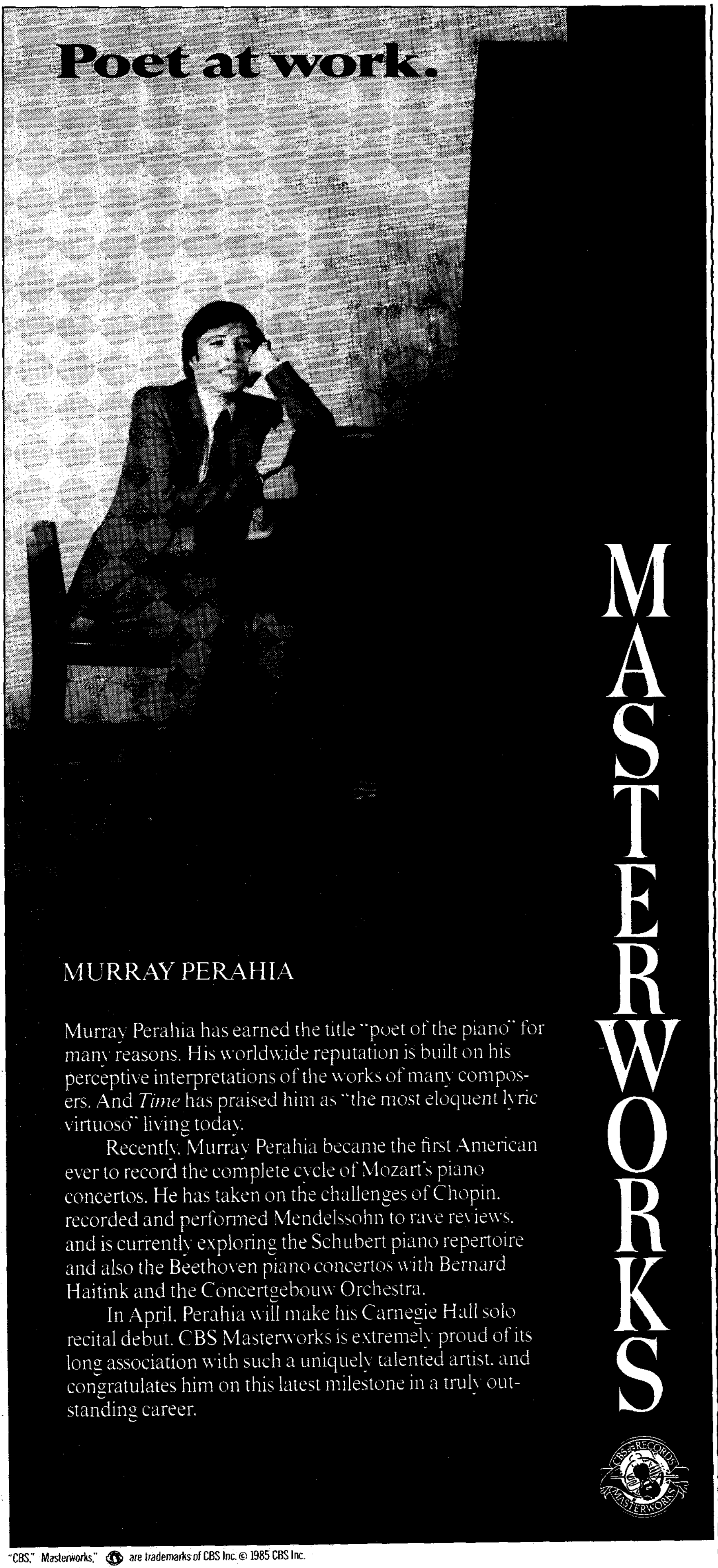
ROGER SESSIONS died last month, in Princeton, aged eighty-eight. For music, he embodied what is finest in American thought, character, and genius. In nine symphonies, in concertos, two operas, and many other works, he gave it utterance. He was one of the country's—and the world's—great men. In his life, he was not honored here by frequent performances: New York has still to hear his requiem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd;" the Metropolitan Opera has not produced "Montezuma." But he was and is honored and loved by those—listeners, generations of pupils, friends—who met the music or the man and felt the inspiring touch of his integrity, his questing intelligence, his gentleness, his toughness, his refusal to compromise with anything seamy or second-rate. One day, the people will tell of his wisdom, and audiences will show forth his praise.

IN memoriam, Bethany Beardslee and Alan Feinberg began a Guild of Composers concert in Merkin Hall last month with Sessions' James Joyce setting "On the Beach at Fontana," a 1929 song epitomizing what Aaron Copland later said about the First Piano Sonata, of 1931: "Sessions has presented us with a cornerstone on which to base an American music." Mr. Feinberg then played Susan Blaustein's Fantasy (1980), and later in the program he gave the first performance of George Edwards' "Suave Mari Magno." Mr. Feinberg sets problems for critics: he's a Callas of contemporary-music pianists. He makes whatever he plays sound arresting, exciting, and important. Cool perusal of the scores, after the concert, confirmed that the pieces merited his championship. The Fantasy (published by the Association for the Promotion of New Music) is a rich, imaginative composition, at once carefully planned and warm in feeling. "Suave Mari Magno" takes its title from the second book of Lucretius ("'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore The rowling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar," in Dryden's translation), but acquired it, the composer revealed in a program note, after the completed music had suggested the marine imagery, not vice versa. It is not as turbulent a piece as that might suggest, but sets the activity within a long, controlled framework. Not having read the program note in advance, and perhaps vaguely associating the title with an antiphon incipit, I seemed to hear chant soar through a great building, break into subsidiary echo flurries, move deep spaces to sympathetic resonance. In any event, it's a remarkable study in sonorities, and surely fashioned. Eric Chasalow's "The Furies," a setting, for soprano and tape, of four poems from Anne Sexton's collection of the same title, also had its première. It seemed an effective enough cycle—nothing special—and was effectively sung by Christine Schadeberg.

The second half was "Pierrot Lunaire," with Miss Beardslee as the singer-speaker, Jacques-Louis Monod the conductor. I'd never heard a "Pierrot" with, on the one hand, so much life and force in each individual phrase—sung, spoken, or played—and, on the other hand, so just and delicate a balance and ensemble. It was enthralling. The players were Robert Stallman (flute), Anand Devendra (clarinet), Shem Guibbory (violin/viola), Timothy Eddy (cello), and Christopher Oldfather (piano).

ALECK KARIS at a League-I.S.C.M. piano recital in Merkin Hall last month played five modern classics—Stravinsky's Serenade, Schoenberg's two Piano Pieces, Opus 33, Webern's Variations, and Boulez's First Sonata—as a frame around two contemporary works. He's a pianist who has been rather disappointing lately. The brightness and verve with which he came on the scene, a few years ago, have often yielded to an all-purpose competence: everything is there except the spark that makes one want to listen, the sense of passionate concern for the work in hand (or even for just some passages of it) which communicates itself to the listeners and makes them care, too. Competence—technical mastery of the notes and rhythms of difficult contemporary music—unlighted by emotion, temperament, enthusiasm, wit, a sense of humor blights much New York music making. Happily, there are many exceptions: the pianists Mr. Feinberg and Robert Taub, the clarinettists Jean Kopperud and Charles Neidich, the cellist Chris Finckel, all the performers inspired by Mr. Monod in "Pierrot." At this recital, the Stravinsky and the Schoenberg were given dutiful, undercharacterized performances. The Webern was better, warmed by the lyricism that Peter Stadlen brought to the surface in his 1979 edition of the Variations. (He gave the first performance in 1937,





MURRAY PERAHIA

Murray Perahia has earned the title "poet of the piano" for many reasons. His worldwide reputation is built on his perceptive interpretations of the works of many composers. And *Time* has praised him as "the most eloquent lyric virtuoso" living today.

Recently, Murray Perahia became the first American ever to record the complete cycle of Mozart's piano concertos. He has taken on the challenges of Chopin, recorded and performed Mendelssohn to rave reviews, and is currently exploring the Schubert piano repertoire and also the Beethoven piano concertos with Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

In April, Perahia will make his Carnegie Hall solo recital debut. CBS Masterworks is extremely proud of its long association with such a uniquely talented artist, and congratulates him on this latest milestone in a truly outstanding career.

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and his edition shows in red the expressive marks that Webern pencilled into the printed copy that he and Stadlen worked from, and in green the composer's verbal instructions and recommendations. From the cool, black-and-white score one might not guess that, in Stadlen's words, "a fervently lyrical mind bent on expressiveness has been at work." Webern's intentions—as surely as Handel's, Mozart's, Verdi's—are misrepresented by blinkered performances rigorously intent on exactly what appears in the score and nothing more, no "interpretation.") At the close of the evening, Mr. Karis came fully to life: the Boulez sonata was given a buoyant, committed, excited and exciting performance. Boulez's Second Sonata is a monument of our time. This First Sonata—a twenty-year-old genius's new edifice on a Schoenberg foundation—has a freshness and a boldness that are irresistible, and they stirred Mr. Karis to produce colors, inflections, contrasts, drama such as one missed earlier in the evening. The contemporary works were "Pieces of Piano" (1982), by Scott Lindroth, born in 1958, and Four Impromptus (a première) by Daniel Grey, born in 1954. The Impromptus seemed to me of no interest, mere note-spinning. "Pieces of Piano" is a strong, craggy, percussive composition—cogent, if initially unappealing, even brutal at times. It's a work that (to apply a critic's simplest test) I'd be glad to hear again—but perhaps in a performance more dramatic and forceful.

ROBERT STARER'S "The Last Lover," first produced at the 1975 Caramoor Festival, was revived last month by the American Chamber Opera Company, in the hall of St. Michael's Church, on West Ninety-ninth Street. It's a one-act chamber opera, lasting less than an hour, for three singers and a wind quintet, and recounts the Thaïs-like life of St. Pelagia the sinner—she who (in the words of Father Hippolyte Delehaye, in the eleventh Britannica) "was a celebrated dancer and courtesan, who, in the full flower of her beauty and guilty sovereignty over the youth of Antioch, was suddenly converted by the influence of the holy bishop Nonnus, whom she had heard preaching in front of a church which she was passing with her gay train of attendants and admirers." The libretto is by Gail Godwin. Starer is spare, almost parsimonious, with his music, but the lean, slim inventions have distinction. It's an intelligent, cultivated, entertaining yet serious little opera—more laconic, even, than Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." Like that work, it deals with big themes in terse, telling fashion.

Margaret Astrup, the Pelagia, caught the tone precisely. Her aria—parallel to the meditation in Massenet's "Thaïs" entrusted to the solo violin—was movingly sung, and, beneath her monk's cowl (Nonnus, overcoming his canonical scruples, allowed Pelagia, like Leonora in Verdi's "Forza," to pass as a male penitent), her features shone with spiritual beauty. The other singers—one doubling as Pelagia's maidservant and a nun, one as her good and evil geniuses —had their moments but spoiled their performances by striving for volume. The St. Michael's hall is a place where a whisper carries, where singers can concentrate on gentleness, easiness, refinement and charm of timbre, and delicately shaped words. No need there to push, force, and coarsen the tone; no need to yell.

"The Last Lover" was given on a double bill with Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona." Along with perhaps twenty other people, I attended the last of four performances. The artists—with a different cast and different players for the Pergolesi, but the same conductor, Douglas Anderson—all but outnumbered the audience.

YOUNG Handel, in Rome in 1707, was made welcome by the Arcadian Academy, among whose shepherds were Arcimelo and Terpando, better known to us as Arcangelo Corelli and Alessandro Scarlatti. The Academy had been founded in Queen Christina's honor in 1690, the year after her death, and it was modelled on her Accademia Reale. A composer once in the Queen's service and later active at the Teatro Tordinona, which she supported, was Alessandro Stradella. He died three years before Handel was born, and he was one of the seventeenth-century composers from whom Handel borrowed. He was an innovator: Burney praises his "ingenious imitations, elegant passages, and new expression of words and modulation, at the time they were composed." He wrote an oratorio about St. Pelagia. And, like Handel, he wrote one about Esther, which was given what was announced as a New York première last month in Corpus Christi Church, in the

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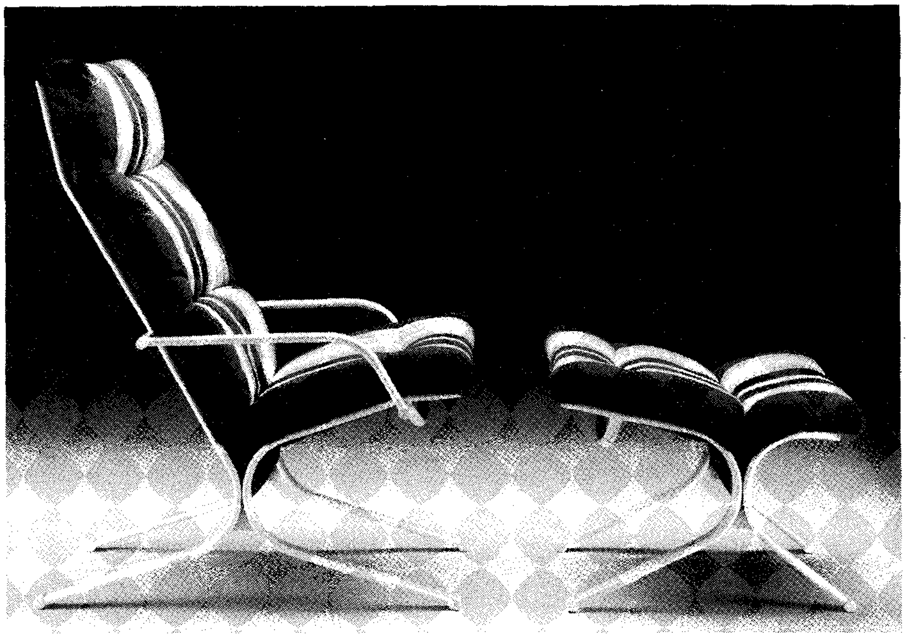

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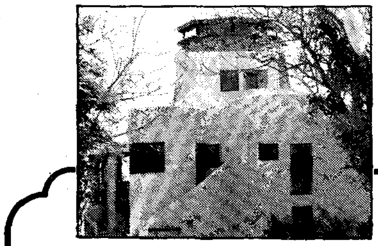

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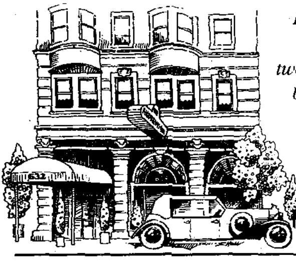

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Sunday-afternoon Music Before 1800 series. Stradella's "Ester, Liberatrice del Populo Ebreo," is a simpler work than Handel's "Esther" (which is based on a Racine play), but it is not undramatic. The heroine is characterized with clear, gracious music. Ahasuerus (Xerxes) comes to life in a chivalrous, flowing aria; after learning of Haman's treason, he declares that he must calm himself by walking amid trees and flowers (and one is reminded of Handel's Xerxes, whose first utterance is a love song to a plane tree). But their roles, and that of Mordecai, are small. Somewhat surprisingly, the dominant figure of the oratorio is the ambitious Haman, the villain of the piece. He has the first big solo. Part I closes with a long, powerful, rhetorical dialogue between him and Celestial Hope; at its climax the two break into each other's sentences, and it ends abruptly as Hope, determined to have the last word, flings back at Haman—after the cadence, unaccompanied—a phrase he used earlier. It's a lively account of a dignified argument turning into a spat. In Part II, Haman, on learning of his condemnation, has a wonderful recitative-arioso sequence, punctuated by a recurrent line. (This is a frequent device in the work.) He turns to the Queen and asks her to plead for him, but Xerxes intervenes before she can reply. The final scene—after Celestial Hope has returned to Haman, to point out that she has won the argument broken off at the end of Part I, and to draw a melodious moral—is an extended, Macbeth-like monologue for Haman, with astonishing harmonic leaps: "Son fabbro de' miei danni, Ed ingannato son da' propri inganni. . . . O superbia, o miseria, o fato, o sorte!" Some phrases of narrative, sung by artists not engaged in the action, bridge the scenes and keep the story moving. The few choruses (sung by the soloists in concert) are dramatic, not gnomic: at the start, lamentations by the Jews; in Part II a general cry of "Fall, perish, die, villain," which reinforces Xerxes' sentence and recurs suddenly at the very end. (The effect is like that of the brief cries that succeed Macbeth's dying monologue in Verdi's 1847 opera.) There may once have been string parts. If so, they are lost. What survives is a vocal score.

Robert Kuehn was a striking Haman. The others in a pleasing cast were Cheryl Bensman (Esther), Lisa Nappi (Celestial Hope), Kurt-Owen Richards (Xerxes), and Michael Brown (Mordecai). Louise Basbas, at the harpsichord, directed a performance that moved well. Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba, was the string bass.

LATER that day—the Fourth Sunday in Lent—the New Amsterdam Singers, in Merkin Hall, sang three well-contrasted masterpieces of Handel's church music, from three decades: the Chandos anthem "O sing unto the Lord" (1717), the coronation anthem "Let thy hand be strengthened" (1727), and the funeral anthem for Queen Caroline, "The ways of Zion do mourn" (1737). The first was written for James Brydges, soon to become Duke of Chandos, and his musical establishment at Cannons: an altoless choir of about eight singers, each a soloist in his own right, and a little band. "O sing unto the Lord" is an expansive, elaborate piece for small forces; the tenor solo "The waves of the sea rage horribly" is vivid. For George II's coronation, in Westminster Abbey, Handel commanded (according to a report in the Norwich *Gazette*) a chorus of forty and a band of a hundred and sixty. "Let thy hand" is grand and simple, apt for a very resonant space, and not merely ceremonial. It takes a sombre E-minor turn when justice and judgment, mercy and truth are enjoined on the new sovereign. The funeral anthem was sung in the Henry VII chapel of the Abbey, and now Handel commanded (according to a report in the *Grub-Street Journal*) "near eighty vocal performers and a hundred instrumental." (But what the papers say must always be treated with caution.) This was Handel's first large composition after his physical and mental breakdown, earlier in the year, and it reveals his powers fully, gloriously recovered. Handel had known the Queen as a young princess; he was music master to her daughters; she had long been his loyal champion. Deep personal feeling seems to mingle with the national mourning for one of England's most cultivated and estimable queens. "Her judgment was a robe and a diadem."

On his copy of the Order of Service book for the 1727 coronation the Archbishop of Canterbury jotted down, "The anthems in confusion; all irregular in the music." And after Queen Caroline's funeral the Duke of Chandos wrote to his nephew, "The composition was exceeding fine . . . but I can't say so much of the performance." There's something to be said for concert-hall conditions, which allow for neater execution. Merkin Hall, the concert hall of the Hebrew Arts School, is less resonant than and very different in atmosphere from the Abbey or St. Lawrence's, the church near Cannons where the Chandos anthems were probably first sung. But the performances by the New Amsterdam Singers—sixty-one strong and accompanied by a small, adept band—were neither confused nor irregular. Bart Folse conducted an enthusiastic account of "Let thy hand," and Clara Longstreth, the Singers' musical director, conducted the Chandos and funeral anthems with a beat that looked tight and constricted but in fact allowed the long periods to flow. Since the choir abounds in altos, it was understandable that the Chandos anthem was done in a modern edition that (not unskillfully) rearranges the soprano-tenor-bass disposition for soprano-alto-tenor-bass. In the funeral anthem, some passages were assigned to a quartet of soloists, which may be unauthentic but could hardly be deplored in this intimate performance—especially when it brought us the radiant soprano of Dawn Upshaw and the exquisite singing and diction of the countertenor Drew Minter.

Christopher Hogwood's "Handel," just published by Thames & Hudson, is an excellent piece of work: a clear, well-proportioned, readable biography, made vivid by copious contemporary comments and—since great men's works do follow them—brought to the present day. It uses the new information about Handel that has turned up since Otto Erich Deutsch published his big documentary biography, thirty years ago—material that has been available, for the most part, only scattered through many articles, reviews, prefaces, etc. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. There is no list of works, but there is a valuable, trustworthy chronological table, in parallel columns of biographical incident and performances, by Anthony Hicks. —ANDREW PORTER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Northampton* (*Mass.*) *Daily Hampshire Gazette*]

A Hampton Gardens woman reported that someone entered her apartment during the day Tuesday, because when she came home about 3 p.m. she found her bird cage moved from one room to another and found the bird in the oven. Police said they did not know if the bird was alive or dead.

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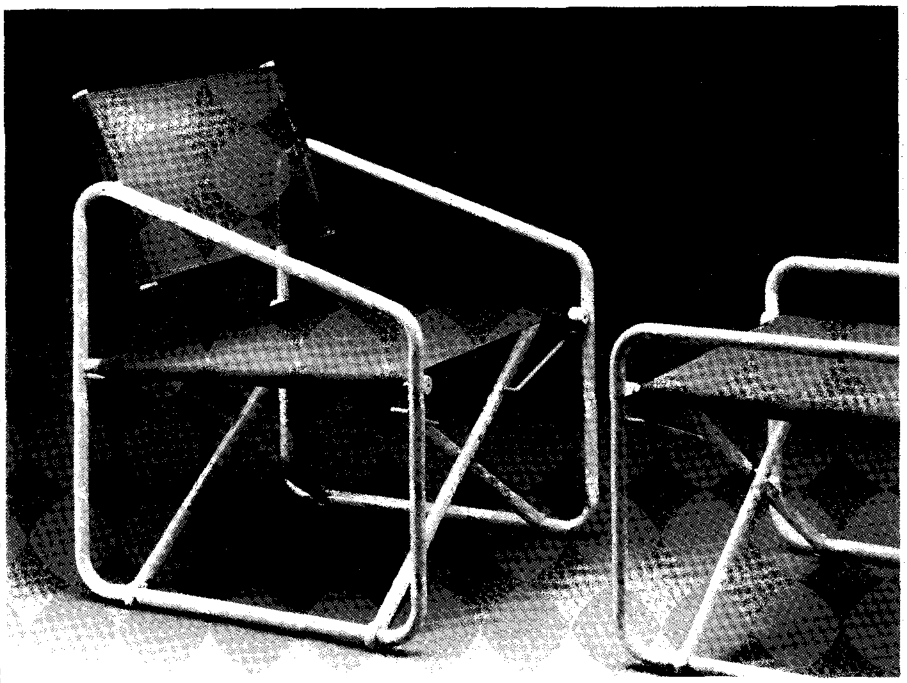

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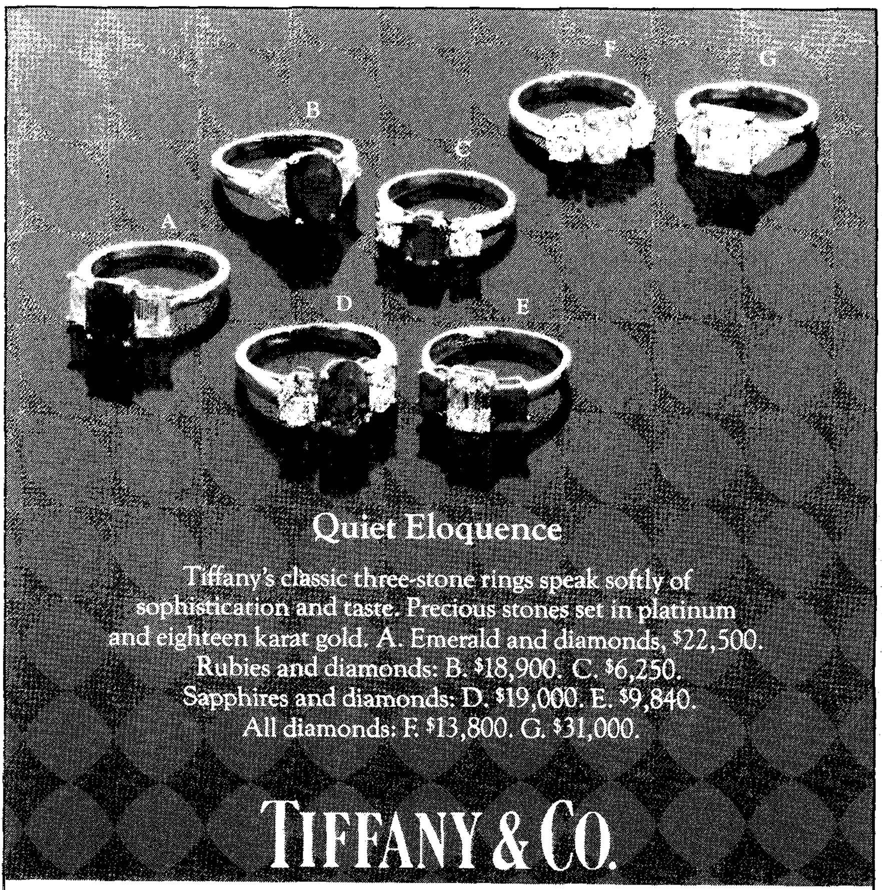

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HASHIM KHAN, may his tribe increase, completely changed the course of events in the game of squash racquets. Until 1950, when he arrived on the international scene from Pakistan, without the flourish of a single trumpet, squash racquets, with rare exceptions, was the preserve of the upper classes. It had been invented in England, in 1864, by the boys at Harrow, who converted one of the school's two hard-racquets courts into four smaller courts so that more of them would have a chance to play at the same time. They named their new game squash because the spongy, squashy practice ball that they had been hitting around while waiting to get on the racquets court suited the new game better than the old hard-racquets ball did. Squash, the rich man's handball and an extraordinarily infatuating game, was played mainly by the young men who attended the best public schools in England before going on to Oxford and Cambridge. In our country, similarly, squash was almost uniquely the property of the young men at the tonier prep schools and of the undergraduates and graduates of the Ivy League colleges. Hashim Khan was born a world away, in the village of Nawakille, not far from Peshawar, a fairly large city that lies nine miles from the strategically situated Khyber Pass, for centuries the gateway between India and the highlands that make up Afghanistan. Until the partition of India, in 1947, which created Pakistan, Peshawar was the site of the key encampment of the British troops who were charged with guarding India's North-West Frontier Province. In the early years of this century, the chief steward of the Peshawar Club, which was the social headquarters for the British Army officers stationed in that region, was Abdullah Khan, a Pathan—a member, that is, of a tribal Muslim group whose language is Pashto. Hashim was his elder son, ten years older than his second son, Azam. It should be stated at this point that exact dates—and, it follows, ages—are difficult to pin down when one is dealing with the older Khans. For example, no one has ever come across Hashim's birth certificate. Nowadays, he claims that he was born on June 1, 1916, but most people believe that he is a good six or seven years older than that would make him.

When Hashim was about eleven, his father was killed in a truck accident. The squash coach at the Peshawar Club, Abdulmajid Khan, then became the guardian of Hashim, Azam, and their two sisters. ("Khan" is more a Pathan ethnic identification than a Western-style surname.) Hashim received some instruction from Abdulmajid's son Ismathullah in how to play squash, but he acquired his real education in the game by spending hour after hour at the courts, starting as a racquet stringer and ball retriever. (The courts at the Peshawar Club were roofless, and many wild shots were hit over the walls and had to be chased down.) In his spare time, he quickly became acquainted with the racquet, which is twenty-seven inches long and had at that time a circular head about six inches in diameter, and also with the hollow rubber ball, which is approximately one and five-eighths inches in diameter. As he grew older and his strokes improved, Hashim was always available if a member wanted a game and needed someone to play with. Diplomatically, he did not play his best in such matches. He was, however, a person of considerable ambition: his aim was to become the best in the world, and to that end he made himself into an increasingly redoubtable player. He practiced by himself when the broiling noonday sun drove everybody else indoors, and also when night emptied the courts. On moonlit nights, he was on the courts by himself for hours. He regularly practiced with cracked balls that bounced erratically or hardly bounced at all, figuring that if he could handle them he could surely

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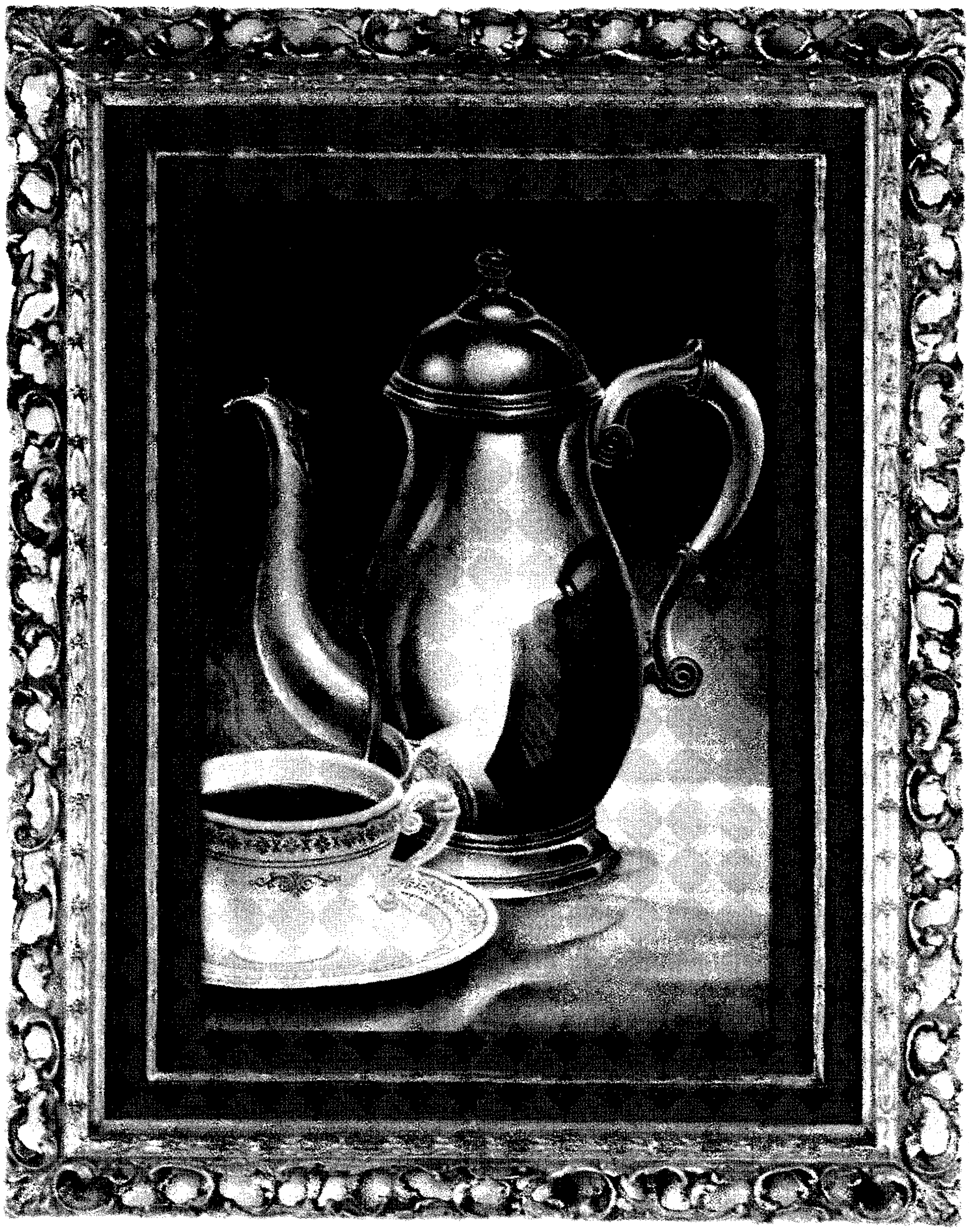

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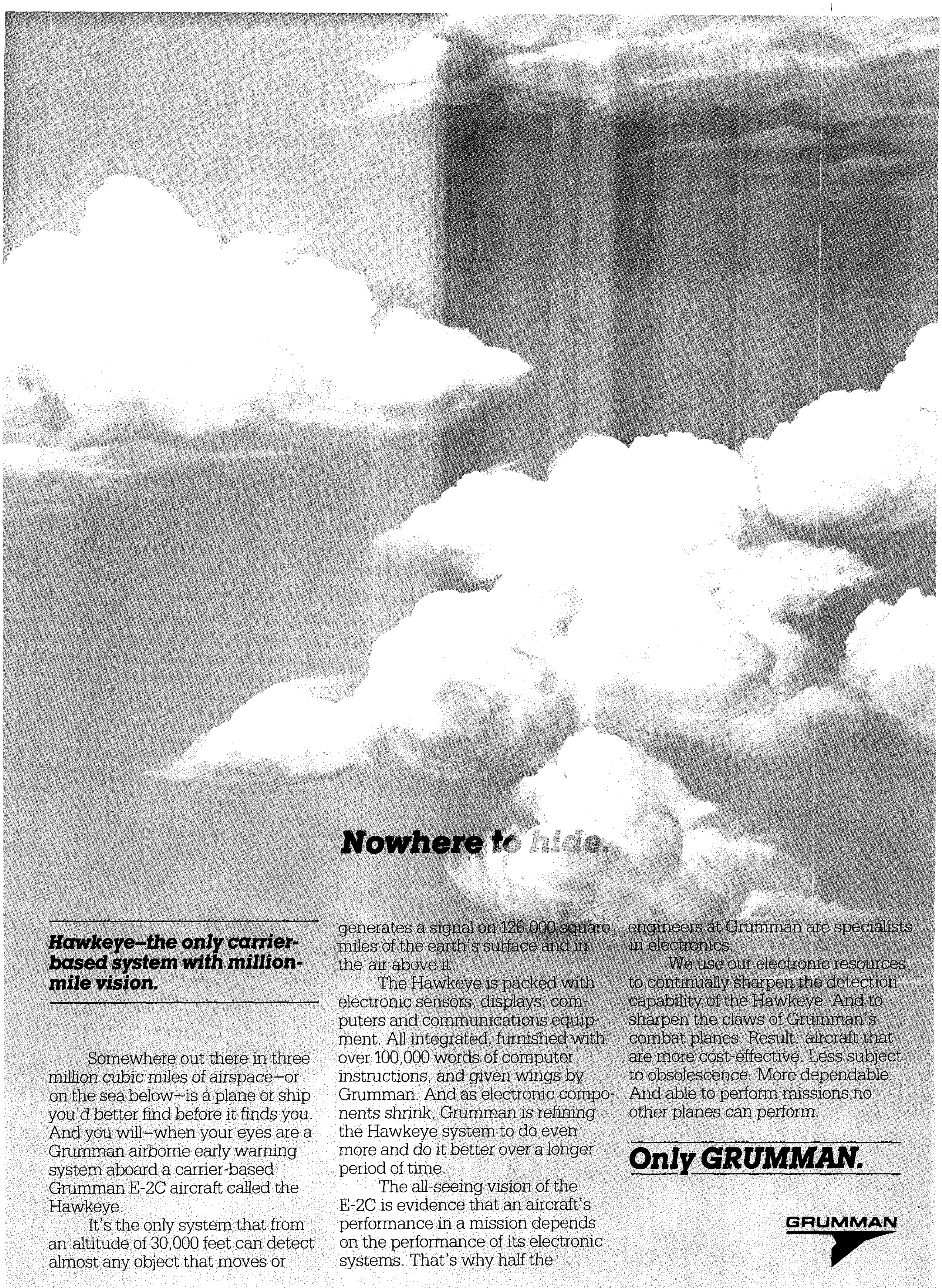

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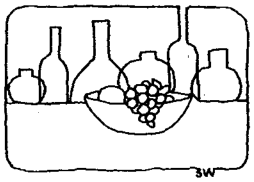
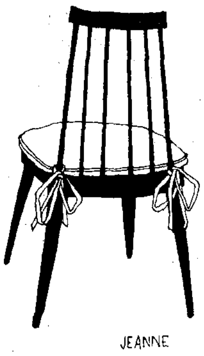
cope with the bounces of uncracked balls. He became so agile and fast and so generally adept that in 1944 he won the All-India Championship, which had been inaugurated by the Bombay Cricket Club. He retained that championship the next two years.

After the partition of India, Hashim became the professional of the Royal Pakistan Air Force Club, in Peshawar. His big break came in 1950. One year earlier, a professional from Bombay who was not in the same class as Hashim had reached the final of the British Open, which was regarded as the premier championship in the world. The officers of the Air Force Club thereupon collected enough money to send Hashim to London for the 1950 British Open. At the Scottish Open, in Edinburgh, a week before the British Open, the members of the Squash Rackets Association got their first look at Hashim. They saw a light-brown man of thirty-four (or perhaps forty or forty-one) who was about five feet five and was built so sparely that he could not have weighed more than a hundred and fifteen pounds. They saw an extremely agile and swift young athlete, but they probably had no idea that they were looking at a player who would dominate the game like no one before him. In the Scottish Open, Hashim made his way to the final, where he met the Egyptian stylist Mahmoud El Karim, who had been the British Open champion the previous four years. Hashim defeated him in three straight games with the loss of only six points: 9–2, 9–0, 9–4. (Since this method of scoring still obtains, it should be explained that in British squash a player can score a point only when he has served that point, and the winner is the player who first scores nine points. In American squash, on the other hand, a point is scored by the player who wins it, regardless of who served, and the player who first scores fifteen points is the winner.) In the 1950 British Open, Hashim and El Karim again met in the final, and again Hashim won with ease: 9–5, 9–0, 9–0. He defended his title handily the next five years. In 1956, he was beaten in the final by his distant cousin Roshan Khan, a tall, graceful, gentlemanly player, who was the professional at the Pakistan Naval Station, in Karachi. The following year, Hashim won the British Open for the seventh, and last, time after a hard battle with his brother Azam, a less intense person but an excellent player, who had established himself as the head of a successful squash club in the London suburb of Shepherd's Bush. The next year, Azam won his first British Open. His reign lasted four years, and when he was dethroned, in 1962, it was by still another Khan—Mohibullah, the son of a sister of Hashim and Azam. Mohibullah may have been the fastest man around a court in the history of squash, and he was certainly one of the most tempestuous. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, when the Khans were playing all over the world, it was bruited about in squash circles that before each tournament the Khans arranged among themselves which one would win—Hashim, Azam, Roshan, or Mohibullah. Perhaps such conferences of the members of the clan did take place, but there is reason to doubt it. When they were up against players from Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, or Egypt, the Khans, with their amazing anticipation and footwork, hovered over their opponents like tents, but when they played one another there was far more bodily contact, and every so often one of them would fall to the floor in pain after a ball was drilled into his thigh or calf. There was one point on which all devotees of squash were agreed: they had never seen anyone cover the court the way the Khans did. In one tournament in New York in the mid-nineteen-fifties, Eddie Standing, who was for years the professional at the Yale Club, played Hashim in an early round. "I think he let me get two or three points a game," Standing said afterward. "I'll never forget one point in particular. I had actually outmaneuvered Hashim in this rally. He was over on the left side of the court, and all I had to do was put away a perfect setup down the right-hand wall, low. I hit the shot just as I wanted to. The referee was announcing the score, giving me the point, when he suddenly stopped short and corrected the score. Hashim not only had got to the ball before its second bounce but had then flicked a winner off the left side of the front wall."



In 1954, the year the United States Open was inaugurated, at the University Club in New York, Hashim was prevailed upon by Edwin H. Bigelow, a former officer of the United States Squash Racquets Association, to come to this country and play in it. Before the tournament, he had about a week of practice in which to get used to the American ball. It is much harder and a bit heavier and faster than the British ball, which tends to hang in the air a longer time on its bounce. Hashim also had to adapt his shotmaking to the narrower American court. British and American courts are both thirty-two feet long, but the American court is only eighteen and a half feet wide to the British court's twenty-one. Switching to the American game from the British is easier than the other way around, but it nevertheless represents an adjustment that very few players can make, even after several weeks of practice. In his first appearance here, Hashim worked his way to the final of the Open by getting past G. Diehl Mateer, Jr., of Philadelphia, a classic Merion Cricket Club stylist, who was then generally rated as our top player. In the final, however, Hashim was defeated in three straight games by Henri Salaun, a shrewd tactician from Boston, who could scurry around a court more nimbly than any other American player of that period. The scores were 15–7, 15–12, and 15–14. Veteran officers of the U.S.S.R.A., such as William T. Ketcham, Jr., and W. Stewart Brauns, Jr., still contend that if Hashim had won the last point that was played he might conceivably have won the match. They base this assertion on the fact that Salaun was so utterly exhausted at the end of the third game that he could barely drag himself to and through the door leading from the court, whereas Hashim, for all his years, wasn't even breathing hard. At that time, he claimed to be thirty-eight, but he might easily have been well into his forties.

Hashim came over again the next year for the Open, which was held in New York. He was injured while practicing and had to default his semifinal match to Mateer. In the final, Mateer defeated Azam. Hashim returned in 1956, and this time he won the Open, beating Azam in the final, again in New York. In 1957, he defended his title successfully at the Rockaway Hunting Club, in Cedarhurst, Long Island, besting his cousin Roshan in the final. It was a historic victory, because Hashim also carried off the British Open in 1957 and so became the first player ever to win the world's two most important championships in the same year. By now, Hashim had long ceased to resemble the frail unknown quantity who confounded the officials of the British Squash Rackets Association seven years before. The Hashim we Americans came to know and admire and like so much was a round-headed, bald man with a ridged nose and luminous black eyes. Squatly built, he had a barrel chest and the suggestion of a potbelly, but his legs were as spindly as ever. Not all his strokes were pretty. For example, when he slashed a backhand rail shot along the left wall, the picture he conjured up was of a butcher hacking off a side of beef. But there was reliability to his service and his return of service, he had a fine sense of length, and he disguised perfectly the well-tempered drop shot that touched the front wall an inch or two above the seventeen-inch-high strip of metal—the "tin" or "telltale"—at the base of the wall, which must be cleared to avoid the loss of the point. (In Britain, the telltale extends two inches higher.) Even under pressure, Hashim demonstrated unusual command of angle. For example, he became expert at whipping crosscourt drives low off the front wall to catch the "nick," the seam where the side wall meets the floor. (After a nick, there is no bounce to the ball—it just skids away.) Another thing: no matter how long or demanding a match might be, Hashim never seemed to tire. To look back at his record is to appreciate that he was one of the great athletes of this century. All in all, he won the United States Open three times, the last time in 1963. He won the Australian Open once, the Canadian Open three times, the British Professional Championship five times, the Scottish Open eight years in a row, the British Open seven times between 1950 and 1957, and, of course, numberless veterans' events.



IN 1960, Hashim, who had been aware for some time that he was slowing down and that whatever future he had as a contestant lay in the American game, with its shorter rallies, was pleased to accept the post of professional at the Uptown Athletic Club in Detroit when it was offered to him by his friend Arthur B. Sonneborn, a retired engineer who was one of the club's directors. It was a wise move. Hashim was popular with the members, and squash zealots from all over the country flew to Detroit to take lessons from him. He was an observant and enjoyable instructor. A Muslim, he neither drank alcoholic beverages nor smoked, and this abstinence, along with his other good health habits, helped to account for the wonders he was still able to work on the court. In 1964, the winter after he had won what proved to be his last U.S. Open title, he reached the final again, despite a heavy cold, but was defeated in straight sets by his nephew Mohibullah Khan, who had won the British Open in 1962 and now, at twenty-six—roughly half Hashim's age—was coming into his own. (Hashim admitted to forty-eight, which would have made him one year older than Safirullah Khan, Mohibullah's father and the husband of one of Hashim's sisters.) Mohibullah was a lean, left-handed player a couple of inches taller than Hashim and seemingly made of spun elastic. The professional at the Harvard Club of Boston—a post he still holds—he was a talented young man. He had a flair for the histrionic, an effervescent sense of humor, and talent to burn—and, in a way, that is what he did with it. He won the U.S. Open in 1964, 1965, 1966, and 1968. In 1967, Ralph Howe, giving a memorable exhibition of resolution, upset Mohibullah in a fierce semifinal, and went on to defeat his brother, Samuel P. (Sonny) Howe III, in the final. After Mohibullah recaptured his title in 1968, many followers of squash expected him to stay at the top for another run of years. After all, he was only thirty. It didn't turn out that way. In 1969, the Open crown—by this time the championship had come to be known as the North American Open, a combination of the Open championships of Canada, the United States, and Mexico—was won not by Mohibullah but by Sharif Khan, the eldest of Hashim's twelve children, and it was he who took over the Khan dynasty.

IN physical appearance and in most other respects, Sharif was quite different from his father. He stood about five feet eight and weighed about a hundred and sixty pounds. His legs were muscular, and there was a certain ranginess about the upper part of his broad-shouldered body. He had a mass of curly black hair, expressive eyes and eyebrows, and a luxuriant mustache.

When Sharif was eleven, he had received a scholarship to Millfield, a public school in southwestern England that had been founded shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War by R. J. O. Meyer, a man of means who believed that boys who had displayed exceptional athletic ability should be given a chance to get a first-class education while also developing their skill at sports. Sharif spent nine years at Millfield. The expectation that he had the stuff to reach the top in the game that his father had popularized around the world began to be fulfilled when, at seventeen, Sharif won the British Junior Squash Rackets Championship. He was almost equally outstanding at field hockey, cricket, and tennis. Hashim hoped that his son's studies at Millfield would prepare him to become an accountant or some other kind of specialist in the business world, or a physician, but Sharif, having long been surrounded by schoolmates who were going on to Oxford or Cambridge, or who had their hearts set on making the English Davis Cup team or the British Ryder Cup team, had only some dreamy ideas about how wonderful it would be to play cricket for Pakistan—and, beyond this, no solid plans for his future. He wasn't especially keen about making a career in squash. However, in 1966, when he was twenty-one, he spent two weeks at the Uptown Athletic Club in Detroit, learning from his father the fundamentals of teaching squash, for he had just been signed to become the professional at Detroit's Downtown Athletic Club.

Two years later, Sharif became the professional at the Skyline Racquet Club, in Toronto, a new operation situated near the city's air terminal. He was affiliated with this club when he won the North American Open in 1969. There was a perceptible restlessness about Sharif over the next few years as he sought to find the kind of life he wanted to lead. Most winters, he spent several weeks in England with his old school friends. On those visits, he played in the British Open, but without much success, since the forcing tactics and explosive shots that made it so difficult for his opponents to stay with him in the hard-ball American game could not be translated effectively into the British game, in which the soft ball seems to linger in the air on the bounce and can usually be reached by the best players before its second bounce. In the British game, accordingly, outright winning shots are rare, and it is not uncommon for a rally to last for over a hundred strokes, with both players rushing from the front of the court to the back several times before the point is decided. Principally for this reason, critics of the soft-ball game find it dull—more a test of endurance than anything else. In any event, in only two years did Sharif make much of an indentation in the British Open. The first was in 1970, when he reached the semifinals, where he lost to Jonah Barrington, the eventual winner. In 1973, he made his second strong showing, when he came up against Geoff Hunt, a superlative player from Australia, in the third round. He split the first four games with Hunt before going down in the fifth, and deciding, game.

Back in North America, the situation was entirely different. After winning our championship from Mohibullah in 1969, Sharif successfully defended his title eleven of the next twelve years. His reign was interrupted only in 1975, when the championship was played in Mexico City. The winner on that occasion was Victor Neiderhoffer, a former Harvard star, who evidently thrived on the thin air of the capital city. After regaining the title in 1976, Sharif held it through 1981. Undoubtedly, the most significant match he played over this stretch was the final of the 1977 championship, against Geoff Hunt, who had won the British Open several times and was as commanding in the soft-ball game as Sharif was in the hard-ball game. Accordingly, there was tremendous interest when Hunt came to Philadelphia in 1977 to see if he could become only the second player, after Hashim, to carry off the two major championships in the same year. He played very well to get to the final, and he played very well in the final. After losing the first game, he took the second. Sharif won the third and raced off to a 13–4 lead in the fourth. Hunt then mounted a tremendous rush. After winning nine of the next ten points, he trailed by only one, 13–14. The point coming up meant everything. If Hunt could win it, he would probably pull out the fourth game and possibly go on to win the fifth game and the match. Hunt did not win that critical point. When it was barely under way, Sharif audaciously went for an outright nick and nailed it. Game and match.

Hunt's performance was extraordinary, considering how rarely Sharif was seriously challenged during the

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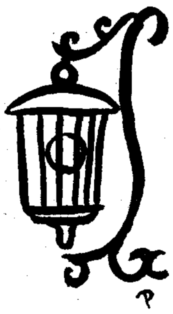
long span in which he ruled the world of hard-ball squash. The game that Sharif developed with the hard ball was much bigger than his father's. Strong, supple, and fast, he was the power player par excellence. He revelled in blowing his opponents off the court with a succession of violent volleys and smashes the like of which had never been seen before in squash. He became adept also at slyly changing the pace of play, which made his slashing style even more effective. He had a wonderfully deceptive touch that he loved to trot out when he was facing a player whose forte was the soft, oblique shot dropped inches above the telltale. "People admired the way Sharif controlled the ball and how hard he hit it," Darwin P. Kingsley III, the executive director of the United States Squash Racquets Association, said recently. "He was such an intelligent player. He had the ability to find an opponent's weakness and exploit it." Like most great champions, Sharif could summon his best play when the need was imperative. The first time I saw him in action was in the 1973 North American Open, at the Pittsburgh Golf Club. In the final, he faced Mohibullah, still a player to be reckoned with. Mohibullah won the first two games, 15–11 and 15–12. Sharif's play had little of its customary speed and sharpness, and the word began to circulate that he was hampered by a bad cold. He managed to win the third game, 15–8. Mohibullah seemed to let that game go after Sharif had raced off to a big lead. Sharif then won the fourth game, 15–7. Again, once Mohibullah had fallen well behind, he had let that game go—he would conserve his physical resources for the big fifth game. Mohibullah did play some stunning clusters of points in the fifth game, but Sharif was able to raise the level of his own play, and when the two men entered the stretch the score was tied 9–9. Sharif then took command of the match.



In the last years of Sharif's long reign as the North American Open champion (in nine of the ten years from 1970 to 1979, he also won the old United States Professional Championship, which, after several changes of name, emerged in 1977 as the World Professional Squash Association Championship), he tended at times to use the squash court as a stage. Teaching bored this complicated man. In addition to playing the full tournament schedule, he augmented his income by appearing in a large number of exhibitions, for which he worked up a suitable quota of bravura shots and theatrical gestures. He roared at himself after a needless error. He popped his large eyes malevolently at an opponent who he thought had purposely taken too long to clear himself from Sharif's route to the ball. After a point in which he thought he had been hindered, he would cock a questioning eyebrow and then scowl at the referee who had called a let on the point, thus ruling that it be replayed. He was not above shouting "Come on, Pakistan!" to himself loud enough to let the gallery know that he meant to shilly-shally no longer and would now go after his adversary with everything he had. Doing so, he would play some of the most exciting shots in his repertoire, such as double boasts—shots that were angled to hit the near side wall, then ricochet crosscourt, and, after hitting the opposite side wall, glance off the front wall just above the telltale.

The best description of Sharif that I know was written by Frank Satterthwaite, a product of Exeter and Princeton who later became a squash professional. In his book "The Three-Wall Nick and Other Angles (A Squash Autobiography)," which was published in 1979, Satterthwaite analyzes Sharif's personality in considerable detail. Here is an excerpt I am particularly fond of:

> A warm-up against Sharif is the damnedest thing. Ordinarily your opponent positions himself on the other side of the court, about a foot behind the service line; you hit him a cross-court, he sends it back. As the ball starts to warm up, you try a few shots. All the while, carefully, tentatively limbering up, you gradually get reacquainted with the game. Not Sharif. One moment he's 6 feet from the wall volleying your cross-court. The next he's behind you somewhere, blasting the ball into the back wall so that his return goes whistling by your ear en route to the front. When you're warming up with him you never know where he's going to be next. He's constantly in motion. This may be his second match of the day, but it's as if he's been away from squash too long and has all this pent-up energy he had to release. . . . Certainly he's never so alive as when he's on the court.

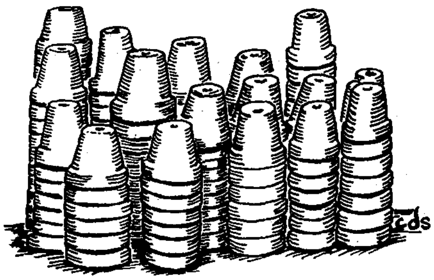
In 1982, when Sharif was pushing forty, time finally caught up with him. In the final of that year's North American Open, he was defeated by Michael Desaulniers, a fleet player from Canada, who became another in the long line of champions whose game had matured at Harvard. After that defeat, Sharif seemed to throw less of himself into his squash. In the 1983 North American Open, he lost in the quarter-finals. It was about then, when he clearly recognized that he was well past his peak, that Sharif took on new responsibilities. He opened his own squash club, on the northern rim of Toronto, in the municipality of Richmond Hill. He and his wife, Jacquie, an Englishwoman he had married ten years before, had their first child, Sheena. At about this time, too, one heard Sharif referred to more and more frequently by the men in the game as the greatest hard-ball squash player of all time. His friends also were genuinely concerned that his new club turn out to be a sound investment despite its situation so far from the center of the city.

The winner of the 1983 North American Open was Mark Talbott, a lean young man of twenty-two. His grandfather, who was a Yale man—as was his father—had become enamored of squash at college and had built a court in his house, in Dayton, Ohio. Mark grew up on that court and developed a fine game. He won the United States Boys' Sixteen and Under Championship in 1974 and 1975, and went on to win the United States Boys' Eighteen and Under Championship in 1977 and 1978. In 1979, after three years at Mercersburg Academy, instead of entering Yale he went to Trinity College, in Hartford. He found that he was unable to concentrate on his studies and dropped out after one term. His parents were going through a very difficult time, and Talbott, an extremely sensitive young man, was deeply affected. The one thing he knew for certain was that he wanted to be around squash. His older brother Dave, who is now the squash coach at Yale, was then coaching at the Detroit Athletic Club. He was very helpful to Mark during this trying period, treating him as his assistant at the club and as a valued friend. After five months, Mark took off for South Africa, with the help of a check from his grandmother. He stayed there six months, playing and teaching squash, and returned home for Christmas. Then the lust for foreign squash seized him again. In January of 1980, he went to England, where he played in several tournaments. From there, he travelled north to Scotland, where he worked at a squash club in Edinburgh for four months. He went to Toronto in May, 1980, where he worked at several clubs and spent his free time trying to improve his game.

During the 1980-81 season of the World Professional Squash Association's tournament circuit, Talbott played in about ten tournaments, won one, and was ranked ninth. His play became increasingly impressive. In the 1981-82 season, he won three tournaments and was ranked fifth. Then came the banner season of 1982-83, in which he won seventeen out of nineteen tournaments, including the North American Open, and became, in consequence, the top-ranked player on this side of the Atlantic. He had developed a rather idiosyncratic style, based on a wide-ranging defense that his spidery build made possible. Thanks to his long legs, all he needed was a couple of double shuffles to get to any ball from the "T"—the point at which the line that runs from one side wall to the other is bisected, ten feet from the back wall, by the perpendicular line that defines the right and left service courts. The player who commands the T usually commands the court. The first time I watched Talbott, I was struck by the regularity with which he could move from the T to either side wall and volley a shot that hugged the wall—striking the ball smack in the middle of his racquet face, with such exquisite timing that his racquet head never grazed the wall. For some reason—perhaps because he was winning so consistently—Talbott at this time had not developed any sharp offensive strokes. He had a deep confidence that he could wear down his foes with his tireless retrieving, and that everything else would inevitably fall into place. On the court, he looked more like a gypsy than like an athlete. His curly hair drooped to shoulder length, and he wore protective goggles and a headband. When he removed them he revealed himself to be a very nice-looking young man. His invariable sportsmanship stood out, even in a game in which players have traditionally placed great value on a decent consideration for their opponents' rights. After all, the appeal of squash—its speed, the creative exchanges, the angles that haunt one's dreams—depends on the mutual consideration shown by the two players who share the small rectangle. Off the court, Talbott, who had nursed himself successfully through his difficult years by making the world of squash his home, was one of the most popular players. Even his toughest opponents respected him deeply.

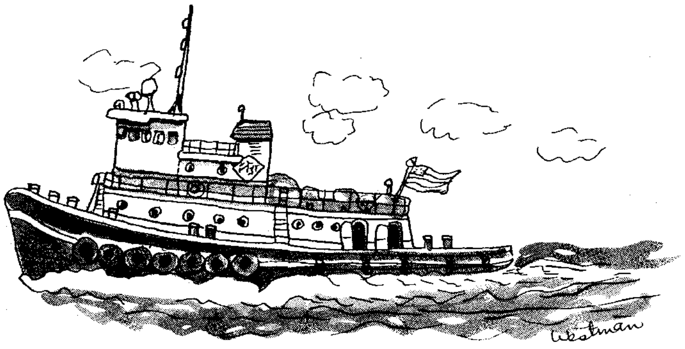
WHERE was Hashim while all these shifts were taking place? He had become the professional at the Denver Athletic Club, having moved west from Detroit in 1973. He loves to look up at the sun glinting on the eastern ridges of the Rockies; they remind him of the Hindu Kush that rises north of Peshawar. He is very much at ease in his role as the game's grand old man—he has become both fluent and witty in English—but even at his advanced age he is nobody's pushover in a veterans' tournament. Four others of Hashim's sons besides Sharif had become squash professionals. Aziz is the pro at the Cambridge Club in Toronto; he has beautiful moves on the court. Liakat, who is known as Charlie, is the professional at the Racquet Club of St. Louis; he has exceptional racquet control. Salim, or Sam, is the pro at the University Club in St. Louis. And Gulmast, a very intelligent young player, is the pro at the Deseret Gymnasium in Salt Lake City. Hashim's nephew Mohibullah has a young son, Sakhi, who, like Charlie and Aziz, has a natural gift for the game, but all these younger Khans seem to lack the drive and total dedication that separate a champion from a high-ranked tournament player. (The same had been true of Mohibullah's brother Gul, the professional at the Doral Inn Squash Club, in New York.) So, despite their number and their considerable skill, it looked in 1981 very much as if the Khans' domination of the game were over.

During the lengthy reign of the Khans, a new fervor for squash had started to spread around the world. This was brought on only tangentially by the stimulus that the Khans gave the game on their world travels. For example, consider the first big national boom, which took place in Australia in the mid-nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties. Plain rectangular buildings, sectioned into squash courts, began to sprout in Sydney, Melbourne, and the other large cities. Australians really know their sports, and they recognized that no other game compares with squash in providing a player with a pleasant and thorough workout in half an hour or so. Most of the new courts were public. People could become members of a club for a small fee, or, if they preferred, they could carry their clothes and equipment with them and then change in the locker room—pay-as-you-play squash. A sizable boom took place in Great Britain in the mid-nineteen-sixties and early seventies. In large part, this was due to the charisma of Jonah Barrington and the zest he poured into his stirring achievements. A rather indifferent amateur, Barrington, who was born in Cornwall, made himself by sheer hard work and will power into a man with such remarkable stamina that he could outlast anyone—even the Pakistanis—in tournament squash; he won the British Open six times between 1966 and 1972. The next national eruption occurred in Mexico. Because of the Spanish heritage of many Mexicans, one might expect them to have been attracted long before to ball-and-wall games—variations of jai alai. The game of frontenis had indeed done very well in Mexico, but, inexplicably, as late as 1964 there was only one squash court in Mexico City. Then squash took hold, and within a few years' time there were something like two thousand courts in the city. (Most of them have since been torn down in order to build apartments and condominiums, which bring in far more pesos.) At last, in the nineteen-seventies and eighties, public squash courts began to pop up all over the United States and Canada. The game's explosion could be explained, but only partially, by the failure of racquetball to stay the course. Racquetball was a strictly commercial concoction, modelled on handball, in which a player struck a fairly big ball with a short-handled, large-faced racquet. Bored by racquetball, in which rallies are rare, many of its former devotees switched to squash, and many racquetball courts were converted into squash courts by moving the back wall eight feet forward, so that it was then the standard thirty-two feet from the front wall. The front wall, however, usually remained twenty feet wide—a foot and a half wider than the front wall in a North American squash court. Another salient reason for the growth of squash in this country in the nineteen-seventies was the expanding number of coeducational colleges. Squash is a



game that women take to with ardor and play well. One final point: it is far easier to play squash passably well than it is to play tennis passably well. In tennis, you must control the ball so that it lands within the borders of the court on your opponent's side of the net; in squash, all you have to do is hit the ball against a wall. It is not surprising, then, how quickly the game envelops a newcomer, as he gains increased control of his shots and enlarges his vocabulary of fascinating things he can do with them. Today, an estimated six hundred thousand Americans play squash.

HOW has the game fared in Pakistan? Back in 1950, after Hashim had won the British Open for the first time, a national holiday was declared on his return, and the sign at the railway stop in his home town was changed from "Nawakille" to "Hashim Khan's Village." Squash became Pakistan's national game, and it produced a stream of good young players with names redolent of "The Arabian Nights": Maqsood Ahamed, Qamar Zaman, Gogi Alauddin, Fahim Gul, Mohammed Ali Somjee, and Hiddy Jahan, among others. The best of them spent a good deal of their time in and around London or on the international soft-ball circuit, which is made up of stops in Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, Pakistan, and Egypt, as well as on the Continent and throughout the British Isles. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, Roshan Khan was the head professional at the Fleet Club of the Pakistan Navy, in Karachi. His elder son, Torsam, was among the top twenty players in the world and was getting better. His son Jahangir, thirteen years younger than Torsam, was born with a double hernia that necessitated two operations—one when he was five, the other when he was twelve—but he insisted on living a normal life and was coming along astonishingly well. When he was eight, his father gave him his first squash racquet—Roshan himself had cut down the handle—but made it clear to him that, following the doctor's orders, he was to play squash only one day a week and had to forgo strenuous activity until he grew older and became stronger.



When a boy is a member of a family famous for its skill at a certain sport, and when he continually hears that his father was a great champion and his brother shows signs of becoming a world-class player, it is hard for him to sit obediently on his hands. Jahangir—the name is pronounced Jah on geer, with the accent on the third syllable—found ways of evading his father's restrictions. In Karachi, it is hot all year, and people customarily nap from one to three in the afternoon. During those two hours, Jahangir practiced daily at the Fleet Club's squash courts, slipping home a few minutes before his father arrived at the club. In the early evenings, when it was cooler, there was a lot of play on the courts, but at dusk, when the members had left them, Jahangir got in a little more practice. He had a talent for the game, and he knew it. In 1976, when he was twelve, he began to fill out nicely after his second hernia operation had proved successful. Roshan, noting his son's improved health and observing how well he moved on a squash court, encouraged him to work on his game. He also asked Torsam to practice with his younger brother and instruct him in the elements of sound shotmaking and basic court strategy. At the age of fourteen, Jahangir won the junior championship of Pakistan. The following year, 1979, he made an amazingly rapid recovery from a sprained back, but because of the injury he was not named to the four-man team that would represent Pakistan in the International Squash Rackets Federation's biennial rotating tournament, which that year was scheduled to be held in Australia. However, the Pakistan selectors stated that it was all right for Jahangir to play in the I.S.R.F.'s individual competition, the World Amateur Championship. This was easier permitted than done. To begin with, the fifteen-year-old Pakistani had not been accorded a place in the qualifying round; he got in only because an entrant from Nigeria didn't show up. He won the two matches he played, and this qualified him for the championship draw of sixty-four players. So far so good, but in his first-round match Jahangir found himself on the brink of elimination. He and his opponent had split the first four games. In the fifth game, when Jahangir was down 2–7, he managed to mount a courageous rally and pulled out that crucial game, 9–7. Round by round, he was expected to lose, but he made it all the way to the final, and there, on October 15th, he defeated Philip Kenyon, of England, in four games, to become, at fifteen, the World Amateur champion. As it happened, Jahangir was the last person to hold that title, for in 1980 the I.S.R.F. went professional.

The Khan family had a relatively short time in which to celebrate Jahangir's victory. On November 28th, it received the devastating news that Torsam, who was playing in a tournament in Adelaide, had suffered a fatal heart attack on the court. After a period of intense grief, Roshan arrived at what he thought was the wisest course for Jahangir. He decided that the person best suited to fill Torsam's place as Jahangir's tutor and guide was Rahmat Khan, a son of Roshan's brother Nasrullah. Nasrullah was the squash professional credited with having made Barrington into a champion. Rahmat himself was an elegant player—he had recently been ranked No. 12 in the world of soft-ball squash—but, because he had seen Jahangir play and appreciated his vast potential, he generously acceded to Roshan's request and, taking over Torsam's role, made it his goal to see that Jahangir became the world's No. 1 player, though this meant giving up his own career. Rahmat was the professional at the Wembley Squash Centre, and Jahangir went to live in Wembley Park, a section of sprawling London, where he shared a flat with Rahmat and his English wife, Josie, and their baby daughter, Natasha.

During his first few months in England with Rahmat and his family, Jahangir spent most of his time sitting silently by himself; he had been hit hard by Torsam's death. His depression gradually went away, and he began to go to the Wembley Squash Centre daily with Rahmat. Jahangir's ambition that year was to win the 1980 British Amateur Championship, but he fell during practice, injured his back again, and had to pass up the event. When he was ready to play again, he decided to become a professional. At the time, he was only sixteen; he turned seventeen on December 10, 1980. In addition to entering such English fixtures as the Stockton and Chichester tournaments, he played some exhibition matches on the Continent and appeared in the Ulster Open, the Irish Open, the German Open, and the World Open, which was put on by the International Squash Players Association—I.S.P.A. for short. (The I.S.P.A. had been formed in 1975 by a group of players, headed by Jonah Barrington, who thought that the I.S.R.F. was interested primarily in its member countries, and not in the welfare of individual players.)

At about this time, Rahmat set up a rigorous training program that Jahangir followed scrupulously when he wasn't playing in a tournament. Every day except Sunday, he rose at six and ran approximately ten miles. He ate a leisurely breakfast and read the newspaper before going to the Squash Centre. There he spent an hour on the court by himself, doing calisthenics and squash drills, including the star drill, which is perhaps the stiffest and most valuable workout a serious squash player can make part of his daily routine. The player races from the T to one of the four corners of the court, pivots, returns as fast as he can to the T, then races to another corner, pivots, returns at full tilt to the T, and so on, without letup, for as long as he can. These short, wheeling sprints increase a player's aerobic capacity and build up the stupendous fitness required in a match that may last two hours or longer. After an interval for lunch and relaxation, Jahangir began his afternoon workout by practicing with Rahmat. These sessions consisted of hard, extended rallies interrupted by Rahmat's pointing out certain moves that he thought Jahangir wasn't executing the way he should, such as getting into position faster to return a rail shot—a shot hit straight down a side wall—that he knew he might have to play on the ball's low rebound off the back wall. Many people regard Rahmat as one of the premier coaches in the world. He has few peers when it comes to establishing fundamentals and, by scouting opponents acutely, preparing his pupils for the tactics they need to employ in upcoming matches. When his session with Rahmat was over, Jahangir then

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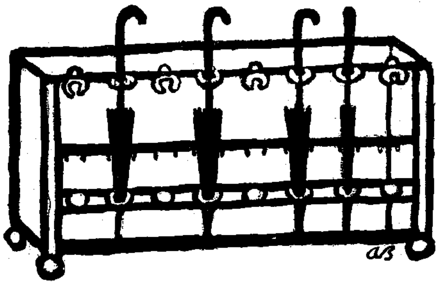
played forty-five-minute matches with three fresh opponents—high-ranked tournament players, such as Abbas Khan or Hiddy Jahan, both from Pakistan. Jahangir ended the day with some light exercises and a half-hour swim in the Squash Centre's pool.

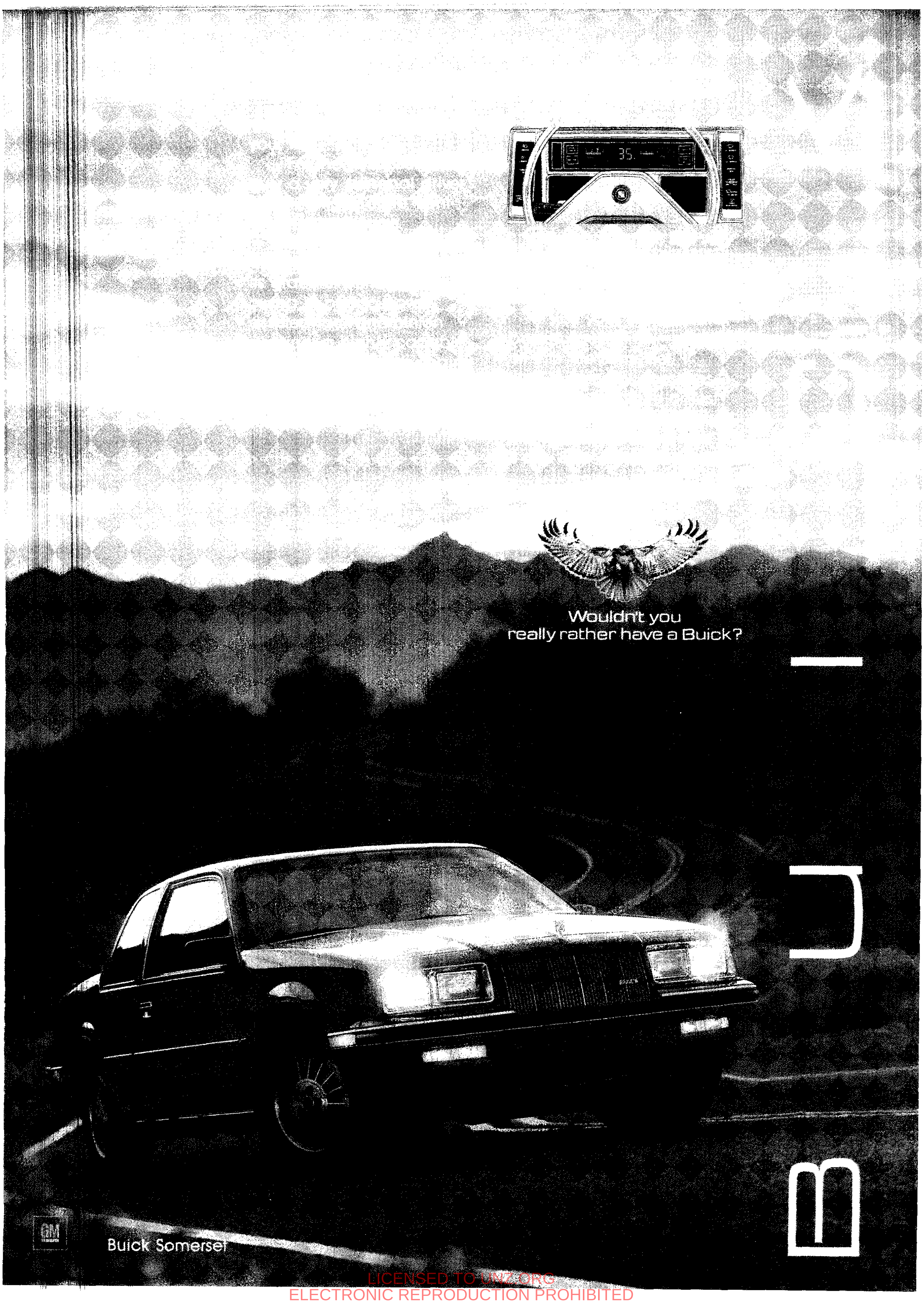
By the beginning of 1981, the British squash authorities were talking about Jahangir's superb condition. Generally, most young Pakistanis had impressed the cognoscenti with their fantastic racquet handling, but Jahangir was fundamentally a different kind of player. He could certainly handle a racquet, but essentially he was not a flashy type. He moved around the court deftly, wasting no steps, and reversed direction smoothly. He had wonderful anticipation and never seemed off balance or in the least fatigued. A slim man with sturdy legs, who stood five feet ten and weighed about a hundred and fifty-five pounds, he was a pleasant-looking fellow with a bright, natural smile. His straight black hair fell across his forehead as he scurried around the court. Later on, he grew a wide mustache that edged down at the corners of his mouth, but, even with that addition, it was his large, mild, dark eyes that attracted one's attention. During a match, the fixed expression on his face rarely changed, and the other ambitious young players centered in London took to calling him the Sphinx. Jahangir's eyes do project an inner calm. They make you think of some quarterbacks, like Joe Montana, who give you the feeling that they understand exactly what has to be done—who remain cool even when things go awry, and have the confidence that sees them through these passages and enables them to finally get the job done. By the end of his first season under Rahmat's tutelage, Jahangir was respected as a more solid player than the other young Pakistanis, Egyptians, and Brits who had spent most of the year sparring against each other in and around London. The young men in the soft-ball game began to wonder—as did everybody else—whether he would be able to beat the defending champion, Geoff Hunt, in the 1981 British Open, to be played in early spring. Hunt would be going for his eighth Open victory. That would be a record, but to set it he would have to be in top form. He was thirty-four, which is old for a squash player, even one as gifted as Hunt.

Early in 1981, the long-awaited collisions between Hunt and his seventeen-year-old challenger began to take place. Their first match, in the final of a tournament in Munich that was sponsored, oddly, by the makers of Canadian Club whiskey, was won by Jahangir, three games to one. (In the present age, the prize money in professional squash, as in many other sports, is put up by commercial sponsors. It is not big money. Except for the No. 1 star, who can add to his tournament earnings with well-paying exhibitions, each of the top seven squash players makes in a typical year about one-sixth of the average salary of a player on a major-league baseball team.) Hunt and Jahangir next met in Belfast, in late February, in the delayed 1980 I.S.P.A. World Open. Hunt won this match in three straight games. Near the end of March, they played a marathon match in the final of the Chichester Festival. After two hours and eleven minutes of high-velocity skirmishing, Jahangir won it when he outlasted Hunt in the fifth game, 9–6. Then, in April, came the confrontation that the soft-ball world had been eagerly awaiting: Hunt and Jahangir met in the final of the British Open. For the first time ever, the venue of the championship was a theatre—the Churchill Theatre in Bromley, a suburb of London. The court had a glass back wall, and a thousand fans—some seated in the orchestra section, others in the balcony—saw an extraordinary duel that lasted two hours and thirteen minutes. Hunt took the first two games, 9–2 and 9–7. Jahangir took the third, 9–5, and, when he led 6–1, looked to be on his way to adding the fourth. In this tight corner, Hunt summoned some of the best squash of his long career. He fought back to take the game and the match by sweeping eight of the next nine points.

The next meeting between Hunt and Jahangir did not come until October, in the German Masters, in Cologne. Jahangir won it, three games to one. Their second important encounter of the year, however, took place at the end of November, in the Columbus Centre of North York, a suburb of Toronto, in the final of the I.S.P.A.'s 1981 World Open. The first game lasted fifty-seven minutes. Hunt won it, 9–7, but the succession of protracted rallies had exhausted him, and Jahangir, never letting up for a moment, reeled off the last three games, 9–1, 9–2, 9–2. Coincidentally, the date of his triumph in the World Open was November 28, 1981—two years to the day after the death of his brother Torsam, his first teacher. Only people close to Jahangir were aware of this fact at the time, but everyone in squash—even the hard-ball players on the other side of the Atlantic—realized what a feat it was for a lad of seventeen to win the I.S.P.A. World Open, the soft-ball event second in prestige only to the British Open. Everyone wondered, naturally, whether Hunt would return for another crack at the British Open. Hunt did indeed return to England. Early in 1982, he played in a few warmup tournaments to prepare himself, but his squash was not up to its usual standard, mainly because he was hampered by a back injury. To the relief of his horde of admirers, he prudently decided to call it a career, and formally announced his retirement before the British Open was played. The new Open champion, to no one's surprise, was Jahangir. He won the final comfortably from his countryman Hiddy Jahan.



DURING the remaining months of 1982 and throughout 1983, Jahangir completely dominated the game of soft-ball squash. In the final of the 1983 British Open, for example, he brushed aside Gamal Awad, of Egypt, with no trouble at all—9–2, 9–5, 9–1—as if Awad were just another player. He wasn't. He was known as the Rubber Man, because of the speed and resilience with which he bounced around a squash court, and on his day he needed some subduing. He had had just such a day against Jahangir shortly before the British Open, when they played the longest match on record: in the final of the 1983 Chichester Festival, they were on the court for two hours and forty-six minutes before Jahangir prevailed, 9–10, 9–5, 9–7, 9–2. It was much more typical of Jahangir, the new champion, to take charge of a match quickly and firmly, as he did in Birmingham, against Dean Williams, of Australia, in the final of the 1982 I.S.P.A. World Open, when the scores were 9–2, 6–9, 9–1, 9–1, and as he also did in 1983 against Pakistan's



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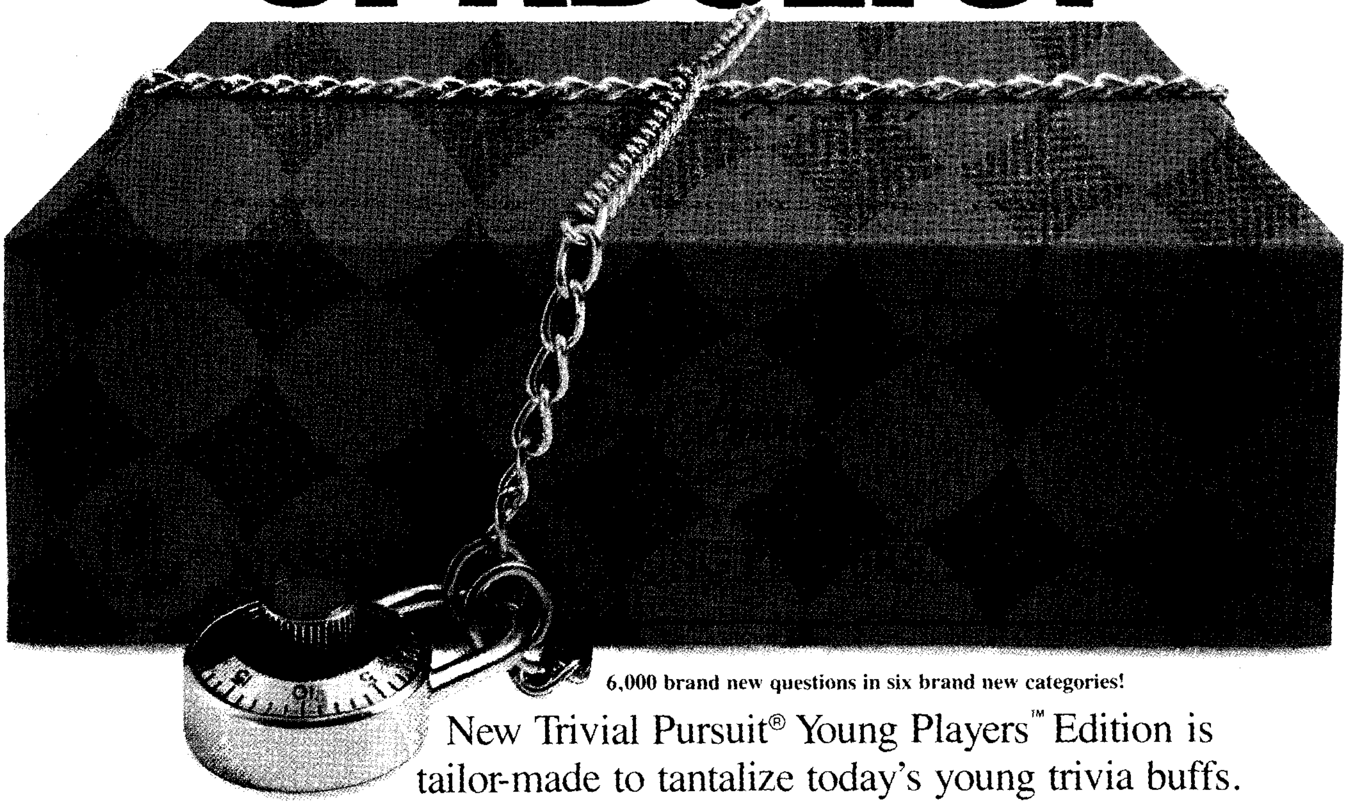

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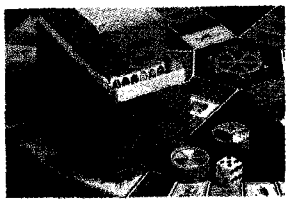

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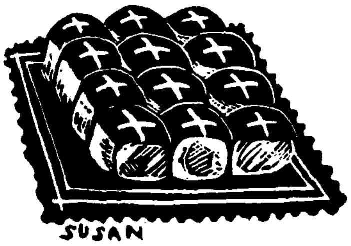
Qamar Zaman in the I.S.R.F. Individual Championship, in New Zealand, by scores of 9–0, 9–4, and 9–3. There was no question that Jahangir's phenomenal physical and mental stamina sometimes made the difference against a worthy foe. But during 1982 and 1983 Jahangir went undefeated and was rarely seriously challenged. Young and eager to travel, he played tournaments and exhibitions in Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Pakistan, Switzerland, Germany, and France—to name a few stops on his junkets during his first two years as the holder of the British Open and World Open titles. (This year, by the way, the I.S.R.F. and the I.S.P.A., having come much closer together, will join forces at a convention and tournament in Cairo, and one of the sensible results will be that in the future there will be only one soft-ball world championship each year.)

Jahangir's global travel arrangements, his exhibition matches, and his product endorsements were set up by a capable businessman named Ronald Morton. A Scot who was born in Edinburgh and attended the University of Glasgow, Morton, who is forty-five, emigrated to Canada in 1964. Today, he manufactures automotive products, such as windshield sealant, for an international market. In 1977, when he was attending an automotive show at the Wembley exhibition hall, Morton visited the stalls of the manufacturers on his list, and, being an enthusiastic Class A squash player, he then sought out the Wembley Squash Centre. There he had a nice visit with the professional, Rahmat. On his subsequent trips to Britain, he dropped in on Rahmat, a companionable young man, and got to know him quite well. In 1980, after Jahangir had arrived at Wembley and his exceptional skill at squash was already visible, Morton became the business manager for both Jahangir and his coach, Rahmat. Through their company, which is called Unsquashable, Ltd., Jahangir has since been endorsing squash shoes, court shirts, warmup suits, and racquets. In Morton's opinion, North America was where the big money could be made, and he was largely responsible for Jahangir's decision to go to America and find out if he could play squash as successfully with the hard ball as he could with the soft. (In 1974, the U.S.S.R.A. had switched from the old Cragin hard ball to a green, Australian-made ball which was called the 70+ because it played well in temperatures of seventy degrees and over.) Jahangir's first taste of hard-ball squash made him acutely aware of how much he had to learn. In 1982, in an informal team match in Canada called the Mennen Cup, which that year called for four top-flight soft-ball players and four top-flight hard-ball players to meet in a series of hard-ball matches, Jahangir won all his matches against the soft-ball players but none against the hard-ball players. In September, 1983, he made his next transatlantic trip, to take part in a two-day exhibition in New York with Talbott. On the first day, they played a soft-ball match, which Jahangir won 9–4, 9–3, 9–2, and on the second day Talbott won their hard-ball match almost as decisively, 15–10, 15–11, 10–15, and 15–10. Talbott's victory that day was one of the reasons that Americans who follow squash closely were shocked when, two months later, Jahangir defeated Talbott, 15–8, 15–8, 15–5, in the final of the Boston Open, a prominent tournament. If Jahangir still had any trouble chasing the hard ball to the right corners, it certainly wasn't noticeable. A year or so before that Boston Open, I had heard indistinct rumblings to the effect that another Khan had surged to the front in Britain, but I think it was his rout of Talbott in Boston that made most American followers of the game truly conscious of Jahangir for the first time. In January, 1984, they learned a good deal more about this twenty-year-old son of Roshan, when he defeated Talbott in Toronto to win the World Professional Squash Association Championship, 18–14, 15–8, and 15–6. In the hard-ball world, only the North American Championship was ranked above the W.P.S.A. Championship. A friend of mine who had seen the Toronto match reported that Jahangir not only was a marvellous defensive player but had just the sort of wrist snap a player needs to hit the hard ball for outright winners.

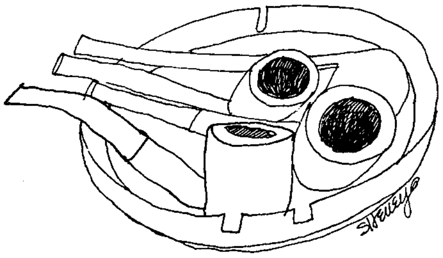


After the W.P.S.A., Jahangir had gone back to the world of soft-ball squash, and before returning to this continent, in April, he had carried off his third straight British Open. In his first tournament here, the Canadian Professional Championship, he was upset in the semifinal round by the aristocratic Mario Sanchez of Mexico, the third-ranked player in North America, who can be unstoppable on certain days. This was Jahangir's first loss in over three years—since his defeat by Hunt in the 1981 British Open. The next tournament on the hard-ball tour was the big one, the North American Open, which was held in New York, at the Park Avenue Squash & Racquet Club. I was one of the lucky two hundred-odd people who were packed into the small stand behind the glass back wall of the court for the final, between Jahangir and Talbott. There are few up-close treats in sport that can compare with watching two superlative squash players try to outthink, outmaneuver, and outplay each other. That was what we saw in the first game, which Talbott took 15–12. He attacked on just about every point—a tactic I had never seen him employ before. In the second game, he continued to attack vigorously, and was leading 8–7 when, during a fast-paced rally, the two players collided and Jahangir fell to the floor, holding one of his legs. For a minute or so, he lay there, grimacing but saying nothing, while Talbott and the officials sought to assist him. Then he got slowly to his feet, walked around in order to find out how this limb and that joint felt, and nodded that he was all right. He was indeed. He won that game, 15–9, taking eight of the next nine points. He then shifted into a higher gear and took the next two games, 15–4 and 15–1. He had perfect length on his shots—the ball seemed to die at the back wall on its first bounce. I recall one squash scholar remarking to another that Jahangir had won all but one of the last twenty-five points of the match. Since Talbott had gone through a difficult spring, in which he was bothered by a series of respiratory ailments, he had decided before the match that the best strategy was to set a furious pace from the start, in the hope that he could win in three straight games. This gamble did not work out, and after the collision, midway through the second game, he seemed to have nothing left. Even so, I wonder if Jahangir has ever played a stronger, surer match in his career than the one that made him the first man since Hashim to win both the soft-ball and the hard-ball championships of the world in the same year. He was always in position, and he made almost no tactical errors. When he took his first tentative steps two years earlier to try and master the hard-ball game, he had had some doubts about the wisdom of his commitment. It had worked out better than he had ever dreamed. Later that month, playing in the Mennen Cup, the Conqueror of the World—that is what "Jahangir" means in Urdu—easily polished off the four hard-ballers he met. At about this time, Pakistan issued a new three-rupee stamp: it depicts Jahangir on a squash court, preparing to hit a backhand shot.

THE sustained quality of Jahangir's play in the final of the North American Open made me eager to see him in one of the big tournaments this year, in which I could watch his progress round by round. I thought the best one might be the World Professional Squash Association Championship, in mid-January, because it would be taking place in Toronto, the most salubrious and most active squash town in this hemisphere. It has about seventy-five squash clubs, which have an average of six courts. With a total of about four hundred and fifty courts, Toronto may well be the squash capital of the world, all the more so because a substantial percentage of its squash players are hooked on the English soft-ball game.

Before going up to Toronto, I had digested two somewhat surprising bits of news. First, in early November, Mark Talbott had upset Jahangir in the Boston Open, 15–10, 15–12, 3–15, 7–15, 18–16. The following week, the Chivas Regal Open was held at the Uptown Racquet Club in New York, and watching Talbott's play there was a revelation to me. He had become a vastly improved player, thanks in large measure to what he had learned in practice sessions with the former Australian star Ken Binns, who has been the professional at the Skyline Racquet Club in Toronto for over a decade. Talbott's preparation for his backhand shots had become much better, and he was punching the ball more aggressively off both the forehand and the backhand. His footwork was quicker and crisper. He was volleying more often and to good effect. I had heard that he had been doing some bodybuilding work on the Nautilus machine, and his upper body did look bigger and stronger. I could understand now how he had beaten Jahangir in Boston and how he had won the first four tournaments on the W.P.S.A.'s 1984-85 schedule, which consists of about thirty tournaments in all. Watching Ned Edwards, Mario Sanchez, John Nimick, and the other top North American players perform at the Uptown Racquet Club had brought home to me the fact that undoubtedly the principal beneficiaries of Jahangir's successful invasion in 1984 were our own high-ranked players. Each had obviously worked diligently to bolster his game and get it, he hoped, up to Jahangir's standard.

The second news item had to do with some revolutionary steps that the progressive young officers of the W.P.S.A. had been making to turn squash into a more enticing spectator sport. In 1981, the W.P.S.A. had arranged for a portable squash court, with a glass back wall, to be constructed, at a cost of seventy-eight thousand Canadian dollars, by Playcon Recreational Equipment, Ltd., of Kitchener, Ontario. The court was to be available to any tournament on the W.P.S.A. circuit which wished to use it and was willing to pay Playcon around fifteen thousand dollars, to cover the cost of moving the walls, the floor, the beams, and the girders to the site of the tournament and of having a trained crew of workers assemble the court, disassemble it after the tournament, and move it back to Kitchener. The idea behind this enterprise was, of course, to make it possible for greater numbers of squash fans to watch the W.P.S.A. tournaments. In 1982, the court was used in the W.P.S.A.'s own championship, which was played, for the first time, in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton Centre Hotel in Toronto. Before the start of the 1983-84 season, Playcon, at the request of the W.P.S.A., added one glass side wall. Before the start of the current season, a second glass side wall was added. Last November, the Boston Open took advantage of the availability of the court, with its glass back wall and its two glass sides. For the past two years, this event had been played at Boston's University Club, before a gallery of more than three hundred people huddled together in the small bleacher behind the court. This year, the Boston Open's committee changed the site to the Cyclorama, a circular building with a wide skylight which was erected in the South End of Boston a hundred years ago specifically to permit the Battle of Gettysburg to be depicted on its circular wall in an advanced method of perspective painting. Nine hundred and twenty-five spectators turned out to watch the final of the 1984 Boston Open, from grandstands set up to face each of the three glass walls.

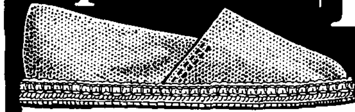


I arrived in Toronto on Tuesday, January 8th, the eve of the W.P.S.A. Championships. In addition to the main championship, four others are held: one for junior players, and one each for teaching professionals, veteran professionals (forty years old and older), and master professionals (fifty and older). After checking into my room in the Sheraton Centre (which overlooked the skating rink in the festively lighted park in Nathan Phillips Square), I went down to the Grand Ballroom, two levels below the hotel lobby. It is easy to understand why the Grand Ballroom has been the venue of the W.P.S.A.'s Championships the last four years. It is built on a palatial scale—close to a hundred yards long and fifty yards wide. The three-sided glass court, with bleachers set up on three sides, left adequate space in the ballroom for a players' lounge, a general lounge, refreshment tents for sponsors and the corporate box holders, and stalls where merchandise could be displayed and sold. Red, blue, and white draperies set off the various sections of the ballroom. The centerpiece, of course, was the illuminated glass court. It was especially dramatic during the evening sessions, for then all the other lights in the ballroom were dimmed and the court sparkled like a jewel. When I first saw it, I had two somewhat contradictory reactions. First, it looked almost exactly as I had always pictured it would since the late nineteen-thirties, when Johnnie Skillman, the Yale squash coach and three-time national professional champion, prophesied that the day would come when important squash matches would be played in glass-walled courts surrounded by thousands of spectators. Second, I could hardly believe that after all those decades of discussion about a court that did not consist of a maplewood floor and front wall painted white, and with the other walls plastered white or made of maplewood painted white, here I was gazing excitedly at just such a glass court. I wondered how well the players would be able to follow the ball and phase out the distraction of seeing the spectators through the only slightly opaque glass. The players would be using a red ball; color experts had advised the championship committee that a red ball would be easier for the players and the spectators to follow than either a black or a green one. I found that at first I had trouble following the ball—two players I didn't recognize were practicing—but after a while I got into it. It simply demanded harder concentration than watching squash ordinarily does. About that time, I bumped into my friend Frank Satterthwaite, the defending World Professional Veterans champion. (He is a chipper forty-one.) I asked him what difficulties the glass court posed for the players. "It's pretty hard blocking out the spectators," he said. "And it's hard seeing the ball when it comes low off the back wall. But after five minutes you get sort of used to it." Later in the tournament—shortly after he lost his title to Ralph Howe in a well-played final—Satterthwaite told me he had revised his opinion. "I think a player needs about three hours of play to actually feel at home on a glass court," he said. "Anyway, after my semifinal match I felt very much at ease on it."

The championships lasted five days in all, and the sensation kept recurring that I was present at an explosion, a thrilling step into the future, which I had never been sure that squash would experience. On the eve of the first round, the perfect exhibition match was provided: the legendary Hashim Khan played Heather McKay, an Australian, who is the best woman squash player ever. Hashim, who by now must be sixty-eight—or seventy-four or seventy-five—played some beautiful points, but McKay won in four games.

I MET Jahangir in midafternoon on Thursday—an hour or so after he won his first-round match, from Rob Dinerman. Ronald Morton asked me to join Jahangir, Rahmat, and himself at lunch. Jahangir, who had arrived in Toronto from London two days before, thought that, everything considered, he had played quite well that day. Picking up the carom of the ball had been difficult occasionally, he said, and he would need more time on the court to get used to it. Jahangir speaks softly, with a slight English accent. He is a rather quiet person by nature, but he comes across as a very intelligent young man. For example, when we were discussing certain matches he had played over the last five years he was able to remember the exact scores of various games as well as the specific point in important games on which the outcome of the match turned. Morton made the comment that Jahangir's transatlantic trips last year to play in the championships in Canada and the United States had undoubtedly brought the two worlds of squash closer together. It had encouraged soft-ball players to compete in America and hard-ball players to go abroad and play in British and Continental tournaments. Near the end of our chat, I asked Jahangir how long it takes a basic soft-ball player like him to make the adjustments that enable him to perform at the same level in a hard-ball tournament over here that he generally reaches in a soft-ball tournament in Britain. "At least two weeks, if I practice every day and practice with good hard-ball players," he answered. "You must change many things. In hard-ball, the ball moves faster, so a player must take a shorter backswing. Also, he must put more wrist in his stroke." He explained that the reason he had played so well in the W.P.S.A. Championship in 1984 was that he had had a week of pure preparation.

In his second match, on Friday, Jahangir met Steve Bowditch, a testy Australian from Darwin who now makes his home in West Germany. Jahangir beat him in three straight games, but his squash did not have anything like the assurance he had displayed last spring in the final of the 1984 North American Open. Later that day, I had a chat with Rahmat. He thought that in a day or two Jahangir would be playing much better. "Working as his coach is pleasant for me," he went on to say. "Jahangir and I get along well together. This makes the heavy schedule and the continual racing back and forth through different time zones worth all the effort. When Jahangir was fifteen, I knew he had the natural talent and the ambition needed to be a champion. He has the determination of a true champion. He is able to motivate himself and come back after a defeat. He is still young for his age. He relaxes by playing tennis or cricket or by listening to Pakistani music and reggae. My main responsibility, aside from raising my



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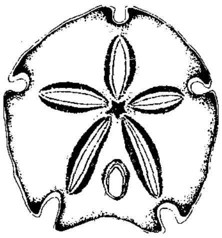
own family, is to see that Jahangir grows up well. He is getting more confidence in his English. That is very important. When he feels that he speaks English rather well, he will be less shy, and people will get to know him better. He has a good mind and a very good sense of humor."

Jahangir was unlucky, in a way. Todd Binns, the strapping son of Ken Binns, offered him little competition in his next match, in the quarter-final round, on Saturday, and Jahangir needed a tough match at this stage of the tournament. The draw had been arranged so that Talbott, who had won all seven of the previous W.P.S.A. tournaments in the 1984-85 season, was at the top of it, with Jahangir at the bottom. All things being equal, they would meet in the final. Talbott had been helpfully extended in his second-round and quarter-final matches by Juan Mendes, a young Mexican, and Clive Caldwell, a veteran Toronto professional. When I talked with Talbott that afternoon, he was thinking ahead to his semifinal, with Ned Edwards, his closest friend on the tour and the player then ranked just below him on the W.P.S.A.'s computer. Over the last few years, the number of tournaments on the tour has increased, and so has the prize money. The top players now make a fairly good living. Talbott, for instance, has been able to change his whole way of life. When he started on the tour, in the 1980-81 season, he used to drive himself from tournament to tournament in a second-hand Ford pickup truck. In the back, he had built a four-sided structure with a shingled roof that was peaked like a doghouse. The wood had come from one of the old squash courts that were torn down at his brother Dave's club, in Detroit. Talbott installed a bed and a heater in the doghouse, and slept comfortably in it. He still has the pickup truck, but he uses it in a different way. He now rents an apartment in the gatehouse of an eighteenth-century estate in Marblehead, a town on a small peninsula that swings into the Atlantic just north of Boston Harbor. The bedroom has a wood-burning fireplace. When Talbott goes to a tournament, he drives the pickup to the Boston airport and leaves it in the parking lot while he is away.

When we talked on Saturday afternoon, Talbott was not sure that he would be able to beat his semifinal opponent, Edwards—a big, mobile man with precise and dependable strokes. He did, however—15–6, 12–15, 15–9, and 15–12. As was typical of a Talbott-Edwards match, both were "calling the ball down" on themselves—that is, informing the referee, who might have missed it, when they had hit the ball after it had touched the floor on its second bounce. In baseball, it is considered part of the game to make it look as if you had caught a fly ball when you really had trapped it, but in squash things are different. Playing in a man-against-man game and not as part of a team, squash players, if they are true sportsmen, are not supposed to try to get away with anything. Squash is unquestionably a much better game when a player volunteers correct calls even if they are to his disadvantage.



The second semifinal, Jahangir vs. Mario Sanchez, was a tremendous match. During the off-season, Sanchez, a tall, distinguished-looking man with a well-tended beard, is the head of tourism for the State of México, which surrounds Mexico City but does not include it. The Sanchez family was the second family in Mexico to have its own squash court. In 1970, Carlos Sanchez, who was in the construction business, built the court for himself, his brother Raoul, and his sons, Carlos and Mario. Mario became good enough to win both the United States Boys' Sixteen and Under and Eighteen and Under Championships. A fluid stylist, he has days when he cracks his wide repertoire of shots so powerfully that he can blow any adversary off the court. In his semifinal with Jahangir, he lost the first game, 10–15. In all racquet games, seemingly, it is not unusual for a player to have streaks of scoring that will decide a game, a set, or a match. Trailing 9–10 in the first game, Jahangir won it by running off six straight points. In the second game, Sanchez ran off six straight points, and eventually won an overtime game, 18–15. In the third game, Sanchez apparently discovered that Jahangir was vulnerable to a hard-hit reverse-corner backhand shot, in which the player, positioned on the left side of the court, directs the ball crosscourt so that it hits the right wall inches from the front wall, ricochets almost instantly off the front wall, and shoots back fast toward the left side of the court, close to the spot from which the player hit the ball. For some reason, Jahangir was misreading this shot—making his first step in the wrong direction and recovering too late to get to the ball. Chiefly because of his success with the reverse-corner backhand, Sanchez ripped off seven straight points to gain an 11–3 lead in this game, and he went on to win it comfortably. The fourth game was the crucial one. We would soon see whether Sanchez could continue to be able to outplay Jahangir or whether Jahangir had a champion's ability to regain control of the match. In the interval before the start of the fourth game, Sanchez must have decided that it might confuse Jahangir if he played fewer reverse-corner backhands and threw in some changes of pace and some rail shots down the walls. What he failed to do was to continue to hit the ball with the punishing speed he had cut loose with in the two previous games, and Jahangir, taking no foolish chances, was able, when the score was tied 8–8, to win six of the next seven points and, ultimately, the game. Two games each.

I cannot remember having ever seen a game quite like the fifth. Jahangir, serving, won the first four points—one on a service ace—in less than forty seconds. As usual, his face showed no sign of emotion, but he was patently keyed up for this all-important game. Sanchez, it became clearer with every point, was unable to execute whatever tactical plan he had decided on in the interval between the fourth and fifth games. He lost the first nine points, and it seemed as if he were having trouble remembering exactly what tactics he had meant to employ. When the referee announced the score after Jahangir had rattled off his twelfth straight point, Sanchez asked, with a smile, "I wonder if we could start the game now?" Jahangir then won the last three points, to complete the first shutout game of hard-ball squash that many of us had ever seen. We could also understand better why Jahangir had not been defeated in a soft-ball match for nearly four years. He had known precisely how he should play the vital game, and had the strength of mind to carry out his plan.

The final, between Jahangir and Talbott, got under way shortly after eight o'clock on Monday night, before an audience of eleven hundred and fifty-seven people—the largest gallery that had ever watched a squash match in the Western Hemisphere. To be honest, I did not know what to expect in the match. I tended to favor Talbott. From the start of the championship, he had been hitting the ball much more severely than Jahangir. On the other hand, Jahangir, except for his errorless squash in the fifth game of his semifinal with Sanchez, had not looked like the commanding player we had seen overwhelm Talbott last May in the North American Open. Even so, during the many difficult moments he encountered in this tournament, Jahangir had displayed that certain mettle champions possess. Possibly, if it was necessary for him to raise his game a notch higher in the final, he would be able to do so. We would see.

The first game of the final went to Jahangir, 15–12. At 9–9, he had played five well-conceived points, and they had in effect won him the game. Oddly, though, while Jahangir was perspiring noticeably because of the pace of the play there wasn't a bead of sweat on Talbott's face. In the second game, Talbott was trailing 10–11 when he suddenly took charge. He won the next five points, forcing errors from Jahangir on three of them, and he ultimately won the game point on a backhand nick off the right wall. Throughout the game, Jahangir had played some inventive shots, but Talbott, hitting the ball sharply, had pressed him so hard on his forehand side during their rallies that all Jahangir had been able to do was chop the ball back defensively.

In the third game of the final—shades of the fifth game of the semifinal with Sanchez—Jahangir won the first five points and eight of the first nine. He had to work hard for them, though: Talbott was driving the ball forcefully and deep off both sides, but Jahangir, scrambling doggedly and making some remarkable gets on shots angled low off the side and back walls—shots that would ordinarily have been winners—persevered and ultimately won the points. Talbott got back to 4–9, but at this juncture, as I saw it, he became impatient, wondering what one had to do to win a point against such a tireless retriever. Jahangir had been especially tough off his backhand, not only getting his racquet on many possible winners but driving the ball back hard and low. Whatever the reason, Talbott suddenly changed his game and started to play touch shots off the front wall. This is not the correct tactic to use against an opponent as skilled in soft-

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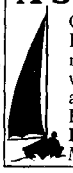
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ball squash as Jahangir is. Talbott lost six of the last seven points of the game trying to outfox a far more deceptive and practiced drop-shot artist than he was. We all know the old saw "Never change a winning game," but that doesn't mean that you should change a losing game to one that your opponent is more adept at than you are. Of course, it is easy to be sagacious about these matters when seated safely in the grandstand.

The fourth game, too, was over rather quickly. Up two games to one, Jahangir began to play more assertively. He brought his forehand and backhand drives down closer to the telltale and, swatting low crosscourt drives that Talbott couldn't handle, moved out in front, 8–1. He kept the pressure on unceasingly, never coasting for a moment. I recall one point in particular. After a blistering exchange, it appeared that Talbott had won the point when, racing back toward the T, he got off a magnificent unconventional drop volley that hit the front wall an inch or so above the telltale. Jahangir whirled, dove, and somehow got the ball cleanly on his racquet face just before its second bounce. He flipped if off the front wall like a marshmallow. Jahangir: 15–12, 11–15, 15–5, 15–5. The champion had saved his best squash for the final.

After the applause for the two players had ended, Dave Johnson, who is finishing his third year as the president of the W.P.S.A., stepped forward to begin the presentation ceremonies. He had many sound things to say. He remarked first that the finalists had exhibited an athleticism that would be hard for the masters of any sport to match. Hearty applause. He then noted that he had rarely seen a squash match in which each player displayed such respect for the other. Another burst of applause. He proceeded to introduce the runner-up. True to form, Mark Talbott, smiling as widely as if he had been the victor, congratulated Jahangir on his wonderful play and then thanked the audience for the support it had given the W.P.S.A., not only throughout the week of the championships but in generally helping it to advance the great game of squash. He was followed by Jahangir, who was handed the winner's check for ten thousand dollars. I was hoping that Jahangir would make a brief speech of acknowledgment. He did quite a bit more than that. He spoke softly but easily for about a minute, thanking the record crowd, congratulating Talbott on his fine play, and noting how well the championships had been run. This latest Khan phenomenon has it all. I hope he paces himself wisely, and follows a more limited schedule of tournaments and exhibitions than, say, Björn Borg did, so that, despite the lure of piling up money, he won't burn himself out while he's still in his middle twenties.

WE tend to take it for granted that American manufacturers are way out in front of foreign competition in most technical and scientific fields. When I got home from Toronto, I came into possession of a copy of "The Guinness Book of Squash," by Michael Palmer. In looking through the chapter that lists the major steps taken in substituting glass walls for wooden ones, so that more spectators could watch soft-ball tournaments, I came across some enlightening information that may be distilled like this:

1971. The first all-glass back wall was installed at the Abbeydale Club, in Sheffield.

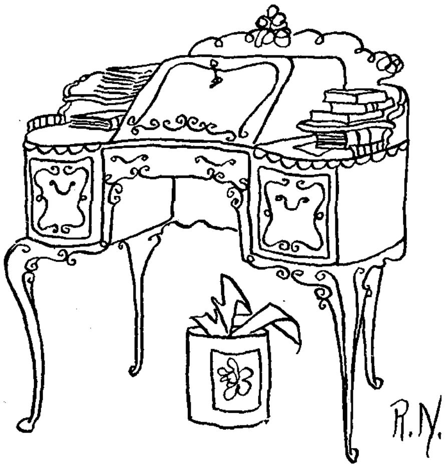
1981. The first court with four transparent walls was used in the German Masters, in Cologne. The Transwall Plexiglas court was manufactured in Sweden.

1982. The last few rounds of the World Open were played on a court with three transparent walls at the National Exhibition Centre, in Birmingham. On hand for these rounds were sixteen hundred spectators.

1983. Courts with four glass walls were used for the first time in France and England.

1984. In March, the court on which the final of the French Open was played, in Paris, was of transparent glass.

1984. In April, the final of the British Open was played at the Wembley Conference Centre before a record crowd of twenty six hundred people, on a court that had four walls of a plastic called Perspex, which is manufactured by Imperial Chemical Industries.



"The Guinness Book of Squash" was produced in Britain, and, accordingly, it confines itself mainly to matters pertaining to Britain, the Continent, and other geographic areas where soft-ball squash has been played. Accordingly, it fails to note the steps taken in hard-ball squash in recent years, largely at the behest of the officers of the W.P.S.A. They are the forward-looking young men who, because they were convinced that squash is one of the best games to play and to watch, underwrote the building of the present portable court with three glass walls. In the midst of the euphoria that obtained in Toronto in January, they did not delude themselves into thinking that televising the top championships held in the United States and Canada is just around the corner. They realize that it will take some time to solve the problems implicit in following a small, darting ball even with the latest camera equipment, but they feel confident this will take place not very far in the future. (Interestingly, Tom Jones, the publisher of *Squash News*, which has a circulation of sixteen thousand copies, is also a squash-tournament promoter with progressive ideas. His plans for this year's North American Open call for it to be held near the end of April in Town Hall, on West Forty-third Street, in Manhattan. Town Hall is generally associated with concerts and lectures, so it has a stage, but its stage will have to be extended some ten feet toward the audience in order to accommodate the portable squash court. Only the back wall and the right wall will be glass, with the two side walls running almost parallel to the rows of seats. Jones estimates that the usable seats in the orchestra, loges, and balcony will accommodate approximately thirteen hundred people.)

On my flight back from Toronto, I ran into a veteran leader of the U.S.S.R.A., and we arranged to sit together. My friend happens to personify the old world of American amateur squash that, aside from running the North American Open, has for years gathered on weekends with wives or girlfriends during the squash season for tournaments held mainly at clubs on the Eastern Seaboard. For good squash, good fellowhip, and good spirit, those weekends could not be beaten. He and his group continue to hold high-level amateur events on the weekends, although they are well aware that nowadays it is not unusual for the most talented young amateurs to turn professional once they have finished their education. Naturally, we spent most of the flight talking about the championship we had just seen. "What impressed me most was the beautiful way the W.P.S.A. ran it," my friend said. "They did everything superbly. There's no question about it—the time has come for squash to expand. You know, it's funny. From its beginnings in this country, squash has been considered a preppie sport, and rightly so. Most of the best amateur players learned it in prep school and fell in love with it. But there is a certain irony today. Unlike the old-time professionals, who usually didn't have more than a high-school education, if that, a rather large percentage of today's young professional stars attended fine prep schools and the top colleges. Talbott went to Mercersburg Academy. Ned Edwards went to Westminster and then on to Penn. John Nimick went to Episcopal Academy, in Philadelphia, and to Princeton. Same with the teaching pros who have done so well developing the W.P.S.A. A large number of them are youngish men who have a preppie background. Dave Johnson, who's the pro at the Racquet & Tennis Club, in New York, went to Andover and then to Williams. I believe he was an art-history major. Clive Caldwell, a fine Canadian player who is now a club professional and owner, went to Ridley College, a prep school in Saint Catharines, Ontario. Gordon Anderson, another outstanding Canadian player, who is also a club pro and owner, went to Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, in Toronto." We ordered a drink. "The breakthrough into that three-glass-walled court in Toronto was dramatic, to say the least," my friend continued. "I can't tell you how happy that makes me. Squash is a game whose time has come. It's such a wonderful game that the more people we get to play it or watch it, the better. Mind you, I still prefer the American ball." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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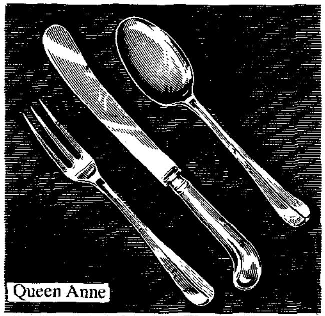

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Coddled

As David, the L.A. advertising whiz who's the protagonist of "Lost in America," Albert Brooks is only a slightly exaggerated specimen of a large number of rising young businessmen and professional men—the insecure successes, the swollen-headed worriers. He's the baby that we see inside those prosperous professionals. David has a bland moonface surrounded by an aureole of tight, dark curls; it's as if he wore his brains on the outside. He looks soft; he isn't fat, though—he's just too well fed. If he were a contented man—say, a musician in a symphony orchestra who picked up extra income from the recording companies—he might be a likable dumpling. But David is an obsessive careerist who agonizes over every detail of his life. On the night before he expects to be made vice-president of the ad agency, he lies awake wondering whether he and his wife, Linda (Julie Hagerty), the personnel director of a department store, have done the right thing in putting down a deposit on a four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house. He still harbors the dream of dropping out—of taking to the road, like the heroes of "Easy Rider." He's torturing himself with anxieties, and he keeps waking the exhausted Linda to tell her his misgivings and be comforted by her reassurances.

David has got himself so keyed up for the vice-presidency and has put so much energy into worrying about whether he's picking the right house, the right Mercedes, and the right boat to go with the job that when he is finally in the boss's office and is offered a different kind of promotion (a big new account that involves a transfer to New York) he doesn't have the flexibility to deal with it. He becomes unhinged; he's like an outraged infant. He howls, he rants. If he can't have the title he wants, he doesn't want anything. His explosion comes in waves: he quiets down for a second or two, and then his nasal whine starts up again. By the time the scene is over, he has insulted the boss and been fired from his hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job, and he's in a state of shock that's also a state of exaltation, of triumph. He rushes over to his wife's store, demands that she quit, too, and wants to celebrate this moment of liberation by having sex right this minute on her desk in her glass-enclosed office.

"Lost in America" is a satirical comedy about upper-middle-class infantilism and obnoxiousness—everything that Albert Brooks' David incarnates. Brooks, who directed the film and co-wrote the script (with Monica Johnson, who also worked on his two earlier pictures, the 1979 "Real Life" and the 1981 "Modern Romance"), has developed a cool, balanced attitude toward himself as performer. The self-absorbed, ingrown David is quite different from the characters that Albert Brooks has played in other directors' movies. Brooks was Cybill Shepherd's officious political co-worker in "Taxi Driver;" he was the unromantic bridegroom who collapsed on his wedding night in "Private Benjamin;" he was the driver in the prologue to "Twilight Zone—The Movie;" and he was close to inspired as the symphony conductor's manager in the 1984 "Unfaithfully Yours." He's a remarkable comic actor—remarkable enough, perhaps, to delude people into thinking he's just playing himself in "Lost in America." It's true that the camera often seems to be staring at David, revealing his innermost weakness. (He's always sorry for himself.) And Albert Brooks may have conceived this character because he saw the possibilities for this kind of maddening twerp in himself, but David is a fully created obsessive fool. He's a highly verbal jerk who half knows he's behaving like a jerk but can't stop himself—he's a self-conscious, pesky toddler at loose in the world. But though he's tiresome to everybody in the movie he isn't tiresome to us. David's lines have been sharpened to a fatuous fine edge—he keeps us laughing at him. And "Lost in America"

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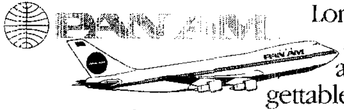

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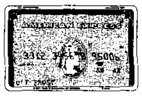

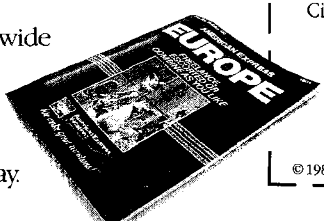

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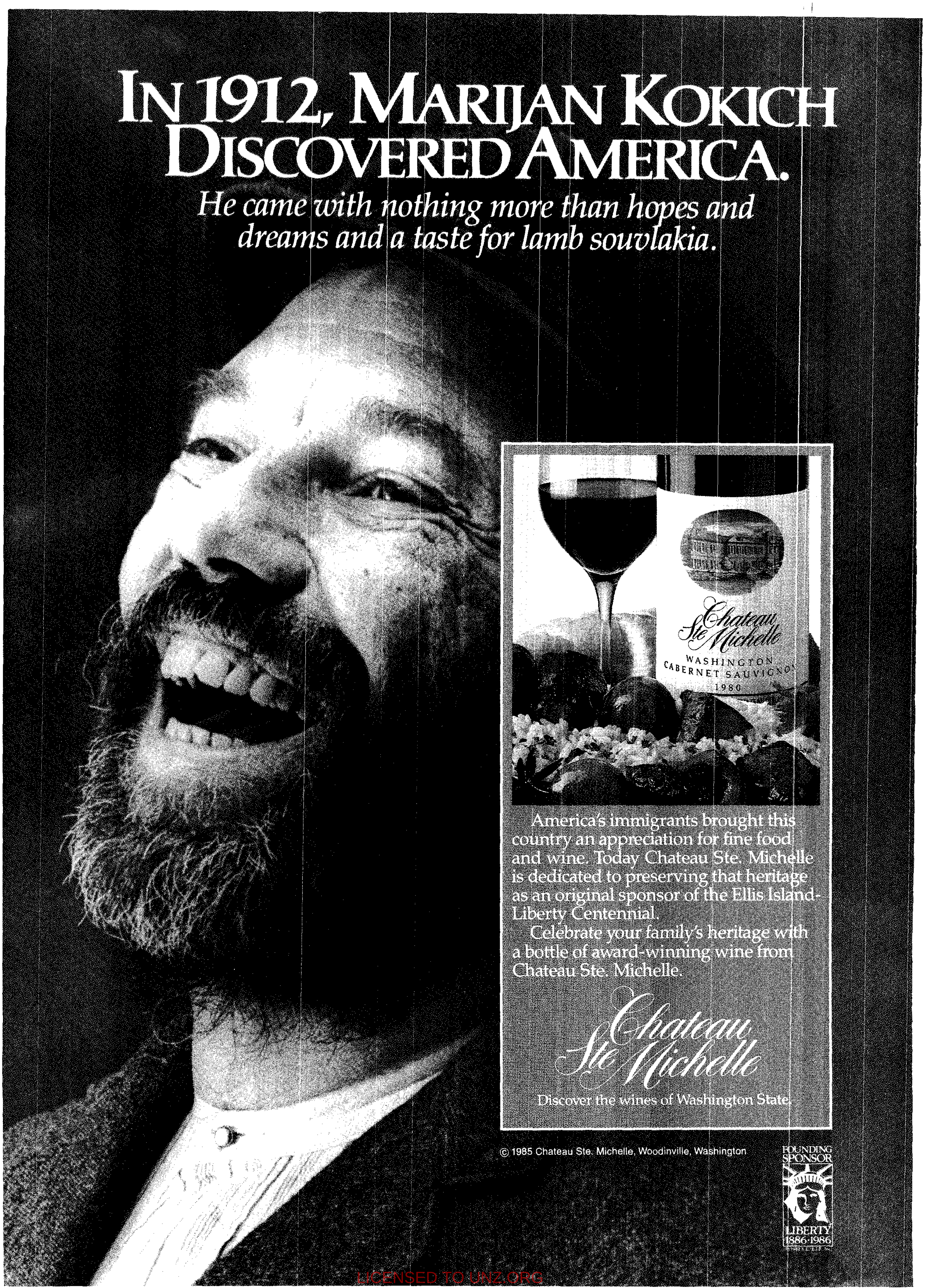
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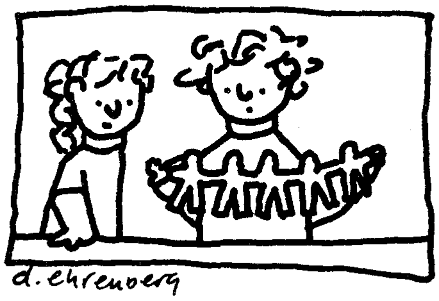
doesn't dawdle; it's pleasantly snappy—it makes its comic points and moves on.

Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for David's mate: you listen to Hagerty's Linda and you know why she puts up with him. Her little-girl breathiness tells you. And the dim stress and panic of her gaze suggest that somewhere in her past she has been frightened and David is the Teddy bear she clutches. (These two are endlessly apologizing to each other; they do it so automatically they might be apologizing in their sleep.) Linda is bleakly pretty; she's gaunt and hollow-eyed and wispy—she seems to be disappearing. David's aggressiveness and his near-loony dependence on her don't faze her. Life fazes her. She's bored to depression by being cooped up in her office in the department store; she's depressed by her whole conformist existence. But she's too timid and worn down to come right out and express her resentment. Curly-headed David, who's crazy about her—kissing her and complimenting her ritually (if nothing else occupies his mind)—never guesses at her feelings. When these two sell off their property, buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America, the picture has the promising overtones of a Preston Sturges comedy.

The movie makes a honey of a transition—a cut from the farewell party that David and Linda's friends give them to a shot of David looking minuscule behind the wheel of the disproportionately large motor home as they leave L.A. The best visual joke in the picture is simply the recurring image of these two people who think themselves dropouts and Easy Riders as they move across the country encased in their thirty-foot Winnebago. Along the way, Brooks has a couple of sustained showpiece scenes where he plays off someone who can't quite believe that this guy is actually saying what he's saying. After the meek Linda blows their nest egg at the Desert Inn Casino, in Las Vegas, David goes to see the pit boss (well played by Garry Marshall, the director of "The Flamingo Kid") and, using his advertising-man skills—and here he's flexible—tries to persuade this smart, tough fellow to give back the money. The most ingenious of David's gambits is that returning Linda's losses can be good for business—that the casino can thus be publicized as a casino with heart, one that periodically plays Santa Claus to losers. Spritzing one proposal after another, as if he'd been hired to prepare a campaign, David beams at the pit boss, he cajoles him; he doesn't grovel, but you know he would if he thought it would have any effect. And his adversary is amused by the agility of David's thought processes. (In a Preston Sturges comedy, the pit boss might have gone loco and actually adopted the Christmas-casino idea.) David also has an interview scene with an employment agent (Art Frankel) in a desolate small town in Arizona; when David tells the agent how much he was earning, the old guy is infatuated with the numbers and can't resist tweaking him by repeating the amount over and over.

David and Linda's experiences in the real America turn out to be a two-week vacation, and the movie has a nice, quick wrapup. In terms of David's character, the end says all that needs to be said. And probably there's no way for Brooks to develop the plot any further, because he sees David as hopeless—as upper-middle-class in every soft fibre of his anxious, coddled being. But the movie needs another turnaround, because although the ending is right for David, it isn't right for Linda. Once she's away from her hated job, she becomes prettier and more bouncy. She is perhaps even too adorable at times, but not glaringly. (Julie Hagerty may look like the old-fashioned girl that suitors would bring nosegays to, but she's a gifted, sexy comedienne.) Linda's losing the money seems to free the movie, to open it, and she herself relaxes a bit. David becomes more compulsive than ever. His worst terror has been realized, and his mind never shuts down. He tries to hold his anger in, but when he's looking out over Hoover Dam he can't help yelling about the money, and once again the joke is in the disproportion between him and the physical setting. David keeps going over what has happened. He picks at it; he bleeds. But Linda, having done the unthinkable, is able for the first time to laugh at him. And there's the suggestion that her blowing the money wasn't a totally subconscious protest: in her tiny, touching voice, she maneuvered David away from his plan that they go to the Silver Bell Chapel to renew their marriage vows, and got him to take her to the Desert Inn. Afterward, her only explanation to David is "I held things in for so long I felt like I was going to burst." By talking her into quitting her job, David has unloosed something in her that Brooks and his co-writer don't quite know what to do with.



The movie is so good that it needs to flower; it's like a Sturges idea that runs dry. But it's still a nifty, original comedy. The performances in the along-the-road vignettes are like a series of small presents to the audience. If the movie seems slight, that may be because we're essentially following just the one story—David's. It would be great if Albert Brooks could get to the point of showing the interaction of a group of these contemporary monomaniacs—which is essentially what Sturges did (though Sturges didn't rip the characters from inside himself). Brooks is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. If he could pit a David against a few other people as driven and talkative as he is—if a David had to fight for screen time and space with people every bit as competitive—there's no telling what comedy heights Brooks could scale.

MOST of "The Breakfast Club" takes place in the library of a suburban Chicago high school where, for various infractions of the rules, five students are serving a 7 A.M.-4 P.M. Saturday detention. Each of the five is a different type, and together they form a cross-section of the student body. They are a champion wrestler (Emilio Estevez), a popular redhead "princess" (Molly Ringwald), a grind (Anthony Michael Hall), a glowering rebel-delinquent (Judd Nelson), who wears an earring, and a shy, skittish weirdo (Ally Sheedy). They walk in not liking each other and with their defenses in place. But they're like the homosexuals who gathered at the party in "The Boys in the Band" and played the "truth game." In the course of the day, under the prodding of the rebel and the mellowing effect of the marijuana he provides, they peel off layers of self-protection, confess their problems with their parents, and, after much shedding of tears, are stripped down to their true selves. When the doors are opened, they walk out transformed. They know who they are; they know who the others are. "The Breakfast Club" is "A Chorus Line" without the dancing. It's "The Exterminating Angel" as a sitcom. This is a very wet movie (and a very white movie), but it is a box-office hit, and has been widely praised for its seriousness. "It's the kind of mature teenage film I enjoy seeing" is one of the quotes used in the advertising.

The writer-director John Hughes, who made his directing début just last year, with the uneven but light and peppy "Sixteen Candles," has gone the group-therapy route this time and has also fallen back on the standard device for appealing to teen audiences, the device of "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Splendor in the Grass": blaming adults for the kids' misery. Each kid in turn tells the group of the horrors of home: the wrestler's father pushes him to compete, the princess is given *things* but not affection, the brainy grind is pressured to be a straight-A student, the (secretly sensitive) rebel is beaten and burned by his brute of a father, the shy girl—the basket case—has parents who ignore her. It's she who puts her finger on the source of all their troubles. "It's unavoidable," she says. "When you grow up, your heart dies." During the confessions, faraway synthesizer-organ sounds come toward you. And, as if the truths being uncovered in the library weren't enough, in the basement the janitor (John Kapelos) is doing a truth-telling number on the dean (Paul Gleason) who is proctoring the detention. The dean's heart is dead, all right—he hates the students. He's a bureaucrat who's in the school system strictly for the money. He tells the rebel that he's not going to let anyone endanger his thirty-one thousand a year.

Young audiences have always been suckers for this kind of flattery. They love hearing kids swap stories about how rotten their parents are, and no doubt they like to see all this viciousness loaded on the school official. The budding neuroses that made these kids antagonistic to one another are cured by their coming to see their parents and teachers as the common enemy. Watching as each kid bared his psyche, I had the hopeful thought that maybe this script was something John Hughes had written several years earlier (long before "Sixteen Candles"). I would like to believe that, because he has another picture coming out in a few months. He does have talent, but in "The Breakfast Club" it's tucked in around the edges of his schematic plot.

Hughes' production unit is based in Chicago, and that seems to be good for his ear. When the kids are just killing time and being funny—when they're not being challenged by the rebel's probing—the dialogue has an easy, buggy rhythm. (There are stray bits of oddball parody when you can't tell exactly what is being parodied.) But the scenes involving the snotty, callous dean ring false right from the start, and though Paul Gleason seems miscast, maybe anybody playing this villain would seem miscast. Judd Nelson's role as the catalyst-rebel—the working-class kid who's good with his hands (he loves shop), and is also a hipster, and fearless—is a dud, too. And Nelson doesn't seem to have a speck of spontaneity. After his early scenes, he becomes too self-pitying, and he's given to tilting up his head and pointing his nostrils at the camera.

The four other leading performers fare a lot better. As the straight-arrow jock, Estevez (who was the kid in "Repo Man") isn't particularly enjoyable—he's a little heavy on sincerity—but he does a creditably simple job, especially in his long monologue about his father's always telling him to "win, win." Molly Ringwald's role isn't as fresh or festive as her birthday-girl part in "Sixteen Candles," but she slips into the well-heeled Miss Popularity languor without any unnecessary fuss. And Anthony Michael Hall, whose teeth are still in the braces he wore in the gleeful role of Geek in "Sixteen Candles," delivers a thoughtful, nuanced performance. He's the pale, tall, thin boy who is an ace at book learning—he excels in math and is active in the Physics Club—but is a frightened, virtuous dork away from his books. The fine-featured Hall takes this traditional namby-pamby good-boy role and fills it out with fresh emotion. (He's prodigious—he comes close to flooding a role the way Debra Winger does.)

But the only performance that has a comic kick to it is Ally Sheedy's. She's a flip-out, a girl who hides in her clothes and thinks she's being a loner and a mysterious recluse. Bundled up in black shawls and layers of cloth, she's like a junior Madwoman of

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Chaillot; with her forehead hidden under her dark hair, and her chin held down, she's furtive yet bold. Her minx's face is a tiny triangle in the darkness. When she moves, she darts, and when you see her eyes they dart, too, and flash—they're the eyes of someone who's secretly grinning. Crazy sounds come out of her, and she does eccentric things—like drawing a picture of a winter scene and shaking her dandruff on it for snow. She's a marvellous comic sprite, a bag-lady Puck. And then John Hughes makes his soggiest mistake: the princess takes her in hand, scrubs all the black eye makeup off her, gets her out of her witches' wrappings, and brushes her hair back and puts a ribbon in it, and she comes forth looking broad-faced and dull. But she's supposed to be beautiful, and she captures the jock's heart.

The picture opens with an epigraph from David Bowie's "Changes": "And these children that you spit on/as they try to change their world/are immune to your consultations./They're quite aware of what they're going through." And the picture closes on the group leaving the school with all their new understanding, and the now smiling rebel flinging his fist straight up in the air, in a gesture of defiance, solidarity, triumph. But all that this encounter-session movie actually does is strip a group of high-school kids down to their most banal longings to be accepted and liked. Its real emblem is that dreary, retro ribbon. —PAULINE KAEL

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE DECORATING SCENE

[*From Interior Design*]

Broken glass, violated window bars, peeling paint and cracked sidewalks are not the archetypical muses from which fine fabrics are born. Scruggs•Myers/Moir•Uglow have found fascination in such things for their co-designed and produced fabric collection, Street Smarts. "There is so much ugliness and such a denial of it on a design level," relates Allen Scruggs, "that we wanted to use it in an interesting way rather than ignore it. By using something ugly on extremely beautiful grounds, we have produced fabrics with a lot of tension."

The creators scoured the worst part of New York City—from the South Bronx to the lower east side, taking research photographs (Ernest Green is the credited photographer) and editing them for an eventual twelve patterns with such names as "Post No Bills", "Flaky", "Burn Out", and "Ave. A & 4th St.". Fabrics are offered in custom colors and on four grounds: heavy weight industrial cotton, cotton duck, cotton lawn and silk.

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BOOKS

Listen

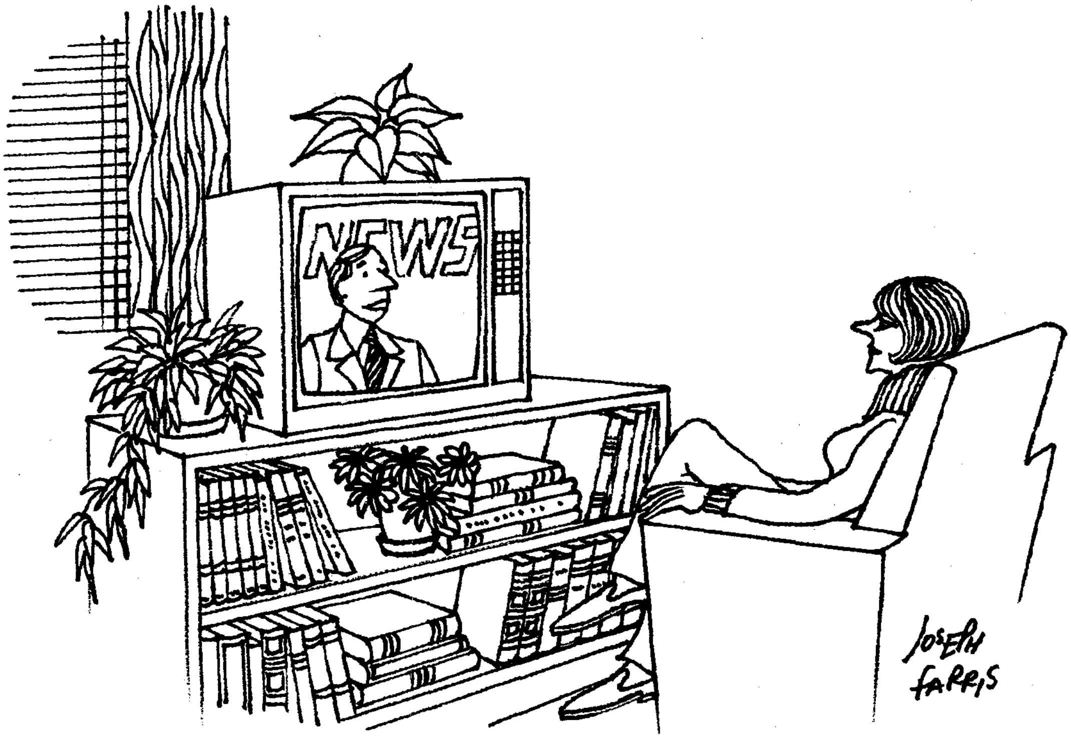
THE dialect novel is an act of charity. It allows imaginary illiterates or semiliterates to put their speech on paper, to ape literature. It sets aside the godliness and formality of the traditional novel, and makes the idioms and improvisations of ordinary talk wasteless and poetic. The writer of a dialect novel needs an infallible ear, a sense of comedy, a sense of rhythm, and a built-in aversion to whimsy and quaintness. So does the reader, who also needs to know that such novels should be read aloud. The traditional novel is a private act between the writer and the reader, but the dialect novel asks to be performed, and, in so doing, to be tested. Earl Lovelace's new novel, "The Wine of Astonishment" (Aventura; $6.95 paper), passes its tests immediately, and by page 8 is well on its way:

> The big house is a old mansion of brick and stone that stand up on top of Bonasse hill looking over the sea and the whole village. A tall, white building with stain glass windows, it was big, bigger than any house in Bonasse, bigger than any house I ever see black people live in, big nearly as the Catholic church, a house lived in for ages by generations of Richardsons, old now, since Richardson gone back to England and leave it, the walls crack and stain with age, quiet too, and when the wind blow, you could hear the three giant palmiste trees rustling, whispering like spirits. It was a haunted house they say, behind it was a graveyard with the grey tombs under the red bougainvillaea tree, holding generations of dead Richardsons.

Lovelace, a fifty-year-old Trinidadian, belongs to that small lyrical group of writers which appeared on the island thirty and more years ago and which includes C. L. R. James, Derek Walcott, V. S. Naipaul, and Samuel Selvon. Of these, only Naipaul and Selvon have explored the dialect form—Naipaul in the several comic novels that preceded his brooding island masterpiece, "A House for Mr. Biswas," and Selvon chiefly in his novel "The Lonely Londoners," an imperishable examination of how the great wave of blacks who arrived in London from the West Indies after the Second World War coped with joblessness, starvation wages, the evil climate, and the "old diplomacy," which is a Trinidadian euphemism for the politeness of English bigots. Here is how Selvon, who has published nothing for ten years, sounds:

> So Galahad talking to the color Black, as if is a person, telling it that is not *he* who causing botheration in the place, but Black, who is a worthless thing for making trouble all about. "Black, you see what you cause to happen yesterday? I went to look at that room that Ram tell me about in the Gate, and as soon as the landlady see you she say the room let already. She ain't even give me a chance to say good morning. Why the hell you can't change color?"

Lovelace has set "The Wine of Astonishment" in Trinidad during the war, so it forms a kind of prelude to "The Lonely Londoners." American soldiers are everywhere, and their easy money has caused restlessness in the black population. Men are deserting the villages for jobs on the American base, and girls are becoming camp followers. Bee and Eva Dorcas, who live in Bonasse, have lost their two oldest boys—perhaps to the Americans, perhaps to Port of Spain—and they are still raising three younger children. Eva is the narrator, and much of what she tells us deals with the Spiritual Baptist church, of which Bee is the minister. Like the congregations of many black American churches, the Spiritual Baptists believe in incantatory sermons, rhythmic music, and seizures by the Spirit. But the white Trinidadian government has outlawed such religious practices—presumably because they make the people excitable. So Bee Dorcas delivers sotto-voce sermons and gives his parishioners the dreaded, immovable Anglican hymns to sing. Then an un-Christlike Christ appears in the congregation—Bolo, a huge man and a great stick fighter. He urges Dorcas to resist the police, and when Dorcas refuses, Bolo fights and goes to jail. Dorcas helps get a local black, Ivan Morton, elected to the island government; Morton moves into the old Richardson mansion on the hill, however, and turns his back on his people. Bolo emerges from jail full of hope, but nothing has changed for the Spiritual Baptists, and he grows embittered, and even malevolent. Bolo becomes a martyr, and suddenly the law barring Spiritual Baptist services is lifted. The church is repainted, the forbidden bell is rung, Dorcas preaches wildfire, and—wonder of wonders—the Spirit refuses to come. Bee is desolate, but on the way home he and



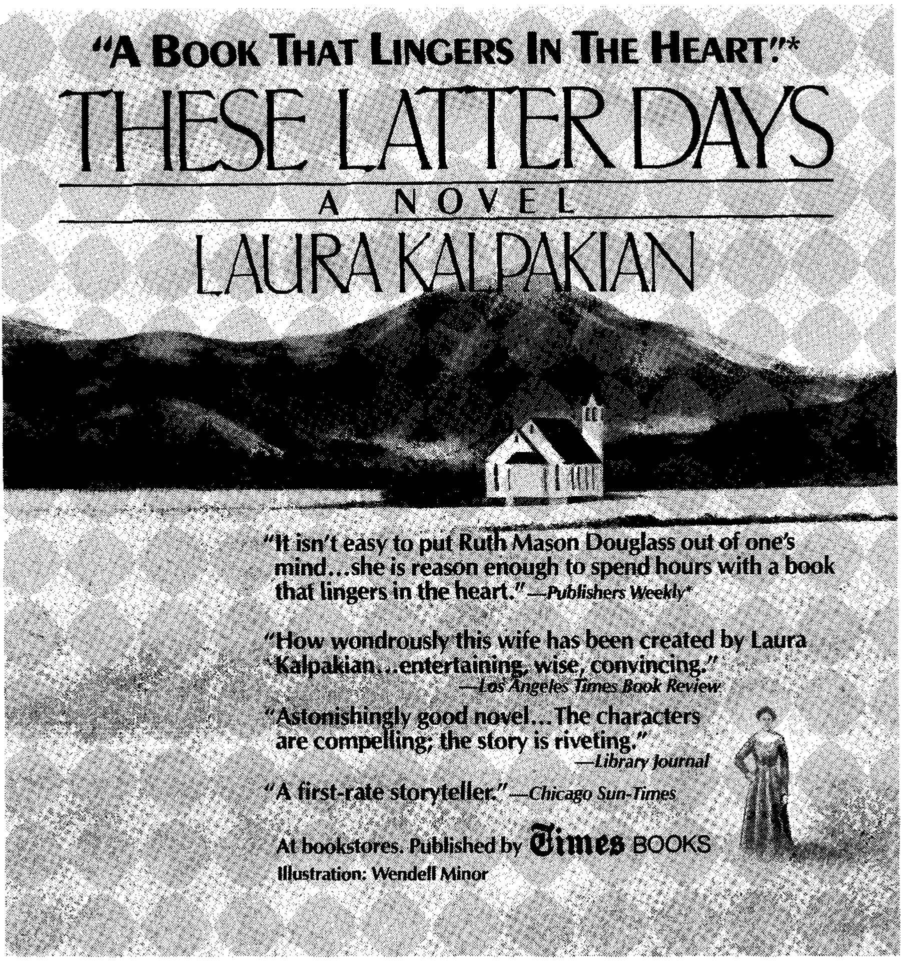
"Ronald Reagan was Ronald Reagan today."

Eva pass a tent in which a steel band is playing and two girls are dancing. Eva says, "The music that those boys playing on the steelband have in it that same Spirit that we miss in our church: the same Spirit; and listening to them, my heart swell and it is like resurrection morning. I watch Bee, Bee watch me. I don't say nothing to him and he don't say nothing to me, the both of us bow, nod, as if, yes, God is great, and like if we passing in front of something holy."

That's the end of the last paragraph, and its sound lingers a long time.

V. S. Pritchett published his third novel, "Dead Man Leading," in 1937, and it has now been reissued as a paperback by Oxford University Press ($9.95). Pritchett tells us in his second volume of autobiography, "Midnight Oil," that the book "came out not long before the war started and that killed it." Set in the Brazilian jungle, "Dead Man Leading" deals with the disastrous search by two explorers and a journalist for an English missionary who disappeared seventeen years earlier. (He was the father of one of the explorers.) Pritchett had read John Speke and Sir Richard Burton, René-Auguste Caillié, and Captain Robert Scott. He also knew Peter Fleming's lively and elegant "Brazilian Adventure," which recounts the 1932 expedition to find Colonel P. H. Fawcett, the celebrated British explorer who had vanished in 1925. Pritchett says in "Midnight Oil" that "Dead Man Leading" was an attempt at a "psychology of exploration" and that "the novel was more imaginative than my earlier ones." Indeed, it was an act of imagination that only a young, unstoppable writer has the extra fuel for. Pritchett had never been to Brazil, so he "constructed a small model of my bit of the river in the garden of a cottage we had rented in Hampshire—my explorers were ants struggling through the long grass." Then he imagined the way the Amazon looks in the morning, at midday, and at night. He imagined the garish sounds and deep silences of the jungle, its alarming smells, its leaden noons and chill dawns, its splintering storms. His style—precise, limber, and rich in metaphor—had pretty much formed, resulting in amazing rococo passages like this:

> Especially in the glazed heat of the afternoons when the shadows began to slip



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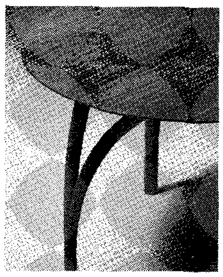

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> like caps and gloves upon the trees of one bank and there was no sound but the sound of the paddles, Johnson would be arrested by the silence of the trees, by the sensation of being watched. Sometimes he might imagine the tree itself was looking at him, that its trunk and spread of branches were in some fantastic, struck-rigid way, human; or that people were concealed in it, or animals, their eyes as fine and narrow as needles . . . There was the sensation of casually remembering some incident in one's life and of writing it upon the faces of the trees, spreading one's life on them, and then on finding one's memories breathed out thickly, heavy with brooding and weighted with significance, upon oneself. The trees would hold every thought one had had and would keep them there for ever, so that looking back one would dread to return that way, here to meet this shame or that voluptuousness or hatred.

The action in the book, slow to mobilize but eventually taut, and even exciting, is secondary to the way Pritchett furnishes it. So are the rather murky motives of his main characters: Gilbert Phillips, the journalist, who is governed largely by fear, and Harry Johnson, the lost missionary's son, who is governed by a kind of Wilfred Thesiger masochism—that is, he gets pleasure from depriving himself of pleasure. Johnson is happiest when, almost dead of thirst, he sets off through the jungle alone and unarmed to find water. Pritchett tells us in the preface to his "Collected Stories" that "by the 1930's I had . . . discovered my voice and that my native bent was to the designs of comedy and its ironies." But there is little comedy in this liquid, green Pritchett jungle, and how strange it seems, for we always hear in his fiction what we hear in Dickens—that constant laughter in the throat. —Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

This Real Night, by Rebecca West (Viking; $16.95). The central panel of a trilogy whose first installment, "The Fountain Overflows," appeared in this country in 1956. In a note, the publisher explains that, except for a few cuts, the text is the manuscript that Rebecca West left at her death, in 1983; the third, unfinished volume will be published with the author's synopsis of its conclusion. In "This Real Night," Rose Aubrey and her twin, Mary, continue their musical studies, and become concert pianists. The theme of the knowingness and the naïveté of the artist, begun in the earlier volume, gains depth as these young women test themselves against the world's harsh standards. The author brings us a host of characters, whose circumstances enable us to see very widely in the England that was destroyed by the First World War. Miss West portrays both landscapes and cityscapes; she does as well by a suburban high street as by a field of grain.

Museum Pieces, by Elizabeth Tallent (Knopf; $14.95). A painter pitches her favorite coffee cup at her archeologist husband, and then sweeps up the fragments around his bare feet. Later, a divorced ex-dancer, who has bought one of the wife's paintings, walks with the archeologist around his current living quarters, in the basement of a New Mexico museum, and stops to admire the fragments of an ancient Indian mug that he has begun to piece together. A wife who has painted a mural of a hummingbird's wing bones and a husband who has spent days dusting off an ancient antelope skeleton: surely a marriage worth repairing, but this fine novel, its slightly astringent lyricism suited to its Southwest setting, presumes that people are not like potsherds. Elizabeth Tallent, the author of a book on John Updike's fiction and of a collection of short stories, maintains the reader's sympathy for half a dozen exasperating aesthetes (a red-tailed hawk's feather dangling from a wooden ceiling beam is typical of their minimalist décor) as they come to appreciate the effect upon new acquaintances of the words "my wife" just as they lose the right to say them, and the effect of an ex's cast-offs, or of a half-empty closet, upon themselves.

Stanley Elkin's The Magic Kingdom, by Stanley Elkin (Dutton; $16.95). Gaucher's disease, tetralogy of Fallot, osteosarcoma, cystic fibrosis, dysgerminoma, lymphoblastic leukemia, progeria: seven fatal diseases for seven English children (life expectancies, a week to a year) on a week-long trip, courtesy of a grief-stricken father and with the blessings of the Queen, to Disney World. All seven—wise, or at least verbal, beyond their years—could be considered victims, in a way, of progeria (an acceleration of the aging process), while the crowds of gaudy, fading geriatrics milling about the Magic Kingdom's passé visions of the future and unaware of their own unhappiness could be said to be afflicted with the reverse. Stanley Elkin has a high time elaborating such ironies in the elaborate, unparsable style that he favors, and he works hard at an elaborate plot, featuring a misunderstood nanny and young men in cartoon-character costumes. But the first chapter, set in Buckingham Palace, is funnier than the second, with its discussion of Madame Tussaud's, and the second is clearer than the third, and so on, until, when the end, at last, comes, the reader is relieved.

NOTE: "Annie John," a novel by Jamaica Kincaid, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($11.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

LOUIS THE BELOVED: THE LIFE OF LOUIS XV, by Olivier Bernier (Doubleday; $18.95). This absorbing biography argues that Louis XV was a far better ruler than is commonly recognized—superior in insight and management to his immediate predecessor, his great-grandfather, the Sun King. The fifteenth Louis ascended the throne in 1715 at the age of five, the sole survivor of a royal line that had been wiped out by the finest medical treatment of the period. He was raised in splendor and solitude that left him kindly, shy, and uncertain: he never wished to injure anybody, but he trusted no one, not even himself. According to Mr. Bernier, the King's self-confidence blossomed late, and was the result of his attachment to Mme. de Pompadour; after her death, in 1764, he began to exert his power directly and unambiguously. He increased France's naval strength and modernized its armies, preparing for another crack at the hereditary foe, Great Britain. He revised French public finance, and abolished *parlements.* Mr. Bernier suggests that by restoring an absolute monarchy Louis XV gave his country better government—fairer, cheaper, more effective—than it had known for centuries, and that a result of Louis XVI's revocation of these policies was the French Revolution.

CONEY ISLAND: A POSTCARD JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF FIRE, by Richard Snow (Brightwaters; $24.95). Illustrations reproduce gorgeous postcard views of Coney Island in its heyday—roughly, from the turn of the century to the beginning of the First World War—and the text, by the managing editor of *American Heritage,* explains why the array of amusement parks along the Brooklyn shore became the world's most famous outdoor entertainment area. Novelty was part of it—the brilliance of electric lights in profusion, for example. Then, too, every park—Luna Park, Dreamland, Steeplechase—vied with every other to invent thrilling new rides, and restaurants were at hand to suit all purses and tastes. (The permanent culinary contribution of Coney Island, though, remains the hot dog.) The original Coney Island seems irrecoverable: Mr. Snow reminds us that the place owed the start of its commercial career to the fact that it was "one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast."

USING BIOGRAPHY, by William Empson (Harvard; $17.50). The last work completed by the noted critic before his death, a year ago. Although Mr. Empson inspired New Critics to attack a text as if it existed by itself, he himself believed that authors' lives can yield important literary clues. These essays discuss Marvell's secret marriage, Dryden's period of Deism, Fielding's philosophical sophistication, the sources of Yeats' "Byzantium" poems and of Eliot's "The Waste Land," and the relation between Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce. In every piece, Mr. Empson demonstrates familiarity with the author, a taste for uproarious controversy with his fellow-scholars, and a streak of irreverence that makes his readers mentally blink. His readings of disputed passages offer an original blend of learning and worldliness; literature was not only Empson's calling but his pleasure.

THE MATTER OF WALES: EPIC VIEWS OF A SMALL COUNTRY, by Jan Morris (Oxford; $22.50). In this superlative book, Miss Morris gives us a portrait of a tiny country that prides itself on its national character yet must live in sullen proximity to England, with no hope of ever breaking free. The book recreates Welsh history, centering on the figure of Owain Glyndŵr (Owen Glendower), who, in the fifteenth century, led the last attempt to establish a free Wales. There are descriptions of ruggedly beautiful scenery, and there are excursions into the mysteries of the

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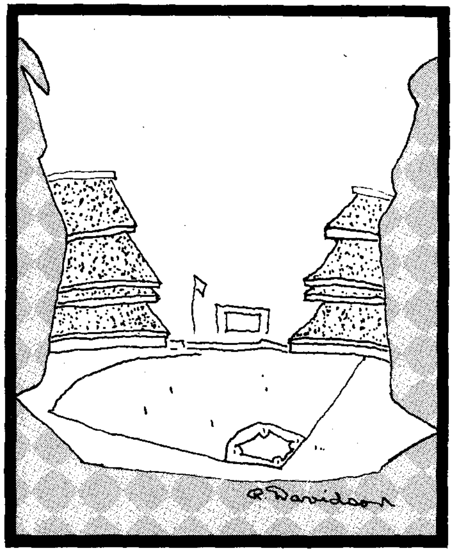

On the eve of the 1985 baseball season, every fan in America knows that K stands for strikeout. Most of them learned it from a soft-spoken youngster named Dwight Gooden, who repeated the lesson 276 times on his way to becoming Rookie of the Year in 1984.

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Dwight Gooden's rookie year was one for the books, and the book is *Rookie*, Gooden's own account, with Richard Woodley, of the quintessential season in the sun. The season when the new kid of the New York Mets proved himself more than just a major-league talent. *Rookie* is the story of a genuine superstar, a 19-year-old boy of summer whose modesty off the field was every bit as graceful as the coiled spring of his body on the mound. His book is like the man himself: fresh, straightforward, and irresistible.

There are a lot of people who feel a proprietary interest in Dwight Gooden, but none more than those of us here at Doubleday. He's on *our* team, in more ways than one, and we're proud of our *Rookie*.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY'S teams include the New York Mets and fine bookstores across America, where *Rookie* by Dwight Gooden with Richard Woodley is available.

Welsh language, into literature, into folkways, and into the Welsh character. (Miss Morris explains why a twelfth-century saying—"There are no better men than the best of the Welsh, and no worse men than the worst"—still holds good.) With photographs, by Paul Wakefield, of rocks and mountains, lakes and trees, but, alas, not one Welsh girl or Welsh house or Welsh dog, or even a Welsh rabbit.

NOTE: "Shah of Shahs," Ryszard Kapuściński's report on the Iranian revolution, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ($12.95). Much of the text first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

VERY OLD MONEY, by Stanley Ellin (Arbor House; $16.95). An attractive young couple—intelligent, well educated, and desperately out of work—take jobs as secretary and chauffeur with an enormously rich family on the upper East Side. The wife's job is caring for the doyenne, a seventy-year-old spinster blinded in a fall some fifty years before. Mr. Ellin is fascinating in his description of the protocols and duties of those belowstairs, and his special ability to create an almost imperceptible spiral of suspense is in full operation. There is, of course, a murder. His greatest achievement, however, is the contrivance of a happy ending that leaves us rubbing our hands with satisfaction. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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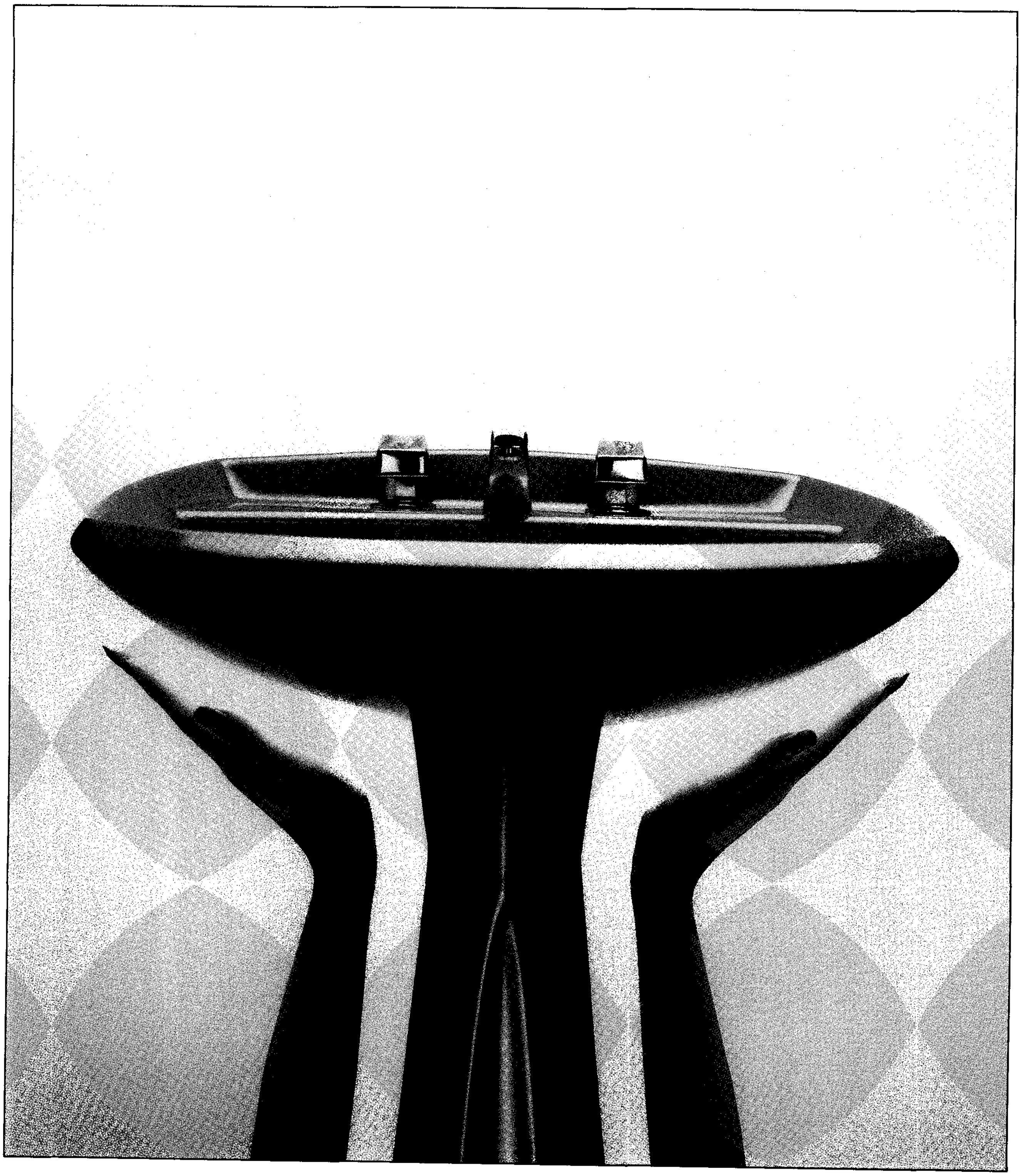

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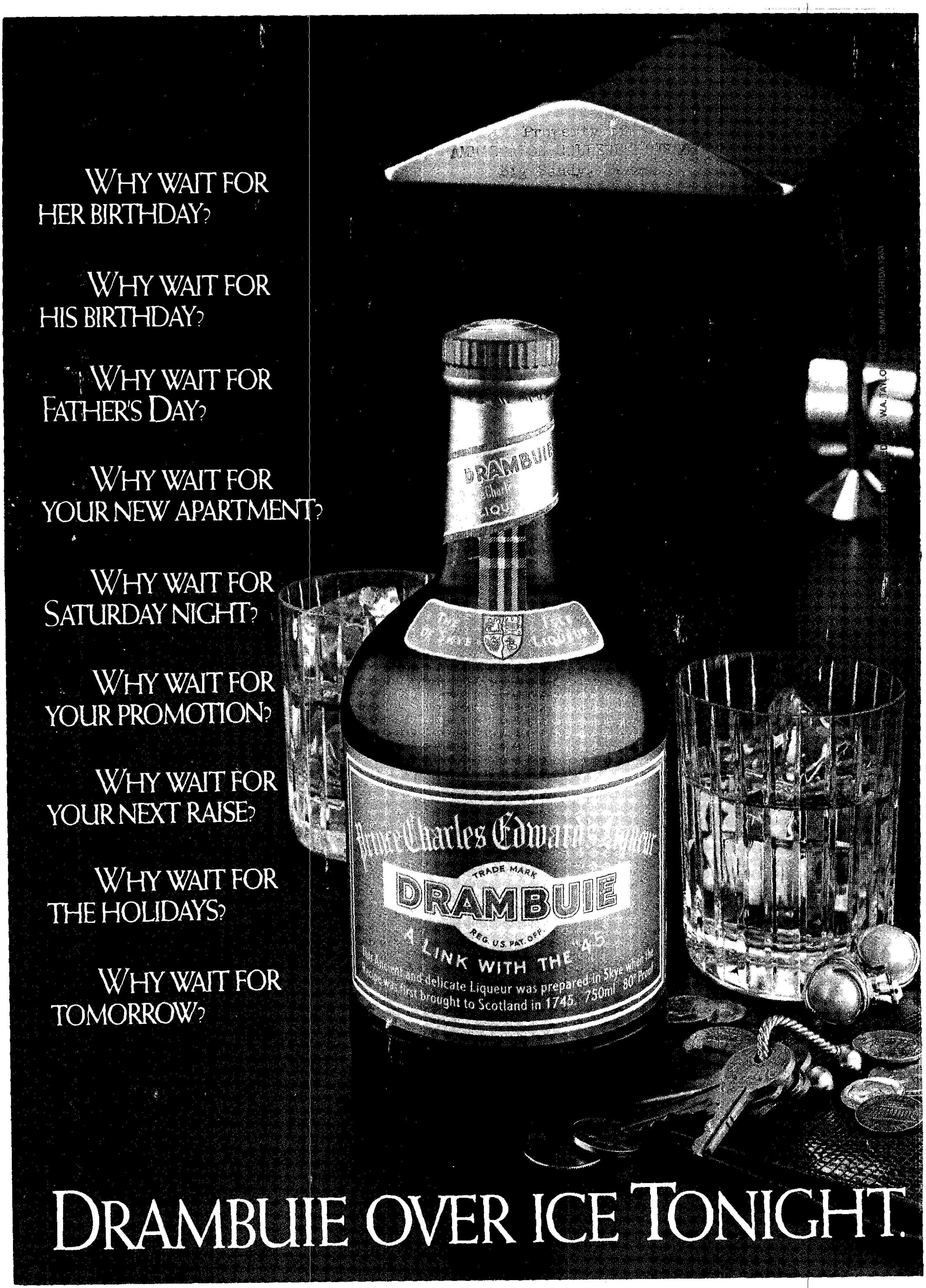

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